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Bd. July, 1888.



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FROM

John Rogers Mason,
for the late
John Mason.
26 June, 1871.

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29-45

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

JOHN FORD:

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION,

AND

NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN preparing these volumes of Ford for the public, the same excellent guide has been followed to whom the reader has been so largely indebted in our previous labours upon Massinger; and indeed a more admirable commentator on the old English dramatists than Mr. Gifford could not easily be found. The extreme vigour and acuteness of his intellect, his unwearied industry and research, and the peculiarity of his personal fortunes, which made him as well acquainted with the phraseology and modes of thinking in common life as he was conversant with all the courtesies of higher stations, excellently fitted him for seizing and fixing their several texts, and illustrating the usages and customs to which they referred; while the finer faculties of his mind enabled him to appreciate the higher beauties of their style and thoughts, and to catch every shade of feeling, and discriminate every variety of character which could be found imbodyed in those noble works of the older time. That high religious feeling which formed so marked a trait in Mr. Gifford's character, and which seems, indeed, almost a necessary accompaniment of genius in its highest sense, was here peculiarly in place; enabling him, as it did, to walk through

the occasional impurities and even profanities of our earlier stage, unpolluted himself, and ever watchful to keep contamination from others. When it is recollected, however, that these editions of the old dramatists were with Mr. Gifford merely a source of recreation from higher duties and severer studies; when it is considered how many years and with what ability he presided over a department of literature requiring not only very extensive scholarship, but a general acquaintance with almost every art and occupation of life; when we call to mind the uncompromising zeal and earnest devotion with which, in times of peculiar difficulty and danger, he upheld the old institutions as well as the old literature of his country, we shall be excused for saying that, though men of higher genius might be named in an age extraordinarily prolific of such persons, few will be found with higher claims on the respect and gratitude of posterity than him of whose labours we are now about to avail ourselves, in such manner, and to such extent, as the peculiar nature of our undertaking may best seem to require.

It is incidentally observed by Dr. Farmer in his *Essay on Shakspeare*, "that play-writing in that poet's days was scarcely thought a creditable employ;" and it would seem as if the dramatic poets themselves entertained some such idea as Farmer mentions; for, either from mortification or humility, they commonly abstain from dwelling, or even entering, upon their personal history. Though frequent in dedications, they are seldom explicit; and even their prefaces fail to convey any information except of their wants, or their grievances from evils which are rarely specified.

The stock of the FORDS, however, is known to have been highly respectable: they appear to have settled at an early period in the north-west of Devonshire, and to have possessed considerable property in the contiguous parishes of Ashburton, Ilington, &c.

From an extract of the Baptismal Register of Ilington, it appears that John (our author) was baptized there on the 17th April, 1586; and as he became a member of the Middle Temple, November 16, 1602, he could scarcely have spent more than a term or two (if any) at either of the Universities: there was, however, more than one grammar-school in the immediate vicinity of his birthplace, fully competent to convey all the classical learning which he ever possessed, and of which, to say the truth, he was sufficiently ostentatious in his earliest work, though he became more reserved when age and experience had enabled him to compare his attainments with those of his contemporaries.

It appears from Rymer's *Fœdera*,* that the father of our poet was in the commission of the peace. Whether this honourable situation was procured for him by the interest of his wife's father, the famous Lord Chief Justice Popham, cannot be told; it may, however, be reasonably surmised, that his connexion with one of the first law-officers of the crown led to the course of studies subsequently pursued by both branches of the family. Popham was made attorney-general in 1581; and in 1592 he was advanced to the rank of chief justice of the King's Bench, which he held for many years; so that his patronage, which must have been consider-

* Tome xviii. p. 575.

able (as he appears to have been in some favour both with Elizabeth and her successor), probably afforded many facilities to his young relatives in the progress of their studies, and opened advantages of various kinds.

Our poet had been preceded in his legal studies by his cousin John Ford, son of an elder brother of his father's family, to whom he appears to have looked up with much respect, and to have borne an almost fraternal affection; this gentleman was entered at Gray's Inn; but Popham seems to have taken his young relation more immediately under his own care, and placed him at the Middle Temple, of which he had been appointed treasurer in 1581.

It is probable that Ford was not inattentive to his studies; but we hear nothing of him till 1606 (four years after his admission), when he published "Fame's Memorial, or the *Earl of Devon-

* As one of Ben Jonson's beautiful and magnificent masks has in some degree connected the names of this ill-fated pair with our dramatic history, a short account of them, for which the reader is indebted to the former editor of Ford, will not be misplaced.

Charles Blount, eighth Lord Mountjoy, was a man of great eminence, and while a commoner (for he did not succeed to the title till 1594) followed the profession of arms with honour, and held a command in the fleet which defeated the Spanish armada. His extraordinary merits did not escape the quick eye of Elizabeth, who gave him various tokens of her favour, and thus exposed him to the envy of Essex. In 1600, the queen constituted him lord lieutenant of Ireland, when he repulsed the Spaniards with great bravery at Kinsale. In truth, the whole of his conduct with regard to that agitated country was meritorious in the highest degree, and as such fully acknowledged by her as well as by James, who, on his accession, conferred on him the same important office, and very shortly afterward (July, 1603) made him a knight of the garter, and created him Earl of Devonshire. "Certainly," says his secretary, Morrison, "he was beautiful in his person as well as valiant, and learned as well as wise." And Camden styles him, "a person famous for conduct, and so eminent in courage and learning, that in these respects he had no superior, and but few equals." It is distressing to pursue his history. About two years after his prosperous career in Ireland (December 25, 1605), he married Lady Rich, with whom,

shire deceased," &c. an elegiac poem, in 4to. which he dedicated to the countess, his widow. Why he came forward in so inauspicious a cause cannot

probably, he had never ceased to converse ; and by this one step, which, according to our notions, and probably his own, was calculated to repair, in some measure, the injury which the lady's character had sustained, ruined both her and himself. There is something in this which is not easily explained. While the earl maintained an adulterous commerce with the lady, all went smoothly ; but the instant he married her, he lost the protection of the court, and the estimation of the public. "The king," says Sanderson, "was so much displeased thereof, as it broke the earl's heart ; for his majesty told him that he had purchased a fair woman with a black soul." Hearts are not always broken in the way supposed ; but there was more than enough to depress the lofty spirit of this great earl in the sudden blow given to his reputation. He died a few months after his marriage, "soon and early," as Chamberlaine says, "for his years (forty-three), but late enough for himself : and happy had he been if he had gone two or three years since, before the world was weary of him ; or that he had left his scandal behind him."

Penelope, Countess of Devonshire, was the daughter of Walter, first Earl of Essex, and the beloved sister of Robert, the unfortunate favourite of Elizabeth, and the victim of her fears and jealousies. There was a family intimacy between the Devereuxes and the Mountjoys, which seems to have facilitated the meetings of this beautiful young creature with Sir Charles Blount, and led, as in the usual mode, to a mutual attachment and a promise of marriage. In those "blessed days," marriages among the great were not quite so easily managed as at present ; the queen regarded the state with a strange mixture of envy and spleen ; and the accursed court of wards eternally troubled "the current of true love." Lady Penelope was forced, with a heart full of affection for Mountjoy, into the arms of Lord Rich, a man whom she appears to have regarded with peculiar aversion. Thus far she was more sinned against than sinning ; but she seems to have thought her private engagement of a more binding character than her vow at the altar ; and the usual consequences followed. After a few miserable years with Lord Rich, she deserted him, partly or wholly, and renewed her connexion with her first lover, to whom she bore several children.

There must have been something peculiar in this lady's case ; perhaps the violence put upon her early affections wrought some pardon or pity for her ; for she *lost no caste*, even under Elizabeth, and she was one of the first ladies selected by her council to proceed to Holyrood House, and conduct the wife of the new monarch to Whitehall. Her accomplishments were of the highest kind, and in every splendid and graceful measure she appears among the foremost. To Ann she made herself very agreeable, from her first introduction ; and the queen's partiality to her is noted with an evident tincture of displeasure by the high-born and high-spirited Lady Ann Clifford, at this period a young woman. It seems uncertain whether Lady Rich was actually and legally divorced from her husband, or whether the separation took place in consequence of articles drawn up between themselves ; but though Mountjoy returned from Ireland in 1603, he did not marry the countess till two years after-

now be known. He was a stranger to both parties; yet he appears to bewail the death of the earl, as if it had been attended with some failure of professional hope to himself. "Elegies" and "Memorials" were sufficiently common at that period, and indeed long after it; but the authors steadfastly looked to the surviving heir for pay or patronage, in return for their miserable dole of consolation; and our youthful poet sets out with affirming (and he deserves the fullest credit) that his muse was unfeed. Be this as it may, it argued no little spirit in him to advocate an unpopular cause, and step forward in the sanguine expectation of stemming the current of general opinion: not to add that the praise which he lavishes on the Earl of Essex could scarcely fail to be ill-received by the lord chief justice, who was one of those commissioned by the queen to inquire into the purport of the military assemblage at his house, was detained there by the troops during the crazy attempt of this ill-starred nobleman to raise an insurrection, and was finally a witness against him for the forcible detention.

"Fame's Memorial" adds little or nothing to the poet's personal history. It would seem, if we might venture to understand him literally (for he takes especial pains to keep all but those familiarly acquainted with him in complete ignorance of his story), that he had involved himself in some unsuccessful affair of love, while at home, with a young lady, whom he at one time calls the *cruel*

ward, so that she appears as Lady Rich in the mask of Blackness, and in the splendid procession from the tower to Whitehall, where she walks, "by especial commandement," immediately after the Countess of Shrewsbury.

Lycia, and, at another, the *cruel subtle Lycia*. He wishes that she were less wise; and in truth she does exhibit no unfavourable symptom of good sense in “confining her thoughts to elder merits,” instead of “solacing” her youthful admirer, who, at the period of first *taking the infection into his eye*, could not have reached his eighteenth year. Yet he owes something to this pursuit. He had evidently wooed the lady (herself a muse) in verse, and symptoms of wounded vanity occasionally appear at the inflexibility of this second Lyde, to whose *obstinate ears* he sang in vain: yet the attempt gave him some facility in composition; for though he evinces little of either taste or judgment, his lines flow smoothly, and it may be said of him, as it was of a greater personage,

He caught at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

In consequence of the lady's blindness or obduracy, Ford declares his intention of “travailing till some comfort reach his wretched heart forlorn.” This is merely a rhetorical flourish; for the *travail* which he contemplated appears to be the labour and pains employed to divert the current of his thoughts, on the “lamentation for this great lord.”

He found, however, better resources against ill-requited love, than “perpetual lamentation” for one who was not unwillingly forgotten by his contemporaries, in the pursuit of the law, to which he prudently adhered; a circumstance which he never forgets, nor ever suffers his patrons to forget, as if he feared to pass with them more for a poet than a man of business.

But he had yet another resource. He had apparently contracted a strong and early passion for the stage, to which he devoted most of his leisure hours; and, without prematurely grasping at a name, wrote, as the custom then was, in conjunction with the regular supporters of the minor theatres. That he published nothing we are warranted to conclude from the assertion in the dedication to the "Lover's Melancholy" (given to the press in 1629), that this was "the first" (dramatic) "piece of his that ever courted *reader*." But in the twenty-three years which had elapsed since the appearance of his *Elegy*, he had more than once courted the favour of the *spectator*,* and "stood rubric" with others in the titlepage of several plays which have come down to us, and in more, perhaps, which remain to be discovered.

Of these joint-compositions two will be found in our second volume of Ford,—the "Sun's Darling" and the "Witch of Edmonton."

* The first of these, in the composition of which Ford joined with Decker, is termed a "Moral Masque."—For a moral mask, however, it sets the main business of life sufficiently low: there is nothing in it worthy of a wise and good man; nothing, in short, beyond what one of the herd of Epicurus might desire—sensual pleasures and gross enjoyments. The plot may be briefly despatched. "Raybright (the Sun's Darling) is roused from a pleasant dream, and informed that his great progenitor, the Sun, will descend from his sphere to

* We have the authority of Singleton for the fact, who, in the lines prefixed to this very play (*The Lover's Melancholy*), says,

"Nor seek I praise for thee, when thine own pen
Hath forced a praise *long since* from knowing men."



gratify his wildest longings for enjoyment ; accordingly, at his imperial command, he is entertained by the four Seasons in succession, all of whom endeavour to recommend themselves to his affection, and to all of whom he vows eternal fidelity ; but abruptly abandons each of them in turn, at the instigation of Humour and her attendant, Folly."

The result may be anticipated. The youth recognises his error, and determines to be very wise and virtuous for the residue of his days ; when he is told, in strains not unworthy of the subject, that his days are already numbered, and that the inevitable hour is fast closing upon all his earthly prospects.

Indifferent as is the execution of this piece, it is still far superior to its conception. Passages of considerable beauty, especially in the last two acts, frequently occur ; but there is nothing to redeem the absurdity of the plot. Instead of taking up an inexperienced, unsophisticated youth, and opening the world to him for the first time, for the instruction of others, the authors have inconsiderately brought forward a kind of modern Virbius ; a character who had previously run through life and its various changes, and seen and enjoyed infinitely more than is tendered to him in his new career.

The second piece, "The Witch of Edmonton," was brought out about the same period as the former, and printed in 1658, probably at the suggestion of Bird, whose name appears to a few introductory lines, which he calls a prologue.

Edmonton had already given a "Devil"* to the

* The "Merry Devil of Edmonton" must have been acted at least as early as the year 1604. That it was a very favourite performance (and

delighted stage, and it appears accordingly to have been thought that a "Witch" from the same quarter would wear some attraction even in the very name. And the authors were not disappointed in their conjecture. The sorceress of our times (for they will not be called witches now) is a splendid character; she moves like a volcano, amid smoke and fire, and throws heaven and earth into commotion at every step: but the witch of those days was a miserable creature, enfeebled by age, soured by poverty, and maddened by inveterate persecution and abuse. The scenic adjuncts which gave reality and life to the pranks of this august personage were, briefly, a few hereditary "properties" from the green-room of old John Heywood's days, the whole of which might *inhabit lax* in a single cloak-bag. No sweet symphonies from viewless harps, no beautiful displays of hell broke-up, and holyday devils dancing *ad libitum* through alternate scenes of terror and delight, were at our poet's command, *call for them* as he might: a black shaggy rug, in imitation of a dog's skin, into which a clever imp was thrust, and taught to walk on all fours, with permission to relieve himself occasionally by "standing on his hind-legs," and "a mask and visor for a spirit in the shape of Katherine," were all the machinery which the simplicity or poverty of the old theatre allowed him; yet even these were not regarded

not without reason, for there are faint touches of a Shakspearian hand in some of the humorous scenes), may be concluded from the following lines in Ben Jonson's prologue to "The Devil is an Ass:"

"If you'll come
To see new plays, pray you afford us room;
And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, THE DEVIL OF EDMONTON."

without considerable interest by those who knew no superstitions but the legendary ones of long ages, and "The Witch of Edmonton" appears accordingly to have been a very popular piece. It deserved, indeed, to be so; for whatever the absurdities and incongruities, and however much we may be disposed to smile at the "superhuman" parts of the story, the fable, divested of these, will be found to form a beautiful whole, and cannot but be considered as one of the most tender and affecting of our domestic tragedies.

It has been observed (p. xviii.) that the poet entertained a high degree of love and respect for his cousin John Ford, of Gray's Inn; and he took the earliest opportunity of showing it, by prefixing his name, with that of one or two others of "his honoured friends of that noble society," to his first acknowledged piece, the Lover's Melancholy. There is an affectation of modesty in the dedication, which, when the writer's age is considered (for he was now in the full maturity of life), might be wished away; and there is something of unsuspicious pleasantry in following up the timely hint "that printing his works might soon grow *out of fashion* with him," by sending *all* his subsequent ones to the press!

The "Lover's Melancholy" was published in 1629. It appeared on the stage in the winter of the preceding year; and was probably written not long before, since Burton's popular work, "The Anatomy of Melancholy," on which the *comic* part (if so it must be termed) of the story is founded, and to which the title evidently refers, had not been above a year or two before the public.

Mr. Campbell observes, with great justice, that the poetic portion of this play has much of the grace and sweetness which distinguish the genius of Ford. It has also somewhat more of sprightliness in the language of the secondary characters than is commonly found in his plays; and, could we suppose that the idle buffoonery was introduced at a later period, in compliance with the taste of the age, which seems to have found a strange and unnatural delight in the exhibition of these humiliating aberrations of the human mind, we might almost be tempted to surmise, that the rest of the drama was of an earlier period than is here set down for it. The catastrophe, indeed, the whole of the last act, is beautifully written, and exhibits a degree of poetical talent and feeling which few of the dramatic writers of that day surpassed.

Ford had somewhat pettishly observed in the epilogue to this piece, that if it failed to please the audience he would not trouble them again; and in the same peevish mood he tells his cousin of Gray's Inn, in the dedication, that offering "a play to the reader may soon grow out of fashion with him." He certainly evinced no great degree of earnestness to appear again before the public, as the next play, "*Annabella and Giovanni*,"* was not given to the press till nearly four years after the former; when, as if to indemnify himself for his constrained forbearance, he published three of his dramas at short intervals. The present play has neither prologue nor epilogue; but in the

* This title has been substituted for a much coarser one.

dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, who had openly manifested his satisfaction with the piece on its first appearance (when the actors exerted themselves with such success as to call for a separate acknowledgment), Ford terms it "the first-fruits of his leisure." And here again we have to lament that indistinctness which everywhere obscures the personal history of the poet. The *first-fruits* of his leisure the play before us could scarcely be; as (to omit all mention of those in which he joined with Decker) one of his dramas* was performed at court nearly twenty years before the date of the present, which bears besides tokens of a mind habituated to deep and solemn musings, and formed by long and severe practice to a style of composition at once ardent and impressive.

Of the poetry of this play in the more impassioned passages it is not easy to speak too favourably; it is in truth too seductive for the subject, and flings a soft and soothing light over what, in its natural state would glare with salutary and repulsive horror.

"The Broken Heart" was given to the press in the same year as the foregoing piece (1633). It was brought out at the Black Friars; but the date of its appearance is not known. Ford seems to have felt some alarm at the deep tragedy which he was about to develope; and he therefore takes an early opportunity, in the prologue, to inform the

* It was entitled "An ill Beginning has a good End."—It has not been thought necessary to trouble the reader with the names of other dramas attributed to our poet by Chalmers and Reed.

audience that the story was a borrowed one, and that "what may be thought a fiction,—

—when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known a truth."

He could not be so ignorant of history as to suppose that Sparta was ever the scene of a tragedy like this; and he probably means no more than that it was extant in some French or Italian collection of tales. But, whatever may be the groundwork, it must, after all, be admitted that the story derives its main claim on our affections from the poetic powers of the author himself. They are here exerted with wonderful effect: the spell is early laid, and we have scarcely stepped within the circle when we feel the charm too effectual to resist, and abide under it, not without occasional misgivings, till all is dissolved in the awful catastrophe. Ford was not unconscious of its merits: he had, he says, "wrought the piece with the best of his art;" and it will not, perhaps, be denied, that with respect to the diction, and the deep inherent feeling of the more solemn and tragic scenes, many superior to it could not be found; in truth, it seems scarcely possible to turn back and review the beautiful passages which abound in the three plays which have been already mentioned, without placing the author in a very honourable rank among the dramatic writers of his day.

The "Broken Heart" is dedicated (not without the poet's usual glance at his professional industry) in a style highly respectful, yet manly and independent, to the well-known Lord Craven;* a

* Some account of the active and checkered life of this eminent person may be found in "Collins's Peerage." He is now chiefly remembered

nobleman worthy of all praise, and not ill-chosen for the patron of a wild, a melancholy, and romantic tale.

The year 1633 must have proved auspicious to our author's fame, for it also gave to the public "Love's Sacrifice," printed, like the former play, for Hugh Beeston. It appears to have been somewhat of a favourite; and was ushered into the world with more than the usual accompaniments of approbation. That it has many passages of singular merit, many scenes favourable to the display of the writer's powers beautifully executed, it is impossible to deny; but the plot is altogether defective; and the characters proceed from error to error, and from crime to crime, till they exhaust their own interest, and finally expire without care or pity. In the last exquisite drama, the lighter characters, though ill calculated to please, may yet be tolerated; but in this they are gratuitously odious and repellent.

Something, perhaps, should be attributed to the country from which the poet derived his plot (for there can be little doubt that it is taken from an Italian novel), and something indulged to the ill-defined manners and language of the age, which, though strictly speaking not licentious, were little polished by the collision of good society, which, indeed, could then be scarcely said to exist. Our poet, however, entertained no misgivings of this kind; he seems, on the contrary, to have been pleased with the management of the story (which, as the titlepage informs us, was generally well

for his romantic attachment to the Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., to whom it is generally supposed he was privately married.

received), and, as a proof of his satisfaction, dedicates it to "his truest friend and worthiest cousin," John Ford, of Gray's Inn, in a short address, highly creditable to his amiable qualities, and full of respectful gratitude and affection. The year before this was written, the indefatigable Prynne had published his ponderous "*Histriomastix*;" in which he collected and reproduced, with increased bitterness and rancour, all his former invectives against the stage: to this Ford adverts with becoming warmth. "The contempt," he says, "thrown on studies of this kind by such as dote on their own singularity, hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent than modestly confident of opinion herein." In this he is supported by Shirley, who has a complimentary poem prefixed to "*Love's Sacrifice*;" in which, after reproaching Prynne with his *voluminous* ignorance and impudence,* he calls upon him to read Ford's tragedy, and then turn to his own interminable farrago, which he had not only termed "*The Actors' Tragedie*," as if in scorn of them, but divided into acts and scenes.

The admirers of Ford had by this time, apparently, *supped full of horrors*. Three tragedies of the deepest kind in rapid succession were probably as many as the stage would then endure from him; and in a hour not unpropitious to his reputation, he turned his thoughts to the historical drama of his own country. "*Perkin Warbeck*,"

* Not content with this attack on that restless "paper worm," as Needham calls Prynne, Shirley took a further opportunity of showing his hatred to this sore annoyance of the stage by a mock dedication of his ingenious comedy, entitled, "*The Bird in a Cage*."

which appeared in 1634, and which was accompanied with more than the usual proportion of commendatory verses, is dedicated to the Earl (better known as the Duke) of Newcastle, in a strain, which shows that the poet was fully sensible of the "worthiness" as well as the difficulty of the subject, which he had spared no pains to overcome. It is observed in a critical notice of this drama, which appeared in 1812, that "though the subject of it is such as to preclude the author from the high praise of original invention and fancy," a circumstance which he himself notices in the very opening of his dedication, "the play is so admirably conducted, so adorned with poetic sentiment and expression, so full of fine discrimination of character and affecting incidents, that we cannot (continue the critics) help regarding that audience as greatly disgraced, which, having once witnessed its representation, did not ensure its perpetuity on the English stage. If any (historic) play in the language can induce us to admit the lawfulness of a comparison with Shakspeare it is this."* There is little to add to this commendation; and much cannot with justice be taken away from it. It may, however, be observed, that the language of this piece is temperately but uniformly raised; it neither bursts into the enthusiasm of passion, nor degenerates into uninteresting whining; but supports the calm dignity of historic action, and accords with the characters of the "graced persons" who occupy the scene.

The uncommon felicity with which Ford has

* Monthly Review.

sustained the part of Warbeck has been elsewhere noticed; he could scarcely believe the identity of this youth with the young prince, yet he never permits a doubt of it to escape him, and thus skilfully avoids the awkwardness of shaking the credit and diminishing the interest of his chief character; for Perkin, and not Henry, is the hero of the play. More will be found in the notes on this subject; but it may be added here that the king was probably less indebted to his armoury than to his craft and his coffers for the suppression of these attempts, which occasionally assumed a very threatening aspect: even the ill-judged attack on the coast, feeble as it undoubtedly was, created a considerable degree of alarm; and it appears from a letter to Sir John Paston,* “that a mightie aid of help and succor” was earnestly requested to secure the towns of Sandwich and Yarmouth.

Notwithstanding the warm commendations of his friends on this production, Ford did not renew his acquaintance with the historic muse: nor, on the other hand, did he return to the deep and impassioned tone of the preceding dramas. He appears to have fostered the more cheerful feeling which he had recently indulged, and to have adopted a species of serious comedy, which should admit of characters and events well fitted for the display of the particular bent of his genius. He was not in haste, however, to court the public; for nothing is heard of him till 1638 (with the single exception of a warm eulogium to the “memory of the best of poets, Ben Jonson,” who died in the preceding

* *Fenn's Letters*, vol. v. p. 427.

year), when he published the “Fancies Chaste and Noble.” The date of its first appearance on the stage is not known; but it probably did not long precede its being given to the press. The play is dedicated to the well-known Earl (afterward Marquis) of Antrim.* And here again Ford asserts, that his “courtship of greatnes,” never aimed at any pecuniary advantage. Granted: but he forgets that he had no need of it; and there is something in this implied triumph over his necessitous contemporaries, which, to say the best of it, is to be praised neither for its generosity nor its delicacy.

The poet takes to himself the merit of constructing this comedy with original materials:—there is nothing in it, he says, but what he knows to be his own, “without a learned theft.” There must surely have been a pretty general notion of Ford’s adopting the practice of the dramatic writers of his day, and founding his plots on Spanish or rather Italian fables, to render these frequent abjurations necessary. We have, indeed, a very inadequate idea of the solicitude with which the dramatic and romantic treasures of Spain and Italy were sought for and circulated in this country. The literary intercourse was then far more alive than (we had almost said) it is at present, for there were many readers, and many translators at hand to furnish them with a succession of novelties; and, though it must be admitted, we fear, that the exchange ran grievously against us—that we imported much and

* For an account of this nobleman, whose pride and vanity were as excessive as his understanding was weak and narrow, the reader is referred to the second and third volumes of Clarendon’s History.

sent out little—yet the bare labour of working up what we received had, as in other cases, a salutary and quickening effect. Meanwhile, it may without much hesitation be affirmed, that far the greater number of our dramas are founded on Italian novels: this would, perhaps, scarcely be a matter of debate at this time, were it not for the fire of 1666, which destroyed, beyond hope of recovery, no inconsiderable portion of the light and fugitive literature of the preceding age. In the wide and deep vaults under St. Paul's lay thousands and ten thousands of pamphlets, novels, romances, histories, plays, printed and in manuscript; all the amusement, and all the satire, of Nash and Harvey, of Lodge and Peel, and Green, and innumerable others, which even then made up the principal part of the humble libraries of the day. Here they had been placed for security, and here, when the roof of the cathedral fell in, and the burning beams broke through the floor, they were involved in one general and dreadful conflagration.

Without appearing to deem too lightly of this drama, it may be observed, that in the plot the poet has certainly failed; the language of the serious parts, however, is deserving of high praise, and the more prominent characters are skilfully discriminated, and powerfully sustained: but the piece has no medium; all that is not excellent is intolerably bad.

The succeeding year (1639) gave to the public the "Lady's Trial," which, it appears, had been performed in May, 1638. It is dedicated, in the spirit of true kindness, to Mr. and Mrs. Wyrley; and the poet, though now near the close of his

dramatic labours, has not yet conquered his fear of misemploying his time, or rather of being suspected of it, and assures his partial friends that the piece which he has thus placed under their *tuition* "is the issue of some *less serious* hours." There seems but little occasion for this; his patrons must have known enough of his personal concerns to render such apologies unnecessary. At fifty-two, —and Ford had now reached that age,—his professional industry could surely be no subject of doubt; and it requires some little portion of forbearance in the general reader to tolerate this affected and oft-repeated depreciation of the labour to which the genius and inclination of the writer perpetually tended, and overlook the wanton abasement of his own claims to fame.

The "Lady's Trial," like the "Fancies," declines in interest towards the conclusion, in consequence of the poet's imperfect execution of his own plan: that he meditated a more impressive catastrophe for both is sufficiently apparent, but event comes huddling on event, and all is precipitation, weakness, and confusion. It is curious that, in the winding up of each of these pieces, the same expedient is employed; and the honour of Adurni in the former, like that of Troylo in the latter, ultimately vindicated by an unlooked-for marriage. Feeble and imperfect, however, as the plot of the "Lady's Trial" is, and trifling as some of the characters will be found, it is not destitute of passages which the lovers of our ancient drama may contemplate with unreprieved pleasure.

There is nothing in the dedication, or in the prologue and epilogue, to this play, that indicates the

slightest inclination of the poet to withdraw from the stage: on the contrary, his mind seems to have attained a cheerful tone and a sprightlier language; yet this was apparently the last of his dramatic labours, and here he suddenly disappears from view.

Much as has been said of the dramatic poets of Elizabeth and James's days, full justice has never yet been rendered to their independence on one another: generally speaking, they stand insulated and alone, and draw, each in his station, from their own stores. Whether it be, that poetry in that age

“Wanton'd as in its prime, and play'd at will
Its virgin fancies,”—

or that some other fruitful cause of originality was in secret and powerful operation; so it is, that every writer had his peculiar style, and was content with it. One little exception to this remark may, perhaps, be found in Ford. He appears to have discovered that one of the nameless charms of Shakspeare's diction consisted in the skill with which he has occasionally vivified it, by converting his substantives into verbs; and to have aspired to imitate him. He cannot, however, be fairly complimented on his success. Ford's grammatical experiments take from the simplicity of his diction, while they afford no strength whatever to his descriptions.

With this slight exception, which, after all, may be purely visionary, the style of Ford is altogether original, and his own. Without the majestic march

which distinguishes the poetry of Massinger, and with little or none of that light and playful humour which characterizes the dialogue of Fletcher, or even of Shirley, he is yet elegant, and easy, and harmonious ; and, though rarely sublime, yet sufficiently elevated for the most pathetic tones of that passion on whose romantic energies he chiefly delighted to dwell. It has (as has been observed) its inherent beauties and defects : among the latter of which may be set down a pedantic affectation of novelty, at one time exhibited in the composition of uncouth phrases, at another (and this is Ford's principal failure) in perplexity of language ; frequently, too, after perversely labouring with a remote idea till he has confused his meaning, instead of throwing it aside, he obtrudes it upon the reader involved in inextricable obscurity.

Its excellencies, however, far outweigh its defects ; but they are rather felt than understood. Few things, indeed, will be found more difficult to account for than the deep and lasting impression made by the more tragic portions of Ford's poetry. Whence does it derive that resistless power which all confess, of afflicting, it might almost be said of harassing, the better feelings ? It is not from any peculiar beauty of language—for in this he is equalled by his contemporaries, and by some of them surpassed ; nor is it from any classical or mythological allusions, happily recollected and skilfully applied, for of these he seldom avails himself. It is not from any picturesque views presented to the mind ; for of imaginative poetry he has little or nothing : he cannot conjure up a succession of images, whether grave or gay, to flit

across the fancy, or play in the eye; yet it is hardly possible to peruse his passionate scenes without the most painful interest, the most heart-thrilling delight. This can only arise—at least, nothing else seems adequate to the excitement of such sensations—from the overwhelming efficacy of intense thought devoted to the embodying of conceptions adapted to the awful situations in which he has, imperceptibly and with matchless felicity, placed his principal characters.

Mr. Campbell observes that Ford interests us in no other passion than that of *love*; “in which he displays a peculiar depth and delicacy of romantic feeling.” Comparatively speaking, this may be admitted; but, in justice to the poet, it should be added that he was not insensible to the power of *friendship*, and in more than one of his dramas has delineated it with a master-hand. Had the critic forgotten the noble Dalyell? the generous and devoted Malfato?—Nor can it justly be inferred (even setting aside the romantic feelings here alluded to) that the female characters of his second-rate pieces fail to interest us, and occasionally in a high degree, in affections and passions very distinct from those of love. Mr. Campbell, however, terms him “one of the ornaments of our ancient poetry.”

In the construction of Ford's plots, or rather perhaps in the selection of his fables, it may suffice to observe here, that there is usually much to commend: like Kent, indeed, he possessed the faculty of *marring a plain tale in the telling*; but this is only saying, in other words, that he planned better than he executed. His besetting error was an un-

fortunate persuasion, that he was gifted with a certain degree of pleasantry with which it behooved him occasionally to favour the stage; and to this we are indebted for the intrusion of those ill-timed underplots, and those prurient snatches of language, which debase and pollute several of his best dramas. It is not pleasant to dwell on these defects; though justice requires that they should be noticed. Time has long since avenged them: for it can scarcely be doubted that somewhat of the obscurity into which the poet has fallen should be laid to their charge.

But Ford is *not all alone unhappy*. In his day, there was, in fact, no model to work after. The elements of composition, as far as regards taste and judgment, far from being established, were not even arranged; and, with the exception of Sir Philip Sidney's *Essay*, nothing can be more jejune and unsatisfactory than the few attempts at poetic criticism then before the public. Add to this, that the scale of ethic as well as of poetic fitness seems to have had few gradations marked on it, and those at remote and uncertain distances; hence the writers suddenly drop from all that is pure in taste and exquisite in feeling, to whining imbecility; and from high-toned sentiment and ennobling action, to all that is mean and vicious, apparently unconscious of the vast interval through which they have passed, and the depth to which they have fallen. In other respects, they all seem to have acquiesced in the humble station in which prejudice had placed them,* and instead of attempting to correct the age, to have sought little more than to interest and

* See p. xvi.

amuse with the materials so richly provided for them by the extraordinary times on which they were cast. One man, indeed, there was, one eminent man who sought from early life to enlist the stage on the side of learning and virtue, and called on the people to view the scene in its genuine light,—

“ Attired in the majesty of art,
Set high in spirit with the precious taste
Of sweet philosophy, and, which is most,
Crown'd with the rich traditions of a soul
That hates to have her dignity profaned
With any relish of an earthly thought !”

—but Ben Jonson (for to him we allude) found few supporters, and no followers ; and the stage went on as before ; attended, but not honoured—popular, but not influential.

It is not a little mortifying to reflect, that while dramatic poetry *towered in its pride of place*, and long sustained itself at an elevation which it will never reach again, the writers themselves possessed no sway whatever over the feelings of the people ; while, at a subsequent period, when the power of the stage for good and evil was understood, it was turned wholly to the purposes of the latter ; and the greatest men of the age formed themselves into factions, for trash that would not now be heard, and names that cannot be pronounced without scorn and shame, that depravity of every kind might be transmitted—from the court to the stage,—from the stage to the people, and none escape the contagion.

It has been generally assumed that our poet died almost immediately after the appearance of the

Lady's Trial, but for what cause, except that he ceased to write, I have never (says Mr. Gifford) been able to conjecture. Faint traditions in the neighbourhood of his birthplace lead rather to the supposition that, having from his legal pursuits acquired a sufficient fortune, he retired to his home to pass the remainder of his days among the youthful connexions whom time had yet spared him.

Nor were there wanting powerful motives for the retirement of one of Ford's lonely and contemplative mood, who watched the signs of the times. Deep and solemn notes of preparation for a tragedy far more terrible than aught the stage could show were audible in the distance; and hollow mutterings, which could not be mistaken, told that the tempest was gathering round the metropolis with fearful acceleration. It is possible that he may have foreseen the approaching storm, and fled from the first efforts of its violence.*

Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ
Numina !

The Covenanters were already in arms, and advancing towards the borders: and, at home, the stern and uncompromising enemies of all that was

* It fell, indeed, soon after with fatal fury on the dramatic writers. The theatres were closed in 1641; and the subsequent fortunes of many of their most eminent actors may be learned from a tract printed in 1699, and entitled "*Historia Histrionica*." Most of them, it appears from the writer, went into the king's army; and, "like good men and true, served their old master, though in a different, yet more honourable capacity."—"I have not heard of one of these players of any note that sided with the other party, but only Swanston, and he professed himself a Presbyterian, took up the trade of a jeweller, and lived in Aldermanbury, within the territory of Father Calamy; the rest either lost or exposed their lives for the king."

graceful and delightful were rapidly ascending in the scale of power.

Of what nature Ford's chief employment at the Temple was, we have no means of ascertaining. That he was not called to the bar may be fairly surmised, as he never makes the slightest allusion to his pleadings; and his anxious disavowals to his several patrons of permitting his dramatic labours to encroach upon his proper business would almost lead to a conclusion that he acted as a kind of auditor, or comptroller for the landed property of the nobility, and managed the pecuniary concerns of their estates, for which his knowledge of the law afforded facility on the one side, and security on the other.

Of his social habits there is little can be told with certainty. There is sufficient, however, to show that he lived, if not familiarly, yet friendly, with the dramatic writers of his day, and neither provoked nor felt personal enmities. He speaks, indeed, of opposition: but this is merely the language of the stage—opposition is experienced by every dramatic writer worth criticism, and has nothing in common with ordinary hostility. 'In truth, with the exception of an allusion to the "voluminous" and rancorous Prynne, nothing can be more general than his complaints. Yet Ford looked not much to the brighter side of life: he could, like Jaques, "suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs;" but he was unable, like this wonderful creation of our great poet, to extract mirth from it. When he touched a lighter string, the tones, though pleasingly modulated, were still sedate; and it must, we think, be admitted that his poetry is rather

that of a placid and serene than of a happy mind ; he was, in truth, an amiable ascetic amid a busy world.

No village anecdotes are told of him, as of his countryman Herrick, nor do any memorials of his private life remain. The troubles which followed, and the confusion which frequently took place in the parish registers in consequence of the intrusion of ministers little interested in local topics have flung a veil of obscurity over much of the domestic history of that turbulent and disastrous period. In these troubles the retreat of the Fords is known to have largely shared ; and it is more than probable that the family suffered under the Usurpation. The neighbourhood was distinguished for its loyalty ; and many of the fugitives who escaped from the field after the overthrow of Lord Wentworth, at Bovey-Tracy, by Cromwell, unfortunately for the village, took refuge in Ilsington church, whither they were pursued and again driven to flight by the victorious army.

There is no appearance of Ford's being married at the period of his retirement from the Temple, as none of his dedications or addresses make the slightest allusion to any circumstance of a domestic nature ; but there is—or rather was—an indistinct tradition among his neighbours, that he married and had children. A person of our poet's character and fortune could not, indeed, have had far to seek for a worthy partner, and with such a one it is pleasing to hope that he spent the residue of his blameless and honourable life.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.] This piece, the author tells us, was "the first of his that ever courted reader." It was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert in 1628, and brought out on the 24th of November in that year. In 1629 it was given to the press, accompanied (as the manner was) by several recommendatory poems. "The Lover's Melancholy" seems to have been favourably received. A slight analysis of the plot will, without too much forestalling that pleasure which the reader's own conjectures and anticipations might furnish, enable him more easily to encounter those difficulties which are not unfrequently to be met with in Ford's dialogue,—some of them owing to the defective state of the MSS., but more originating in the author's very peculiar style of composition.

Meleander, a noble statesman of Cyprus, was the father of two daughters, Eroclea and Cleophila. A marriage between the former of these and his son, Palador, had been projected by the reigning prince of Cyprus; the appearance, however, of the beautiful Eroclea at court awoke less friendly designs in the heart of the monarch, and it was found necessary to steal away and convey to a distant country the object of his violent passion. A deep melancholy seizes on Palador at the loss of his intended bride; while the still more unfortunate Meleander, accused of treason and stripped of his honours, becomes bereft of reason, and remains a prisoner to his castle, under the care of his other daughter, the tender-hearted and faithful Cleophila. The author of all this mischief shortly after dies; but, at the time the drama commences, no intelligence had been heard of the lovely creature whom his unhallowed desires had made a fugitive and a wanderer. The play opens with the return of Menaphon, a nephew of Meleander and a son of Sophronos, his successor in office, from his travels. These had been undertaken with the view of "disburthening himself of the discontents" which the haughty conduct of his mistress, Thamasta, a cousin of the prince, Palador, had occasioned him; and with that ill success which too often attends such attempts to heal a wounded mind.

**"Such cure as sick men find in changing beds,
I found in change of airs ; the fancy flatter'd
My hopes with ease, as theirs do ; but the grief
Is still the same."**

As a companion Menaphon brings back with him a youth, named Parthenophill, whom he had accidentally encountered in the beautiful vale of Tempe, in Thessaly ; and the occasion of his meeting with whom forms one of the most interesting tales to be found in the whole compass of the drama. The melancholy seclusion in which Palador lived, and his inattention to the cares of government, began at length to excite serious discontents in Cyprus. His tutor, Aretus, and his minister, Sophronos, in vain endeavour to awake him from his lethargy, and some mummeries practised by the court-physician, Corax, for the same purpose, are attended with little better success. His cure, however, was nearer at hand than his courtiers imagined. The young stranger, Parthenophill, turns out in due course of time to be the lost Eroclea, and the discovery has, as might be expected, the double effect of restoring cheerfulness to Palador and reason to Meleander. Cleophila, released from her pious attendance on her late distracted father, bestows her hand on Amethus, her devoted lover ; and Thamasta, shamed out of her haughtiness by a misplaced affection into which the male attire of Eroclea had betrayed her, becomes the wife of Menaphon. The minor characters will disclose themselves in the course of the drama ; but none of them will be found to have much claim on the reader's attention or affection except Rhetias, the faithful servant of the heroine of the piece.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PALADOR, *Prince of Cyprus.*

AMETHUS, *cousin to the prince.*

MELEANDER, *an old lord.*

SOPHRONOS, *brother to MELEANDER*

MENAPHON, *son of SOPHRONOS.*

ARETUS, *tutor to the prince.*

CORAX, *a physician.*

PELIAS,
CUCULUS, } *two foolish courtiers.*

RHETIAS (*a reduced courtier*), *servant to EROCLEA.*

TROLLIO, *servant to MELEANDER.*

GRILLA, *a page of CUCULUS, in woman's dress.*

THAMASTA, *sister of AMETHUS, and cousin to the prince.*

EROCLEA (*as PARTHENOPHILL*), } *Daughters of MELE-*
CLEOPHILA, } *ANDER.*

KALA, *waiting-maid to THAMASTA.*

Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *Famagosta, in Cyprus.*

THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter MENAPHON and PELIAS.

Men. DANGERS! how mean you dangers? that so courtly

You gratulate my safe return from dangers?

Pel. From travels, noble sir.

Men. These are delights;

If my experience hath not, truant-like,
Mispent the time, which I have strove to use
For bettering my mind with observation.

Pel. As I am modest, I protest 't is strange!
But is it possible?

Men. What?

Pel. To bestride
The frothy foams of Neptune's surging waves,
When blustering Boreas tosseth up the deep,
And thumps a thunder-bounce!

Men. Sweet sir, 't is nothing:
Straight comes a dolphin, playing near your ship,
Heaving his crooked back up, and presents
A feather-bed to waft you to the shore,
As easily as if you slept i' th' court.

Pel. Indeed! is 't true, I pray?

Men. I will not stretch
Your faith upon the tenters.—Prithee, Pelias,
Where didst thou learn this language?

Pel. I this language?

Alas, sir, we that study words and forms

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Of compliment, must fashion all discourse
According to the nature of the subject.
But I am silent:—now appears a sun,
Whose shadow I adore.

Enter AMETHUS, SOPHRONOS, and Attendants.

Men. My honour'd father!

Soph. From mine eyes, son, son of my care, my
love,

The joys that bid thee welcome, do too much
Speak me a child.

Men. O, princely sir, your hand.

Amet. Perform your duties, where you owe them
first;

I dare not be so sudden in the pleasures
Thy presence hath brought home.

Soph. Here thou still find'st
A friend as noble, Menaphon, as when
Thou left'st at thy departure.

Men. Yes, I know it,
To him I owe more service—

Amet. Pray give leave—
He shall attend your entertainments soon,
Next day, and next day;—for an hour or two
I would engross him only.

Soph. Noble lord!

Amet. You are both dismiss'd.

Pel. Your creature and your servant.

[Exeunt all but AMETHUS and MENAPHON.]

Amet. Give me thy hand. I will not say, Thou'rt
welcome;

That is the common road of common friends.
I'm glad I have thee here—Oh! I want words
To let thee know my heart.

Men. 'Tis pieced to mine.

Amet. Yes, 't is; as firmly as that holy thing
Call'd friendship can unite it. Menaphon,
My Menaphon! now all the goodly blessings,
That can create a heaven on earth, dwell with thee!

Twelve months we have been sundered; but henceforth .

We never more will part, till that sad hour,
In which death leaves the one of us behind,
To see the other's funerals performed.

Let's now a while be free.—How have thy travels
Disburthen'd thee abroad of discontents?

Men. Such cure as sick men find in changing beds,
I found in change of airs; the fancy flatter'd
My hopes with ease, as theirs do; but the grief
Is still the same.

Amet. Such is my case at home.
Cleophila, thy kinswoman, that maid
Of sweetness and humility, more pities
Her father's poor afflictions, than the tide
Of my complaints.

Men. Thamasta, my great mistress,
Your princely sister, hath, I hope, ere this
Confirm'd¹ affection on some worthy choice.

Amet. Not any, Menaphon. Her bosom yet
Is intermured with ice; though, by the truth
Of love, no day hath ever pass'd, wherein
I have not mentioned thy deserts, thy constancy,
Thy—come! in troth, I dare not tell thee what,
Lest thou might'st think I fawn'd on [thee]—a sin
Friendship was never guilty of; for flattery
Is monstrous in a true friend.

Men. Does the court
Wear the old looks too?

Amet. If thou mean'st the prince,
It does. He's the same melancholy man
He was at 's father's death; sometimes speaks sense,
But seldom mirth; will smile, but seldom laugh;
Will lend an ear to business, deal in none;
Gaze upon revels, antic fopperies,
But is not mov'd; will sparingly discourse,
Hear music; but what most he takes delight in,

¹ Perhaps *conferr'd*.—GIFFORD.

Are handsome pictures. One so young, and goodly,
So sweet in his own nature, any story
Hath seldom mention'd.

Men. Why should such as I am
Groan under the light burthens of small sorrows,
Whenas a prince, so potent, cannot shun
Motions of passion? To be man, my lord,
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In several shapes; as miseries do grow,
They alter as men's forms; but how none know.

Amet. This little isle of Cyprus sure abounds
In greater wonders, both for change and fortune,
Than any you have seen abroad.

Men. Than any
I have observed abroad! all countries else
To a free eye and mind yield something rare;
And I, for my part, have brought home one jewel
Of admirable virtue.

Amet. Jewel, Menaphon?

Men. A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth;
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,
I should repute an excellence more high,
Than mere creations are: to add delight,
I'll tell you how I found him.

Amet. Prithee do.

Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.¹

¹ Vide (Ford says) *Fami. Stradam, lib. ii. Prolus. 6, Acad. 2, Imitat. Claudian.* This story, as Mr. Lambe observes, has been para-

Amet. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.

Amet. And so do I; good! on—

Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her
own;

He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 't is much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part?

Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,

phrased by Crashaw, Ambrose Philips, and others: none of those versions, however, can at all compare for harmony and grace with this before us.—GIFFORD.

Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling
throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sad-
ness,

To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and
cried,

"Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it;
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:" and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing¹ it against a tree,
I suddenly stepp'd in.

Amet. Thou hast discours'd
A truth of mirth and pity.²

Men. I repriev'd
The intended execution with entreaties,
And interruption.—But, my princely friend,
It was not strange the music of his hand
Did overmatch birds, when his voice and beauty,
Youth, carriage, and discretion must, from men

¹ i. e. *dashing* it.

² ——— *Thou hast discours'd*

A truth of mirth and pity.]

This is evidently corrupt; but I can suggest no remedy. Pathetic, indeed, this most beautiful tale is, but it certainly contains nothing of merriment.—GIFFORD.

Endued with reason, ravish admiration :
From me, they did.

Amet. But is this miracle
Not to be seen ?

Men. I won him by degrees
To choose me his companion. Whence he is,
Or who, as I durst modestly inquire,
So gently he would woo not to make known ;
Only (for reasons to himself reserv'd)
He told me, that some remnant of his life
Was to be spent in travel : for his fortunes,
They were nor mean nor riotous ; his friends
Not publish'd to the world, though not obscure :
His country Athens, and his name Parthenophill.

Amet. Came he with you to Cyprus ? -

Men. Willingly.

The fame of our young melancholy prince,
Meleander's rare distractions, the obedience
Of young Cleophila, Thamasta's glory,
Your matchless friendship, and my desperate love
Prevail'd with him ; and I have lodg'd him privately
In Famagosta.

Amet. Now thou art doubly welcome :
I will not lose the sight of such a rarity
For one part of my hopes. When do you intend
To visit my great-spirited sister ?

Men. May I
Without offence ?

Amet. Without offence !—Parthenophill
Shall find a worthy entertainment too.
Thou art not still a coward ?

Men. She's too excellent,
And I too low in merit.

Amet. I'll prepare
A noble welcome ; and, friend, ere we part,
Unload to thee an overcharged heart. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the Palace.

Enter RHETIAS, carelessly attired.

Rhe. I will not court the madness of the times;
 Not fawn upon the riots that embalm
 Our wanton gentry, to preserve the dust
 Of their affected vanities in coffins
 Of memorable shame. When commonwealths
 Totter and reel from that nobility
 And ancient virtue which renowns the great,
 Who steer the helm of government, while mushrooms
 Grow up, and make new laws to license folly;
 Why should not I, a May-game,¹ scorn the weight
 Of my sunk fortunes? snarl at the vices²
 Which rot the land, and,³ without fear or wit,
 Be mine own antic? 'Tis a sport to live
 When life is irksome, if we will not hug
 Prosperity in others, and contemn
 Affliction in ourselves. This rule is certain;
 "He that pursues his safety from the school
 "Of state, must learn to be madman or fool."
 Ambition, wealth, ease I renounce—the devil
 That damns you here on earth.—Or I will be
 Mine own mirth, or mine own tormentor.—So!

Enter PELIAS.

Here comes intelligence; a buzz o' the court.

Pel. Rhetias, I sought thee out to tell thee news,
 New, excellent new news. Cuculus, sirrah,
 That gull, that young old gull, is coming this way.

¹ *Why should not I, a May-game, &c.*] i. e. an unconsidered trifle, a jest, a piece of mirth.—GIFFORD.

² *Snarl at the vices.*] *Snarl* (as well as *girl*) is commonly made a dissyllable by our poet.—GIFFORD

³ i. e. boldly, desperately, without care of consequences.

Rhe. And thou art his forerunner!

Pel. Prithee, hear me.

Instead of a fine guarded¹ page we have got him
A boy, trick'd up in neat and handsome fashion;
Persuaded him, that 't is indeed a wench,
And he has entertain'd him; he does follow him,
Carries his sword and buckler, waits on's trencher,
Fills him his wine, tobacco; whets his knife,
Lackeys his letters, does what service else
He would employ his man in. Being ask'd
Why he is so irregular in courtship,
His answer is, that since great ladies use
Gentlemen-ushers, to go bare before them,
He knows no reason, but he may reduce
The courtiers to have women wait on them;
And he begins the fashion: he is laughed at
Most complimentally.—Thou 'lt burst to see him.

Enter CUCULUS followed by GRILLA, both fantastically dressed.

Look, look, he comes! observe him seriously.

Cuc. Reach me my sword and buckler.

Gril. They are here, forsooth.

Cuc. How now, minx, how now! where is your duty, your distance? Let me have service methodically tendered; you are now one of us. Your courtesy. [*GRILLA courtesies.*] Good, remember that you are to practise courtship.² Was thy father a piper, say'st thou?

Gril. A sounder of some such instrument, forsooth.

Cuc. Was he so?—hold up thy head. Be thou musical to me, and I will marry thee to a dancer; one that shall ride on his footcloth, and maintain thee in thy muff and hood.

¹ *Instead of a fine guarded page,*] i. e. of a page with a livery richly laced, or turned up.—GIFFORD.

² *Courtship.*] The behaviour necessary to be observed at court; the manners of a courtier.—STEEVENS.

Gril. That will be fine indeed.

Cuc. Thou art yet but simple.

Gril. Do you think so?

Cuc. I have a brain; I have a headpiece: o' my conscience, if I take pains with thee, I should raise thy understanding, girl, to the height of a nurse, or a court-midwife at least.

Gril. E'en do your pleasure with me, sir.

Pel. [*coming forward.*] Noble, accomplished Culculus!

Rhe. Give me thy fist, innocent.

Cuc. Would 't were in thy belly! there 't is.

Pel. That 's well; he 's an honest blade, though he be blunt.

Cuc. Who cares! We can be as blunt as he, for his life.

CORAX passes over the Stage.

Pel. Corax, the prince's chief physician! What business speeds his haste?—Are all things well, sir?

Cor. Yes, yes, yes.

Rhe. Phew! you may wheel about, man; we know you are proud of your slovenry and practice; 't is your virtue. The prince's melancholy fit, I presume, holds still.

Cor. So do thy knavery and desperate beggary.

Cuc. Aha! here 's one will tickle the bandog.

Rhe. You must not go yet.

Cor. I'll stay in spite of thy teeth. There lies my gravity.¹—[*Throws off his gown.*]—Do what thou dar'st; I stand thee.

Rhe. Thou art in thy religion an atheist, in thy

¹ *There lies my gravity (throws off his gown).*] Thus Prospero, when he throws off his mantle, exclaims,

“Lie there, my art.”

And Fuller tells us that the great Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say,

“Lie there Lord Treasurer.”—GIFFORD.

condition a cur, in thy diet an epicure, in thy sleep a hog; thou tak'st upon thee the habit of a grave physician, but art indeed an impostorous¹ empiric.

Cuc. To 't, to 't! hold him to 't! hold him to 't! to 't, to 't, to 't.

Cor. The best worth in thee is the corruption of thy mind: a thing bred out of the filth and superfluity of ill humours. Thou art fortune's idiot, virtue's bankrupt, manhood's scandal, and thine own scourge. Thou wouldst hang thyself, so wretchedly miserable thou art, but that no man will trust thee with as much money as will buy a halter; and all thy stock to be sold is not worth half as much as may procure it.

Rhe. Ha, ha, ha! this is flattery, gross flattery.

Cor. I have employment for thee, and for ye all. Tut! these are but good-morrows between us. I'll shape ye all for a device before the prince; we'll try how that can move him.

Rhe. He shall fret or laugh.

Cuc. Must I make one?

Cor. Yes, and your feminine page too.

Gril. Thanks, most egregiously.

Pel. I will not slack my part.

Cuc. Wench, take my buckler.

Cor. Come all into my chamber; the project is cast; the time only we must attend.

Rhe. The melody must agree well and yield sport, When such as these are, knaves and fools, consort.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the House of THAMASTA.

Enter AMETHUS, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Amet. Does this show well?

Tha. What would you have me do?

¹ i. e. deceitful, cheating.

Amet. Not like a lady of the trim, new crept
Into the glitt'ring pomp of ease and wantonness,
Embroideries, and all these antic fashions,
That shape a woman monstrous; to transform
Your education, and a noble birth,
Into contempt and laughter. Sister! sister!
She who derives her blood from princes, ought
To glorify her greatness by humility.

Tha. Then you conclude me proud?

Amet. Young Menaphon,
My worthy friend, has loved you long and truly:
To witness his obedience to your scorn,
Twelve months, wrong'd gentleman, he undertook
A voluntary exile. Wherefore, sister,
In this time of his absence, have you not
Disposed of your affections on some monarch?
Or sent ambassadors to some neighb'ring king
With fawning protestations of your graces,
Your rare perfections, admirable beauty?
This had been a new piece of modesty,
Would have deserv'd a chronicle!

Tha. You are bitter;
And, brother, by your leave, not kindly wise.¹
My freedom is my birth; I am not bound
To fancy your improvements, but my own.
Indeed, you are an humble youth! I hear of
Your visits, and your loving commendation
To your heart's saint, Cleophila, a virgin
Of rare excellence. What though she want
A portion to maintain a portly greatness!
Yet 't is your gracious sweetness to descend
So low; the meekness of your pity leads you!
She is your dear friend's sister! a good soul!
An innocent!

Amet. Thamasta!

Tha. I have given
Your Menaphon a welcome home, as fits me;

¹ *Not kindly wise,*] i. e. your wisdom has not the *natural* tenderness of a brother in it.—GIFFORD.

For his sake entertain'd Parthenophill,
 The handsome stranger, more familiarly
 Than, I may fear, becomes me; yet, for his part,
 I not repent my courtesies: but you—

Amet. No more, no more! be affable to both;
 Time may reclaim your cruelty.

Tha. I pity
 The youth; and, trust me, brother, love his sadness:

He talks the prettiest stories; he delivers
 His tales so gracefully, that I could sit
 And listen, nay, forget my meals and sleep,
 To hear his neat discourses. Menaphon
 Was well advis'd in choosing such a friend
 For pleading his true love.

Amet. Now I commend thee;
 Thou'lt change at last, I hope.

Enter MENAPHON and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. I fear I shall.

[*Aside.*

Amet. Have you survey'd the garden?

Men. 'Tis a curious,
 A pleasantly contriv'd delight.

Tha. Your eye, sir,
 Hath in your travels often met contents
 Of more variety?

Par. Not any, lady.

Men. It were impossible, since your fair presence
 Makes every place, where it vouchsafes to shine,
 More lovely than all other helps of art
 Can equal.

Tha. What you mean by "helps of art,"
 You know yourself best; be they as they are;
 You need none, I am sure, to set me forth.

Men. 'T would argue want of manners, more than
 skill,
 Not to praise *praise itself*.

Tha. For your reward,
Henceforth I'll call you servant.¹

Amet. Excellent sister!

Men. 'Tis my first step to honour. May I fall
Lower than shame, when I neglect all service
That may confirm this favour!

Tha. Are you well, sir?

Par. Great princess, I am well. To see a league
Between an humble love, such as my friend's is,
And a commanding virtue, such as yours is,
Are sure restoratives.

Tha. You speak ingeniously.
Brother, be pleas'd to show the gallery
To this young stranger. Use the time a while,
And we will all together to the court:
I will present you, sir, unto the prince.

Par. You are all composed of fairness and true
bounty.

Amet. Come, come: we'll wait you, sister. This
beginning
Doth relish happy process.

Men. You have bless'd me.

[*Exeunt MEN. AMET. and PAR.*]

Tha. Kala! O, Kala!

Kala. Lady.

Tha. We are private;
Thou art my closet.

Kala. Lock your secrets close then;
I am not to be forced.

Tha. Never till now
Could I be sensible of being a traitor
To honour and to shame.

Kala. You are in love.

Tha. I am grown base—Parthenophill—

Kala. He's handsome,
Richly endow'd; he hath a lovely face,
A winning tongue.

¹ *Henceforth I'll call you servant,*] i. e. acknowledge you as a lover.

Tha. If ever I must fall,
In him my greatness sinks: Love is a tyrant,
Resisted. Whisper in his ear how gladly
I would steal time to talk with him one hour;
But do it honourably. Prithee, Kala,
Do not betray me.

Kala. Madam, I will make it
Mine own case; he shall think I am in love with him.

Tha. I hope thou art not, Kala.

Kala. 'T is for your sake:
I'll tell him so; but, 'faith, I am not, lady.

Tha. Pray, use me kindly; let me not too soon
Be lost in my new follies. 'T is a fate
That overrules our wisdoms; while we strive
To live most free, we're caught in our own toils.
Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.

Soph. Our commonwealth is sick: 't is more than
time

That we should wake the head thereof, who sleeps
In the dull lethargy of lost security.

The commons murmur, and the nobles grieve;
The court is now turn'd antic, and grows wild,
While all the neighbouring nations stand at gaze,
And watch fit opportunity to wreak

Their just-conceived fury on such injuries
As the late prince, our living master's father,
Committed against laws of truth or honour.

Intelligence comes flying in on all sides:

While the unsteady multitude presume

How that you, Aretus, and I engross,

Out of particular ambition,

The affairs of government; which I, for my part,
Groan under, and am weary off.

Are. Sophronos,
I am as zealous too of shaking off
My gay state-fetters, that I have bethought
Of speedy remedy; and to that end,
As I have told you, have concluded with
Corax, the prince's chief physician.

Soph. You should have done this sooner, Aretus;
You were his tutor, and could best discern
His dispositions, to inform them rightly.

Are. Passions of violent nature by degrees
Are easiliest reclaim'd. There's something hid
Of his distemper, which we'll now find out.

Enter CORAX, RHETIAS, PELIAS, CUCULUS, *and* GRILLA.
You come on just appointment. Welcome, gentlemen!

Have you won Rhetias, Corax?

Cor. Most sincerely.

Cuc. Save ye, nobilities! Do your lordships take
notice of my page? 'Tis a fashion of the newest
edition, spick and span-new, without example. Do
your honour, housewife!

Gril. There's a courtesy for you, and a courtesy
for you.

Soph. 'Tis excellent: we must all follow fashion,
And entertain she-waiters.

Are. 'T will be courtly.

Cuc. I think so; I hope the chronicles will rear
me one day for a headpiece—

Rhe. Of woodcock, without brains in it!¹ Barbers
shall wear thee on their citterns,² and hucksters set
thee out in gingerbread.

¹ Of woodcock, &c.] A cant term for a simpleton.—GIFFORD.

² Barbers shall wear thee on their citterns.] It appears from innumerable passages in our old writers, that barbers' shops were furnished with some musical instruments (commonly a cittern* or guitar) for the

* The cittern of Johnson's days differed little from the guitar, as to form. It was strung with wire instead of catgut, like the guitar, and seems to have been in great vogue.

Cuc. Devil take thee ! I say nothing to thee now ;
canst let me be quiet ?

Gril. You are too perstreperous, saucebox.

Cuc. Good girl ! if we begin to puff once—

Pel. Prithee, hold thy tongue ; the lords are in the
presence.

Rhe. Mum, butterfly !

Pel. The prince ! stand and keep silence.

Cuc. O the prince ! wench thou shalt see the
prince now. [Soft music.]

Enter PALADOR, with a book.

Soph. Are. Sir, gracious sir !

Pal. Why all this company ?

Cor. A book ! is this the early exercise,
I did prescribe ? instead of following health,
Which all men covet, you pursue disease.
Where's your great horse, your hounds, your set at
tennis,
Your balloon ball, the practice of your dancing,
Your casting of the sledge, or learning how
To toss a pike ? all chang'd into a sonnet !
Pray, sir, grant me free liberty to leave
The court ; it does infect me with the sloth
Of sleep and surfeit : in the university
I have employments, which to my profession
Add profit and report ; here I am lost,
And, in your wilful dulness, held a man
Of neither art nor honesty. You may
Command my head :—pray, take it, do ! 't were
better

amusement of such customers as chose to strum upon it while waiting for their turn to be shaved. It should be recollected that the patience of the customers, if the shop was at all popular, must, in those tedious days of love-locks, and beards of the most fantastic cuts, have been frequently put to very severe trials. Some kind of amusement, therefore, was necessary to beguile the time, and as newspapers had not then descended to the lower classes, a more innocent or effectual one than an instrument in pretty general use could not readily be found.

The head of the cittern, like that of the harp, occasionally terminated, suppose, in some grotesque kind of ornament.—GIFFORD.

For me to lose it, than to lose my wits,
And live in Bedlam;[†] you will force me to't;
I am almost mad already.

Pal. I believe it.

Soph. Letters are come from Crete, which do require

A speedy restitution of such ships
As by your father were long since detain'd;
If not, defiance threaten'd.

Are. These near parts
Of Syria that adjoin, muster their friends;
And by intelligence we learn for certain,
The Syrian will pretend an ancient interest
Of tribute intermitted.

Soph. Through your land
Your subjects mutter strangely, and imagine
More than they dare speak publicly.

Cor. And yet
They talk but oddly of you.

Cuc. Hang 'em, mongrels!

Pal. Of me? my subjects talk of me!

Cor. Yes, scurvily,
And think worse, prince.

Pal. I'll borrow patience
A little time to listen to these wrongs;
And from the few of you which are here present,
Conceive the general voice.

Cor. So! now he's nettled. *[Aside.]*

Pal. By all your loves I charge you, without fear
Or flattery, to let me know your thoughts,
And how I am interpreted: speak boldly.

Soph. For my part, sir, I will be plain and brief.
I think you are of nature mild and easy,
Not willingly provok'd, but withal headstrong
In any passion that misleads your judgment:
I think you too indulgent to such motions

[†] *And live in Bedlam.* | As there were mad folks in Famagosta, there were doubtless receptacles for them. Ford, however, was thinking of Moorfields.—GIRFORD.

As spring out of your own affections ;
Too old to be reform'd, and yet too young
To take fit counsel from yourself, of what
Is most amiss.

Pal. So!—Tutor, your conceit ?

Are. I think you dote (with pardon let me speak it)
Too much upon your pleasures ; and these pleasures
Are so wrapp'd up in self-love, that you covet
No other change of fortune : would be still
What your birth makes you ; but are loath to toil
In such affairs of state as break your sleeps.

Cor. I think you would be by the world reputed
A man in every point complete ; but are
In manners and effect indeed a child,
A boy, a very boy.

Pal. May it please your grace,
I think you do contain within yourself
The great elixir, soul, and quintessence
Of all divine perfections ; are the glory
Of mankind, and the only strict example
For earthly monarchs to square out their lives by :
Time's miracle ! Fame's pride ! in knowledge, wit,
Sweetness, discourse, arms, arts,—

Pal. You are a courtier.

Cuc. But not of the ancient fashion, an it like your
highness. 'Tis I ; I that am the credit of the court, no-
ble prince ; and if thou wouldst, by proclamation or pat-
ent, create me overseer of all the tailors in thy domin-
ions, then, then the golden days should appear again !
bread should be cheaper ; fools should have more wit ;
knaves more honesty, and beggars more money.

Gri. I think now—

Cuc. Peace, you squall !

Pal. You have not spoken yet. [To *Rhetias*.

Cuc. Hang him ! he'll nothing but rail.

Gri. Most abominable ;—out upon him !

Cor. Away, Cuculus ; follow the lords.

Cuc. Close, page, close.

They all silently withdraw, but RHE. and PAL.

Pal. You are somewhat long a-thinking.

Rhe. I do not think at all.

Pal. Am I not worthy of your thought?

Rhe. My pity, you are ;—but not my reprehension.

Pal. Pity!

Rhe. Yes, for I pity such to whom I owe service, who exchange their happiness for a misery.

Pal. Is it a misery to be a prince?

Rhe. Princes who forget their sovereignty, and yield to affected passion, are weary of command.—You had a father, sir.

Pal. Your sovereign, while he lived:—but what of him?

Rhe. Nothing.

I only dared to name him,—that is all.

Pal. I charge thee, by the duty that thou ow'st us, Be plain in what thou mean'st to speak: there's something

That we must know: be free; our ears are open.

Rhe. O, sir, I had rather hold a wolf by the ears than stroke a lion; the greatest danger is the last.

Pal. This is mere trifling.—Ha! are all stolen hence?

We are alone—thou hast an honest look.—Thou hast a tongue, I hope, that is not oil'd With flattery: be open. Though 't is true, That in my younger days I oft have heard Agenor's name, my father, more traduced, Than I could then observe: yet I protest, I never had a friend, a certain friend, That would inform me thoroughly of such errors, As oftentimes are incident to princes.

Rhe. All this may be. I have seen a man so curious in feeling of the edge of a keen knife, that he has cut his fingers. My flesh is not proof against the metal I am to handle; the one is tenderer than the other.

Pal. I see then I must court thee. Take the word

Of a just prince ; for any thing thou speakest
I have more than a pardon, thanks and love.

Rhe. I will remember you of an old tale, that something concerns you. Meleander, the great but unfortunate statesman, was by your father treated with for a match between you and his eldest daughter, the lady Eroclea ; you were both near of an age,—I presume you remember a contract,—and cannot forget *her*.

Pal. She was a lovely beauty—prithee forward !

Rhe. To court was Eroclea brought ; was courted by your father, not for prince Palador, as it followed, but to be made a prey to some less noble design.—With your favour, I have forgot the rest.

Pal. Good, call it back again into thy memory ; Else, losing the remainder, I am lost too.

Rhe. You charm me.¹ In brief, a rape by some bad agents was attempted ; by the lord Meleander, her father, rescued ; she conveyed away ; Meleander accused of treason, his land seized, he himself distracted and confined to the castle, where he yet lives. What had ensued was doubtful ; but your father shortly after died.

Pal. But what became of fair Eroclea ?

Rhe. She never since was heard of.

Pal. No hope lives then
Of ever, ever seeing her again.

Rhe. Sir, I feared I should anger you. This was, as I said, an old tale :—I have now a new one, which may perhaps season the first with a more delightful relish.

Pal. I am prepared to hear ; say what you please.

Rhe. My lord Meleander falling (on whose favour my fortunes relied), I furnished myself for travel, and bent my course to Athens ; where a pretty accident, after a while, came to my knowledge.

Pal. My ear is open to thee

¹ *You charm me.*] You overpower my reluctance to speak ; and accordingly Rhetias feels no further difficulty in disclosing himself.—GIRFORD.

Rhe. A young lady, contracted to a noble gentleman, as the lady last mentioned and your highness were, being hindered by their jarring parents, stole from her home, and was conveyed like a shipboy in a merchant, from the country where she lived, into Corinth first, and afterward to Athens; where in much solitariness she lived, like a youth, almost two years, courted by all her acquaintance, but friend to none by familiarity.

Pal. In habit of a man?

Rhe. A handsome young man—till within these three months or less (her sweetheart's father dying some year before, or more), she had notice of it, and with much joy returned home, and, as report voiced it at Athens, enjoyed her happiness she was long an exile for. Now, noble sir, if you did love the lady Eroclea, why may not such safety and fate direct her, as directed the other? 't is not impossible.

Pal. If I *did* love her, Rhetias! Yes, I did. Give me thy hand: as thou didst serve Meleander,

And art still true to these, henceforth serve me.

Rhe. My duty and my obedience are my surety; but I have been too bold.

Pal. Forget the sadder story of my father, And only, Rhetias, learn to read me well; For I must ever thank thee: thou hast unlock'd A tongue was vow'd to silence; for requital—Open my bosom, Rhetias.

Rhe. What's your meaning?

Pal. To tie thee to an oath of secrecy—Unloose the buttons, man! thou dost it faintly: What find'st thou there?

Rhe. A picture in a tablet.

Pal. Look well upon 't.

Rhe. I do—yes—let me observe it—'T is hers, the lady's.

Pal. Whose?

Rhe. Eroclea's.

Pal. Hers that was once Eroclea. For her sake
Have I advanced Sophronos to the helm
Of government; for her sake will restore
Meleander's honours to him; will, for her sake,
Beg friendship from thee, Rhetias. O! be faithful,
And let no politic lord work from thy bosom
My griefs: I know thou wert put on to sift me:
But be not too secure.

Rhe. I am your creature.

Pal. Continue still thy discontented fashion,
Humour the lords, as they would humour me;
I'll not live in thy debt.—We are discovered.

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, KALA, and
PARTHENOPHILL.

Amet. Honour and health still wait upon the
prince!

Sir, I am bold with favour to present
Unto your highness Menaphon, my friend,
Return'd from travel.

Men. Humbly on my knees
I kiss your gracious hand.

Pal. It is our duty
To love the virtuous.

Men. If my prayers or service
Hold any value, they are vow'd yours ever.

Rhe. I have a fist for thee too, stripling; thou art
started up prettily since I saw thee. Hast learned
any wit abroad? Canst tell news and swear lies with
a grace like a true traveller?—What new ouzle's¹
this?

Tha. Your highness shall do right to your own
judgment,
In taking more than common notice of
This stranger, an Athenian, named Parthenophill;
One, who, if mine opinion do not sooth me

¹ *What new ouzle's this?*] Parthenophill, whom he pretends not to know. It may be briefly observed, that "*ouzel*" is a generic term, in which the species blackbird (one among many) is contained."—GIFFORD.

Too grossly, for the fashion of his mind
Deserves a dear respect.

Pal. Your commendations,
Sweet cousin, speak him nobly.

Par. All the powers
That sentinel just thrones, double their guards
About your sacred excellence!

Pal. What fortune
Led him to Cyprus?

Men. My persuasions won him.

Amet. And if your highness please to hear the
entrance

Into their first acquaintance, you will say—

Tha. It was the newest, sweetest, prettiest acci-
dent,

That e'er delighted your attention:
I can discourse it, sir.

Pal. Some other time,
How is he call'd?

Tha. Parthenophill.

Pal. Parthenophill?

We shall sort time to take more notice of him.

[*Exit.*]

Men. His wonted melancholy still pursues him.

Amet. I told you so.

Tha. You must not wonder at it.

Par. I do not, lady.

Amet. Shall we to the castle?

Men. We will attend you both.

Rhe. All three—I'll go too. Hark in thine ear,
gallant; I'll keep the old man in chat, while thou
gabblest to the girl: my thumb's upon my lips; not
a word.

Amet. I need not fear thee, Rhetias.—Sister, soon
Expect us; this day we will range the city.

Tha. Well, soon I shall expect you.—Kala!

[*Aside.*]

¹ *Kala!*] This is a hint to her attendant to take the present opportunity of conveying her message "honourably" to Parthenophill.—
GIFFORD.

Kal. Trust me.

Rhe. Troop on!—Love, love, what a wonder thou art! [*Exeunt all but PARTHENOPHILL and KALA.*]

Kal. May I not be offensive, sir?

Par. Your pleasure?

Yet, pray, be brief.

Kal. Then, briefly; good, resolve me;
Have you a mistress or a wife?

Par. I have neither.

Kal. Nor did you ever love in earnest any
Fair lady, whom you wish'd to make your own?

Par. Not any, truly..

Kal. What your friends or means are
I will not be inquisitive to know,
Nor do I care to hope for. But admit
A dowry were thrown down before your choice,
Of beauty, noble birth, sincere affection,
How gladly would you entertain it? Young man,
I do not tempt you idly.

Par. I shall thank you,
When my unsettled thoughts can make me sensible
Of what 't is to be happy; for the present
I am your debtor; and, fair gentlewoman,
Pray give me leave as yet to study ignorance,
For my weak brains conceive not what concerns me.
Another time— [*Going.*]

Enter THAMASTA.

Tha. Do I break off your parley,
That you are parting? Sure my woman loves you;
Can she speak well, Parthenophill?

Par. Yes, madam,
Discreetly chaste she can; she hath much won
On my belief, and in few words, but pithy,
Much mov'd my thankfulness. You are her lady,
Your goodness aims, I know, at her preferment;
Therefore, I may be bold to make confession
Of truth: if ever I desire to thrive

In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.

Tha. Indeed!

But say a nobler love should interpose.

Par. Where ~~my~~ worth and constancy first settle
A hearty truth, there greatness cannot shake it;
Nor shall it mine: yet I am but an infant
In that construction, which must give clear light
To Kala's merit; riper hours hereafter
Must learn me how to grow rich in deserts.
Madam, my duty waits on you. [*Exit.*

Tha. Come hither!—

“If ever henceforth I desire to thrive
In woman's favour, Kala is the first
Whom my ambition shall bend to.”—“T was so!

Kal. These very words he spake.

Tha. These very words
Curse thee, unfaithful creature, to thy grave.
Thou woo'dst him for thyself?

Kal. You said I should.

Tha. My name was never mentioned?

Kal. Madam, no:

We were not come to that.

Tha. Not come to that!

Art thou a rival fit to cross my fate?

Now poverty and a dishonest fame,

The waiting-woman's wages, be thy payment.

False, faithless, wanton beast! I'll spoil your carriage;¹

There's not a page, a groom, nay, not a citizen

That shall be cast [away] upon thee, Kala;

I'll keep thee in my service all thy lifetime,

Without hope of a husband or a suitor.

Kal. I have not verily deserved this cruelty.

Tha. Parthenophill shall know, if he respect not
My birth, the danger of a fond² neglect. [*Exit.*

¹ I'll spoil your carriage!] From the sequel of the speech it appears not improbable that the poet's word was marriage.—GIFFORD.

² Of a fond neglect,] i. e. the danger of slighting the love of a lady of my rank.—GIFFORD.

Kal. Are you so quick? Well, I may chance to cross

Your peevishness. Now, though I never meant
The young man for myself, yet, if he love me,
I'll have him, or I'll run away with him;
And let her do her worst then!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment at the Castle.

Enter CLEOPHILA and TROLLIO.

Cleo. Tread softly, Trollio, my father sleeps still.

Trol. Ay, forsooth; but he sleeps like a hare,
with his eyes open, and that's no good sign.

Cleo. Sure thou art weary of this sullen living;
But I am not; for I take more content
In my obedience here, than all delights
The time presents elsewhere.

Mel. Oh!

Cleo. Dost hear that groan?

Trol. Hear it? I shudder; it was a strong blast,
young mistress, able to root up heart, liver, lungs,
and all.

Cleo. My much-wronged father! let me view his
face.

[*Draws the arras, MELEANDER discovered in a
chair, sleeping.*

Trol. Lady mistress, shall I fetch a barber to steal
away his rough beard while he sleeps? In his naps
he never looks in a glass—and 'tis high time, o'
my conscience, for him to be trimmed; he has not
been under the shaver's hand almost these four
years.

Cleo. Peace, fool!

Trol. He begins to stir; he stirs. Bless us, how
his eyes roll! A good year keep your lordship in
your right wits, I beseech ye!

[*Aside.*

Mel. Cleophila!

Cleo. Sir, I am here; how do you, sir?

Mel. The raven croak'd, and hollow shrieks of
owls

Sung dirges at her funeral; I laugh'd

The while, for 't was no boot to weep. The girl
Was fresh and full of youth; but, oh! the cunning
Of tyrants, that look big! their very frowns
Doom poor souls guilty ere their cause be heard.—
Good! what art thou? and thou?

Cleo. I am Cleophila,
Your woful daughter.

Trol. I am Trollio,
Your honest implement.

Mel. I know you both. 'Las, why d' ye use me
thus?

Thy sister, my Eroclea, was so gentle,
That turtles in their down do feed more gall,
Than her spleen mix'd with:—yet, when winds and
storm

Drive dirt and dust on banks of spotless snow,
The purest whiteness is no such defence
Against the sullyng foulness of that fury.
So raved Agenor, that great man, mischief
Against the girl—'t was a politic trick!
We were too old in honour.—I am lean,
And fall'n away extremely; most assuredly
I have not dined these three days.

Cleo. Will you now, sir?

Trol. I beseech you heartily, sir.

Mel. Am I stark mad?

Trol. No, no, you are but a little staring—there 's
difference between staring and stark mad. You are
but whimsied yet; crotcheted, conundrumed, or so.

[*Aside*

Mel. Here 's all my care; and I do often sigh
For thee, Cleophila; we are secluded
From all good people. But take heed; Amethus
Was son to Doryla, Agenor's sister;

There's some ill blood about him, if the surgeon
Have not been very skilful to let all out.

Cleo. I am, alas! too griev'd to think of love;
That must concern me least.

Mel. Sirrah, be wise! be wise!

Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, PARTHENOPHILL, and
RHETIAS.

Trol. Who, I? I will be monstrous and wise immediately.—Welcome, gentlemen; the more the merrier. I'll lay the cloth, and set the stools in a readiness, for I see here is some hope of dinner now.

[*Exit.*

Amet. My lord Meleander, Menaphon, your kinsman,

Newly return'd from travel, comes to tender
His duty to you; to you his love, fair mistress.

Men. I would I could as easily remove
Sadness from your remembrance, sir, as study
To do you faithful service.—My dear cousin,
All best of comforts bless your sweet obedience!

Cleo. One chief of them, [my] worthy cousin,
lives
In you, and your well-doing.

Men. This young stranger
Will well deserve your knowledge.

Amet. For my friend's sake,
Lady, pray give him welcome.

Cleo. He has met it,
If sorrows can look kindly.

Par. You much honour me.

Rhe. How he eyes the company! sure my passion
will betray my weakness.—O my master, my noble
master, do not forget me; I am still the humblest,
and the most faithful in heart of those that serve
you.

[*Aside.*

Mel. Ha, ha, ha!

Rhe. There's wormwood in that laughter; 't is
the usher to a violent extremity.

[*Aside.*

Mel. I am a weak old man. All these are come
To jeer my ripe calamities.

Men. Good uncle!

Mel. But I'll outstare ye all: fools, desperate
fools!

You are cheated, grossly cheated; range, range on,
And roll about the world to gather moss,
The moss of honour, gay reports, gay clothes,
Gay wives, huge empty buildings, whose proud
roofs

Shall with their pinnacles even reach the stars!
Ye work and work like blind moles, in the paths
That are bored thro' the crannies of the earth,
To charge your hungry souls with such full surfeits,
As, being gorg'd once, make you lean with plenty;
And when you have skimm'd the vomit of your
riots,

You are fat in no felicity but folly:
Then your last sleeps seize on you; then the troops
Of worms crawl round, and feast, good cheer, rich
fare,

Dainty, delicious!—Here's Cleophila;
All the poor stock of my remaining thrift:
You, you, the prince's cousin, how d' ye like her?
Amethus, how d' ye like her?

Amet. My intents
Are just and honourable.

Men. Sir, believe him.

Mel. Take her!—We two must part; go to
him, do.

Par. This sight is full of horror.

Rhe. There is sense yet
In this distraction.

Mel. In this jewel I have given away
All what I can call mine. When I am dead,
Save charge; let me be buried in a nook;
No guns, no pompous whining: these are fooleries.
If, while we live, we stalk about the streets
Jostled by carmen, foot-posts, and fine apes

In silken coats, unminded and scarce thought on;
It is not comely to be haled¹ to the earth,
Like high-fed jades upon a tilting-day,
In antic trappings. Scorn to useless tears!
Eroclea was not coffin'd so: she perish'd,
And no eye dropp'd save mine—and I am childish;
I talk like one that dotes; laugh at me, Rhetias,
Or rail at me.—They will not give me meat,
They have starv'd me: but I'll henceforth be mine
own cook.

Good-morrow! 't is too early for my cares
To revel; I will break my heart a little,
And tell ye more hereafter. Pray be merry. [*Exit.*

Rhe. I'll follow him. My lord Amethus, use your
time respectively; few words to purpose soonest
prevail: study no long orations; be plain and short.
I'll follow him. [*Exit.*

Amet. Cleophila, although these blacker clouds
Of sadness thicken and make dark the sky
Of thy fair eyes, yet give me leave to follow
The stream of my affections; they are pure,
Without all mixture of unnoble thoughts:
Can you be ever mine?

Cleo. I am so low
In mine own fortunes, and my father's woes,
'That I want words to tell you, you deserve
A worthier choice.

Amet. But give me leave to hope.

Men. My friend is serious.

Cleo. Sir, this for answer. If I ever thrive
In any earthly happiness, the next
To my good father's wish'd recovery,
Must be my thankfulness to your great merit,
Which I dare promise:—for the present time,
You cannot urge more from me.

Mel. [*within.*] Ho, Cleophila!

¹ *Haled to the earth,*] i. e. drawn to the grave. The allusion is to the pomp and parade of a funeral procession, and to the rich heraldic trophies with which the hearse was covered.—GIFFORD.

Cleo. This gentleman is mov'd.

Amet. Your eyes, Parthenophil,
Are guilty of some passion.

Men. Friend, what ails thee?

Par. All is not well within me, sir.

Mel. [*within.*] Cleophila!

Amet. Sweet maid, forget me not; we now must
part.

Cleo. Still you shall have my prayer.

Amet. Still you my truth. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA, the former in a black velvet cap, and a white feather, with a paper in his hand.

Cuc. Do not I look freshly, and like a youth of the trim?

Gril. As rare an old youth as ever walked cross-gartered.

Cuc. Here are my mistresses, mustered in white and black. [*Reads.*] "Kala, the waiting-woman." I will first begin at the foot: stand thou for Kala.

Gril. I stand for Kala.

Cuc. I must look big, and care little or nothing for her, because she is a creature that stands at livery. Thus I talk wisely and to no purpose. "Wench, as it is not fit that thou shouldst be either fair or honest, so, considering thy service, thou art as thou art, and so are thy betters, let them be what they can be. Thus, in despite and defiance of all thy good parts, if I cannot endure thy baseness, 't is more out of thy courtesy than my deserving; and so I expect thy answer."

Gril. I must confess—

Cuc. Well said.

Gril. You are—

Cuc. That's true too.

Gril. To speak you right, a very scurvy fellow.

Cuc. Away, away!—dost think so?

Gril. A very foul-mouth'd and misshapen coxcomb.

Cuc. This shall serve well enough for the waiting-woman. My next mistress is Cleophila, the old madman's daughter. I must come to her in whining tune; sigh, wipe mine eyes, fold my arms, and blubber out my speech as thus: "Even as a kennel of hounds, sweet lady, cannot catch a hare—"

Enter PELIAS and CORAX.

Pel. In amorous contemplation, on my life;
Courting his page, by Helicon!

Cuc. 'Tis false.

Gril. A gross untruth: I'll justify it, sir,
At any time, place, weapon.

Cuc. Marry, shall she.

Cor. No quarrels, goody Whiske! lay by your trumperies, and fall to your practice: instructions are ready for you all. Pelias is your leader, follow him; get credit now or never. Vanish, doodles, vanish!

Cuc. For the device?

Cor. The same; get ye gone. and make no bawling.
[*Exeunt all but CORAX.*

To waste my time thus, drone-like, in the court,
And lose so many hours, as my studies
Have hoarded up, is to be like a man
That creeps both on his hands and knees to climb
A mountain's top; where, when he is ascended,
One careless slip down-tumbles him again
Into the bottom, whence he first began.
I need no prince's favour; princes need
My art: then, Corax, be no more a gull,
The best of 'em cannot fool thee; nay, they shall
not.

Enter SOPHRONOS and ARETUS.

Soph. We find him timely ~~at~~ let's learn the cause.

Are. 'Tis fit we should.—Sir, we approve you learn'd,

And, since your skill can best discern the humours
That are predominant in bodies subject
To alteration, tell us, pray, what devil
This Melancholy is, which can transform
Men into monsters?

Cor. You are yourself a scholar,
And quick of apprehension: Melancholy
Is not, as you conceive, indisposition
Of body, but the mind's disease. So Ecstasy,
Fantastic Dotage, Madness, Phrensy, Rupture
Of mere imagination, differ partly
From Melancholy;¹ which is briefly this,
A mere commotion of the mind, o'ercharged
With fear and sorrow; first begot i' th' brain,
The seat of reason, and from thence deriv'd
As suddenly into the heart, the seat
Of our affection.

Are. There are sundry kinds
Of this disturbance?

Cor. Infinite: it were
More easy to conjecture every hour
We have to live, than reckon up the kinds
Or causes of this anguish of the mind.

Soph. Thus you conclude, that as the cause is
doubtful,
The cure must be impossible; and then

¹ "Vide," Ford says, "*Democritus Junior*." He alludes to the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, by Robert Burton; from which not only what is here said, but the descriptions and personifications of the various affections of the mind in the interlude (scene iii.) are imitated, or rather copied; for the poet has added little or nothing of his own to what he found in that popular volume. To say the truth, the stupendous and undistinguishing diligence of our "*Democritus the Younger*" almost precluded the possibility of adding to any topic which he had previously made the object of his researches.—GIFFORD.

Our prince, poor gentleman, is lost for ever,
As well unto himself as to his subjects.

Cor. My lord, you are too quick; thus much I dare

Promise and do; ere many minutes pass,
I will discover whence his sadness is,
Or undergo the censure of my ignorance.

Are. You are a noble scholar.

Soph. For reward

You shall make your own demand.

Cor. May I be sure?

Are. We both will pledge our truth.

Cor. 'Tis soon perform'd.

That I may be discharged from my attendance
At court, and never more be sent for after:
Or—if I be, may rats gnaw all my books,
If I get home once, and come here again!
Though my neck stretch a halter for 't, I care not.

Soph. Come, come, you shall not fear it.

Cor. I'll acquaint you
With what is to be done; and you shall fashion it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Room in THAMASTA'S House.

Enter KALA and PARTHENOPHILL.

Kala. My lady does expect you, thinks all time
Too slow till you come to her: wherefore, young
man,

If you intend to love me, and me only,
Before we part, without more circumstance,
Let us betroth ourselves.

Par. I dare not wrong you;—
You are too violent.

Kala. Wrong me no more
Than I wrong you; be mine, and I am yours;
I cannot stand on points.

Par. Then, to resolve
All further hopes, you never can be mine,
Must not, and, pardon though I say, you shall not.

Kala. Shall not! Well,
You were best to prate unto my lady now,
What proffer I have made.

Par. Never, I vow.

Kala. Do, do! 't is but a kind heart of my own,
And ill luck can undo me.—Be refused!
O scurvy!—Pray walk on, I 'll overtake you.
Meantime I 'll mar¹ her market. [Exit PAR.]

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. Parthenophill passed this way; prithee,
Kala,
Direct me to him.

Kala. Yes, I can direct you;
But you, sir, must forbear.

Men. Forbear?

Kala. I said so.
Your bounty has engaged my truth, receive
A secret, that will, as you are a man,
Startle your reason; 't is but mere respect
Of what I owe to thankfulness. Dear sir,
The stranger, whom your courtesy received
For friend, is made your rival.

Men. Rival, Kala?
Take heed; thou art too credulous.

Kala. My lady
Dotes on him: I will place you in a room,
Where, though you cannot hear, yet you shall see
Such passages as will confirm the truth
Of my intelligence.

Men. 'T will make me mad.

Kala. Yes, yes.
It makes me mad too, that a gentleman

¹ I 'll mar her market.] Her mistress's; whom she accordingly betrays to Menaphon.—GIRFORD.

So excellently sweet, so liberal,
So kind, so proper, should be so betrayed
By a young smooth-shinn'd straggler; but, for love's
sake,

Bear all with manly courage.—Not a word;
I am undone then.

Men. That were too much pity:
Honest, most honest Kala! 't is thy care,
Thy serviceable care.

Kala. You have ev'n spoken
All can be said or thought.

Men. I will reward thee:
But as for him, ungentle boy, I'll whip
His falsehood with a vengeance.

Kala. O speak little.
Walk up these stairs; and take this key, it opens
A chamber door, where, at that window yonder,
You may see all their courtship.

Men. I am silent.

Kala. As little noise as may be, I beseech you;
There is a back-stair to convey you forth
Unseen or unsuspected. [Exit MENAPHON.

He that cheats
A waiting-woman of a free good turn
She longs for, must expect a shrewd revenge.
Sheep-spirited boy! altho' he had not married me,
He might have proffered kindness at the least:
But they are come:
On goes my set of faces most demurely.

Enter THAMASTA and PARTHENOPHILL.

Tha. Forbear the room.

Kala. Yes, madam.

Tha. Whosoever
Requires access to me, deny him entrance
Till I call thee; and wait without. [Exit KALA.

Tha. I expose
The honour of my birth, my fame, my youth,
To hazard of much hard construction,

In seeking an adventure of a parley
 So private with a stranger: if your thoughts
 Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
 Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
 Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.

Par. Lady—to shorten long excuses—time
 And safe experience have so thoroughly arm'd
 My apprehension, with a real taste
 Of your most noble nature, that to question
 The least part of your bounties, or that freedom,
 Which Heaven hath with a plenty made you rich in,
 Would argue me uncivil;¹ ~~which~~ is more,
 Base-bred; and, which is ~~most~~ of all, unthankful.

Tha. The constant loadstone and the steel are
 found

In several mines; yet is there such a league
 Between these minerals, as if one vein
 Of earth had nourish'd both. The gentle myrtle
 Is not ingraft upon an olive's stock;
 Yet nature hath between them lock'd a secret
 Of sympathy, that, being planted near,
 They will, both in their branches and their roots,
 Embrace each other: twines of ivy round
 The well-grown oak; the vine doth court the elm;
 Yet these are different plants. Parthenophill,
 Consider this aright; then these slight creatures
 Will fortify the reasons I should frame
 For that unguarded (as thou think'st) affection,
 Which is submitted to a stranger's pity.
 True love may blush, when shame repents too
 late;

But in all actions, nature yields to fate.

Par. Great lady, 't were a dulness must exceed
 The grossest and most sottish kind of ignorance,
 Not to be sensible of your intents;
 I clearly understand them. Yet so much

¹ *Would argue me uncivil,*] i. e. unacquainted with the language and manners of good society.—GIFFORD.

The difference between that height and lowness,
Which doth distinguish our unequal fortunes,
Dissuades me from ambition; that I am
Humbler in my desires, than love's own power
Can any way raise up.

Tha. I am a princess,
And know no law of slavery; to sue,
Yet be denied!

Par. I am so much a subject
To every law of noble honesty,
That to transgress the vows of perfect friendship,
I hold a sacrilege as ~~heal~~, and curs'd,
As if some holy temple had been robb'd,
And I the thief.

Tha. Thou art unwise, young man,
To enrage a lioness.

Par. It were unjust
To falsify a faith; and ever after,
Disrobed of that fair ornament, live naked,
A scorn to time and truth.

Tha. Remember well,
Who I am, and what thou art.

Par. That remembrance
Prompts me to worthy duty. O great lady,
If some few days have tempted your free heart
To cast away affection on a stranger;
If that affection have so oversway'd
Your judgment, that it, in a manner, hath
Declined your sovereignty of birth and spirit;
How can you turn your eyes off from that glass,
Wherein you may new trim and settle right
A memorable name?

Tha. The youth is idle.¹

Par. Days, months, and years are past, since Me-
naphon
Hath loved and serv'd you truly; Menaphon,
A man of no large distance in his blood

¹ *The youth is idle,*] i. e. talks from the purpose.—GIFFORD.

From yours ; in qualities desertful, graced
With youth, experience, every happy gift
That can by nature, or by education
Improve a gentleman ; for him, great lady,
Let me prevail, that you will yet at last
Unlock the bounty, which your love and care
Have wisely treasur'd up, to enrich his life.

Tha. Thou hast a moving eloquence, Partheno-
phill !—

Parthenophill, in vain we strive to cross
The destiny that guides us : my great heart
Is stoop'd so much beneath ~~that~~ wonted pride,
That first disguis'd it, that I now prefer
A miserable life with thee, before
All other earthly comforts.

Par. Menaphon,
By me, repeats the self-same words to you :
You are too cruel, if you can distrust
His truth, or my report.

Tha. Go where thou wilt,
I'll be an exile with thee ; I will learn
To bear all change of fortunes.

Par. For my friend,
I plead with grounds of reason.

Tha. For thy love,
Hard-hearted youth, I here renounce all thoughts
Of other hopes, of other entertainments,—

Par. Stay, as you honour virtue.

Tha. When the proffers
Of other greatness,—

Par. Lady!

Tha. When entreats
Of friends,—

Par. I'll ease your grief.

Tha. Respect of kindred,—

Par. Pray, give me hearing.

Tha. Loss of fame,—

Par. I crave
But some few minutes.

Tha. Shall infringe my vows,
Let heaven,—

Par. My love speaks t'ye : hear, then go on.

Tha. Thy love ? why, 't is a charm to stop a vow
In its most violent course.

Par. Cupid has broke
His arrows here ; and, like a child unarm'd,
Comes to make sport between us with no weapon,
But feathers stolen from his mother's doves.

Tha. This is mere trifling.

Par. Lady, take a secret.
I am as you are ;—in a lower rank,
Else of the self-same sex, a maid, a virgin.
And now, to use your own words, “ if your
thoughts

Censure me not with mercy, you may soon
Conceive, I have laid by that modesty,
Which should preserve a virtuous name unstain'd.”

Tha. Are you not mankind then ?

Par. When you shall read
The story of my sorrows, with the change
Of my misfortunes, in a letter printed
From my unforged relation, I believe
You will not think the shedding of one tear,
A prodigality that misbecomes
Your pity and my fortune.

Tha. Pray conceal
The errors of my passions.

Par. Would I had
Much more of honour (as for life I value 't not)
To venture on your secrecy !

Tha. It will be
A hard task for my reason, to relinquish
The affection, which was once devoted thine ;
I shall awhile repute thee still the youth
I loved so dearly.

Par. You shall find me ever
Your ready faithful servant.

Tha. O, the powers

Who do direct our hearts, laugh at our follies!
We must not part yet.

Par. Let not my unworthiness
Alter your good opinion.

Tha. I shall henceforth
Be jealous of thy company with any;
My fears are strong and many.¹

Re-enter KALA.

Kala. Did your ladyship
Call me?

Tha. For what?

Kala. Your servant Menaphon
Desires admittance.

Enter MENAPHON.

Men. With your leave, great mistress,
I come.—So private! is this well, Parthenophill?

Par. Sir, noble sir!

Men. You are unkind and treacherous;
This 't is to trust a straggler!

Tha. Prithee, servant—

Men. I dare not question you, you are my mis-
tress,
My prince's nearest kinswoman; but he—

Tha. Come, you are angry.

Men. Henceforth, I will bury
Unmanly passion in perpetual silence:
I'll court mine own distraction, dote on folly,
Creep to the mirth and madness of the age,
Rather than be so slav'd again to woman,
Which, in her best of constancy, is steadiest
In change and scorn.

Tha. How dare you talk to me thus?

Men. Dare? Were you not own sister to my
friend,

¹ This scene, at once dignified and pathetic, is happily conceived, delicately conducted, and beautifully written. It places Ford's powers of language and command of feeling in a very eminent rank.—GIFFORD.

Sister to my Amethus, I would hurl you
As far off from mine eyes, as from my heart;
For I would never more look on you. Take
Your jewel t' ye!—and, youth, keep under wing,
Or—boy!—boy!

Tha. If commands be of no force,
Let me entreat thee, Menaphon.

Men. 'T is naught.
Fie, fie, Parthenophill! have I ~~deserv'd~~
To be thus used?

Par. I do protest—

Men. You shall not;
Henceforth I will be free, and hate my bondage.

Enter AMETHUS.

Amet. Away, away to court! The prince is
pleas'd

To see a mask to-night; we must attend him:
'T is near upon the time.—How thrives your suit?

Men. The judge, your sister, will decide it
shortly.

Tha. Parthenophill, I will not trust you from me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and CORAX;
Servants with torches.

Cor. Lights and attendance! I will show your
highness

A trifle of mine own brain. If you can,
Imagine you were now in the university,
You'll take it well enough; a scholar's fancy,
A quab; 't is nothing else, a very quab.¹

¹ *A quab; a very quab.*] An unfledged bird, a nestling; metaphorically, any thing in an imperfect, unfinished state.—GIRFORD.

Pal. We will observe it.

Soph. Yes, and grace it too, sir,
For Corax else is humorous and testy.

Are. By any means; men singular in art,
Have always some odd whimsey more than usual.

Pal. The name of this conceit.

Cor. Sir, it is called
The Mask of Melancholy.

Are. We must look for
Nothing but sadness here, then.

Cor. Madness rather
In several changes.¹ Melancholy is
The root, as well of every apish phrensy,
Laughter and mirth, as dulness. Pray, my lord,
Hold, and observe the plot;—[*Gives PAL. a paper*]—
't is there express'd
In kind, what shall be now express'd in action.—

*Enter AMETHUS, MENAPHON, THAMASTA, and
PARTHENOPHILL.*

No interruption;—take your places quickly;
Nay, nay, leave ceremony. Sound to th' entrance!
[*Flourish.*]

*Enter RHETIAS, his face whited, black shag hair, long
nails; with a piece of raw meat.*

Rhe. Bow, bow! wow, wow! The moon's eclipsed;
I'll to the church-yard and sup. Since I turn'd wolf,
I bark, and howl, and dig up graves; I will never
have the sun shine again: 't is midnight, deep, dark
midnight,—get a prey, and fall to—I have catch'd
thee now.—*Arre!*

Cor. This kind is called Lycanthropia, sir; when
men conceive themselves wolves.

¹ Ford has here introduced one of those interludes in which the old stage so much delighted. The various characters of these "apish phrensies," as he calls them, he has taken from *Burton's Melancholy*; the book to which he refers in a former scene. He cannot be said to have improved what he has borrowed, which, on the contrary, reads better in *Burton's* pages than his own.—GIFFORD.

Pal. Here I find it.

[*Looking at the paper.*]

Enter PELIAS, with a crown of feathers, anticly rich.

Pel. I will hang 'em all, and burn my wife. Was I not an emperor? my hand was kiss'd, and ladies lay down before me. In triumph did I ride with my nobles about me, till the mad dog bit me; I fell, and I fell, and I fell. It shall be treason by statute for any man to name water, or wash his hands, throughout all my dominions.

Pal. Hydrophobia term you this?

Cor. And men possess'd so, shun all sight of water;

Sometimes, if mix'd with jealousy, it renders them Incurable, and oftentimes brings death.

Enter a PHILOSOPHER in black rags, with a copper chain, an old gown half off, and a book.

Phi. Philosophers dwell in the moon. Speculation and theory girdle the world about, like a wall. Ignorance, like an atheist, must be damn'd in the pit. I am very, very poor, and poverty is the physic for the soul; my opinions are pure and perfect. Envy is a monster, and I defy the beast.

Cor. Delirium this is called, which is mere dotage, Sprung from ambition first, and singularity, Self-love, and blind opinion of true merit.

Pal. I not dislike the course.

Enter GRILLA, in a rich gown, great fardingale, great ruff, a muff, fan, and coxcomb¹ on her head.

Gril. Yes forsooth, and no forsooth; is not this fine! I pray your blessing, gaffer. Here, here, here—did he give me a shough,² and cut off's tail! Buss, buss, nuncle, and there's a pum for daddy.

¹ Coxcomb,] i. e. a fool's cap.—GIFFORD.

² Did he give me a shough.] A shock-dog, a water-spaniel.—GIFBORD.

Cor. You find this noted there, phrenitis.

Pal. True.

Cor. Pride is the ground on't; it reigns most in women.

Enter CUCULUS like a Bedlam, singing.

Cuc. *They that will learn to drink a health in hell,
Must learn on earth to take tobacco well,
To take tobacco well, to take tobacco well;
For in hell they drink nor wine, nor ale, nor beer,
But fire, and smoke, and stench, as we do here.*

Rhe. I'll swoop thee up.

Pel. Thou 'rt straight to execution.

Gril. Fool, fool, fool! catch me an thou canst.

Phi. Expel him the house; 't is a dunce.

Cuc. [*sings.*] *Hark, did you not hear a rumbling!*

The goblins are now a tumbling!

I'll tear 'em, I'll sear 'em,

I'll roar 'em, I'll gore 'em!

*Now, now, now! my brains are a
jumbling.—*

Bounce! the gun's off.

Pal. You name this here, hypochondriacal?

Cor. Which is a windy flatuous humour, stuffing
The head, and thence deriv'd to the animal parts.
To be too over-curious, loss of goods
Or friends, excess of fear, or sorrows cause it.

Pal. 'T is very strange: but Heaven is full of
miracles.

THE DANCE.

[Exeunt the Maskers in couples.]

We are thy debtor, Corax,¹ for the gift

¹ *We are thy debtor, Corax, &c.]* This good prince is easily pleased; for, to speak truth, a mask more void of invention, or merit of any kind, never shamed the stage. It is singular that Ford did not recollect how absolutely he had anticipated the boasted experiment of this trifter, and laid open the whole secret of the prince's melancholy in the admirable scene with Rhetias in the second act: but he was determined to have a show, and, in evil hour he had it.—GIFFORD.

Of this invention ; but the plot deceives us :
What means this empty space ?

[*Pointing to the paper.*

Cor. One kind of Melancholy
Is only left untouch'd ; 't was not in art
To personate the shadow of that fancy ;
'T is nam'd Love-melancholy. As, for instance,
Admit this stranger here,—young man, stand forth—
[*To PARTH.*

Entangled by the beauty of this lady,
The great Thamasta, cherish'd in his heart
The weight of hopes and fears ; it were impossible
To limn his passions in such lively colours,
As his own proper sufferance could express.

Par. You are not modest, sir.

Tha. Am I your mirth ?

Cor. Love is the tyrant of the heart ; it darkens
Reason, confounds discretion ; deaf to counsel,
It runs a headlong course to desperate madness.
O, were your highness but touch'd home, and thoroughly,

With this (what shall I call it ?) devil—

Pal. Hold !

Let no man henceforth name the word again.—
Wait you my pleasure, youth.—'T is late ; to rest !—
[*Exit.*

Cor. My lords—

Soph. Enough ; thou art a perfect arts-man.

Cor. Panthers may hide their heads, not change
the skin ;

And love, penn'd ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Room in THAMASTA'S House.**Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.**Amet.* Dote on a stranger?*Men.* Court him; plead, and sue to him.*Amet.* Affectionately?*Men.* Servilely; and, pardon me,
If I say, basely.*Amet.* Women, in their passions,
Like false fires, flash to fright our trembling
senses,Yet, in themselves, contain nor light nor heat.
My sister do this! she, whose pride did scorn
All thoughts that were not busied on a crown,
To fall so far beneath her fortunes now!—
You are my friend.*Men.* What I confirm is truth.*Amet.* Truth, Menaphon?*Men.* If I conceived you were
Jealous of my sincerity and plainness,
Then, sir—*Amet.* What then, sir?*Men.* I would then resolve
You were as changeable in vows of friendship,
As is Thamasta in her choice of love:
That sin is double, running in a blood,
Which justifies another being worse.*Amet.* My Menaphon, excuse me; I grow wild,
And would not, willingly, believe the truth
Of my dishonour: she shall know how much
I am a debtor to thy noble goodness,
By checking the contempt her poor desires
Have sunk her fame in. Prithee tell me, friend,
How did the youth receive her?*Men.* With a coldness

As modest and as hopeless, as the trust
I did repose in him could wish, or merit.

Enter THAMASTA and KALA.

Amet. I will esteem him dearly.

Men. Sir, your sister.

Tha. Servant, I have employment for you.

Amet. Harkye!

The mask of your ambition is fallen off;
Your pride hath stoop'd to such an abject lowness,
That you have now discover'd to report
Your nakedness in virtue, honours, shame,—

Tha. You are turn'd satire.

Amet. All the flatteries
Of greatness have expos'd you to contempt.

Tha. This is mere railing.

Amet. You have sold your birth
For lust.

Tha. Lust!

Amet. Yes; and, at a dear expense,
Purchased the only glories of a wanton.

Tha. A wanton!

Amet. Let repentance stop your mouth:
Learn to redeem your fault.¹

Kala. I hope your tongue
Has not betray'd my honesty. *[Aside to MEN.]*

Men. Fear nothing.

Tha. If, Menaphon, I hitherto have strove
To keep a wary guard about my fame;
If I have us'd a woman's skill to sift
The constancy of your protested love;
You cannot, in the justice of your judgment,
Impute that to a coyness or neglect,
Which my discretion and your service aim'd
For noble purposes.

¹ It is evident, from what follows, in a subsequent scene, that this warmth of language is merely affected by Amethus, for the purpose of intimidating his sister, and by dint of overpowering her supposed coquetry, surprising her into an avowal of her attachment to his friend.—
GIFFORD.

Men. Great mistress, no :

I rather quarrel with mine own ambition,
That durst to soar so high, as to feed hope
Of any least desert, that might entitle
My duty to a pension from your favours.

Amet. And therefore, lady (pray observe him
well),

He henceforth covets plain equality ;
Endeavouring to rank his fortunes low,
With some fit partner, whom, without presumption,
Without offence or danger, he may cherish,
Yes, and command too, as a wife ; a wife ;
A wife, my most great lady !

Kala. All will out.

[*Aside.*

Tha. Now I perceive the league of amity,
Which you have long between you vow'd and kept,
Is sacred and inviolable ; secrets
Of every nature are in common to you.
I have trespassed, and I have been faulty ;
Let not too rude a censure doom me guilty,
Or judge my error wilful without pardon.

Men. Gracious and virtuous mistress !

Amet. 'T is a trick ;

There is no trust in female cunning, friend.
Let her first purge her follies past, and clear
The wrong done to her honour, by some sure
Apparent testimony of her constancy ;
Or we will not believe these childish plots :
As you respect my friendship, lend no ear
To a reply.—Think on 't !

Men. Pray, love your fame.

[*Exeunt MEN. and AMET.*

Tha. Gone ! I am sure awak'd. Kala, I find
You have not been so trusty as the duty
You owed required.

Kala. Not I ? I do protest
I have been, madam.

Tha. Be—no matter what !
I am paid in mine own coin ; something I must,

And speedily.—So!—seek out Cuculus,
Bid him attend me instantly.

Kala. That antic!

The trim old youth shall wait you.

Tha. Wounds may be mortal, which are wounds
indeed;

But no wound's deadly, till our honours bleed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. Thou art an excellent fellow. Diabolo! O these empirics, that will undertake all cures, yet know not the causes of any disease! Dog-leeches! By the four elements I honour thee; could find in my heart to turn knave, and be thy flatterer.

Cor. Sirrah, 't is pity thou 'dst not been a scholar; Thou'rt honest, blunt, and rude enough, o' conscience!

But for thy lord now,—I have put him to 't.

Rhe. He chafes hugely, fumes like a stew-pot; is he not monstrously overgone in phrensy?

Cor. Rhetias, 't is not a madness, but his sorrows (Close griping grief, and anguish of the soul) That torture him; he carries hell on earth Within his bosom: 't was a prince's tyranny Caus'd his distraction; and a prince's sweetness Must qualify that tempest of his mind.¹

Rhe. Corax, to praise thy art, were to assure The misbelieving world, that the sun shines, When 't is i' th' full meridian of his beauty: No cloud of black detraction can eclipse

¹ ————— 't was a prince's tyranny

[*Caused his distraction, &c.*] Here again poor Corax has just stumbled on what the prince had discovered long before: never, surely, was reputation so cheaply obtained as by this compound of fool and physician.—GIRFORD.

The light of thy rare knowledge. Henceforth casting
 All poor disguises off, that play in rudeness,
 Call me your servant; only, for the present,
 I wish a happy blessing to your labours.—
 Heaven crown your undertakings! and, believe me,
 Ere many hours can pass, at our next meeting,
 The bonds my duty owes shall be full cancell'd.

[Exit.

Cor. Farewell!—A shrewd-brain'd fellow; there
 is pith
 In his untoward plainness.—Now, the news?

Enter TROLLIO, with a morion¹ on.

Trol. Worshipful master doctor, I have a great
 deal of I cannot tell what, to say to you. My lord
 thunders, every word that comes out of his mouth
 roars like a cannon; the house shook once;—my
 young lady dares not be seen.

Cor. We will roar with him, Trollio, if he roar.

Trol. He has got a great pole-axe in his hand, and
 fences it up and down the house, as if he were to
 make room for the pageants.² I have provided me
 a morion for fear of a clap on the coxcomb.

Mel. [within.] So ho, so ho!

Trol. There, there, there! look to your right wor-
 shipful, look to yourself.

Enter MELEANDER with a pole-axe.

Mel. Show me the dog, whose triple-throated noise
 Hath rous'd a lion from his uncouth den,
 To tear the cur in pieces.

Cor. [Putting on a frightful mask, and turning to
 MEL.] Stay thy paws,
 Courageous beast; else, lo! the Gorgon's scull,

¹ Morion.] A headpiece, a helmet.—GIFFORD.

² To make room for the pageants.] An allusion to the city-officers,
 who headed the shows on the Lord Mayor's day, and opened the passage
 for the maskers. They must have found occasion for all their fencing,
 if the fierce curiosity of the citizens be considered, and the state of the
 public streets.—GIFFORD.

That shall transform thee to that restless stone,
Which **Sisyphus** rolls up against the hill;
Whence, tumbling down again, it, with its weight,
Shall crush thy bones, and puff thee into air.

Mel. Nay, if the fates
Have spun my thread, and my spent clew of life
Be not untwisted, let us part like friends:
Lay up my weapon, **Trollio**, and be gone.

Trol. Yes, sir, with all my heart.

[*Exit, with the pole-axe.*]

Mel. This friend and I will walk, and gabble
wisely.

Cor. I allow the motion; on! [*Takes off his mask.*]

Mel. So politicians thrive,
That with their crabbed faces, and sly tricks,
Legerdemain, ducks, cringes, formal beards,
Crisp'd hairs, and punctual cheats, do wriggle in
Their heads first, like a fox, to rooms of state;
Then the whole body follows.

Cor. Then they fill
Lordships; steal women's hearts; with them and
theirs
The world runs round; yet these are square men
still.¹

Mel. There are none poor, but such as engross
offices.

Cor. None wise, but unthrifths, bankrupts, beggars,
rascals.

Mel. The hangman is a rare physician.

Cor. That's not so good;—[*Aside.*]
—it shall be granted.

Mel. All
The buzz of drugs, and minerals, and simples,
Blood-lettings, vomits, purges, or what else
Is conjur'd up by men of art, to gull

¹ *The world turns round; yet these are square men still.*] The play of words between round and square is not of a very exquisite kind, but it does well enough for **Corax**. By *square* he means just, unimpeachable.—**GIFFORD.**

Cor. You find this noted there, phrenitis.

Pal. True.

Cor. Pride is the ground on 't; it reigns most in women.

Enter CUCULUS like a Bedlam, singing.

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[*Exit.*

Cor. My lords—

Soph. Enough ; thou art a perfect arts-man.

Cor. Panthers may hide their heads, not change
the skin ;

And love, penn'd ne'er so close, yet will be seen.

[*Exeunt.*

Strike all comparison into a silence.
She had a sister too;—but as for her,
If I were given to talk, I could describe
A pretty piece of goodness—let that pass—
We must be wise sometimes. What would you with
her?

Cor. I with her? nothing, by your leave, sir.

Mel. [to *Cleo.*] Good soul! be patient;
We are a pair of things the world doth laugh at.
Yet be content, Cleophila; those clouds,
Which bar the sun from shining on our miseries,
Will never be chased off till I am dead;
And then some charitable soul will take thee
Into protection: I am hasting on;
The time cannot be long.

Cleo. I do beseech you,
Sir, as you love your health, as you respect
My safety, let not passion overrule you.

Mel. It shall not; I am friends with all the
world.

Get me some wine; to witness that I will be
An absolute good fellow, I will drink with thee.

Cor. Have you prepared his cup? [*Aside to Cleo.*]

Cleo. It is in readiness.

Enter CUCULUS and GRILLA.

Cuc. By your leave, gallants, I come to speak with
a young lady, as they say, the old Trojan's daughter
of the house.

Mel. Your business with my lady-daughter, toss-
pot?

Gril. Toss-pot? O, base! toss-pot?

Cuc. Peace! dost not see in what case he is?—I
would do my own commendations to her; that's all.

Mel. Do. Come, my Genius, we will quaff in
wine,

Till we grow wise.

Cor. True nectar is divine.

[*Exeunt MEL. and COR.*]

Cuc. So! I am glad he is gone. ~~Page~~, walk aside. — Sweet beauty, I am sent ambassador from the mistress of ~~my~~ thoughts, to you, the mistress of my desires.

Cleo. So, sir! I pray be brief.

Cuc. That you may know I am not, as they say, an animal, which is, as they say, a kind of Cokes,¹ which is, as the learned term it, an ass, a puppy, a widgeon, a dolt, a noddy, a—

Cleo. As you please.

Cuc. Pardon me for that, it shall be as you please indeed: forsooth, I love to be courtly and in fashion.

Cleo. Well, to your embassy. What, and from whom?

Cuc. There you come to me. O, to be in the favour of great ladies, is as much to say, as to be great in ladies' favours.

Cleo. Good time o' day to you! I can stay no longer.

Cuc. By this light, but you must; for now I come to't. The most excellent, most wise, most dainty, precious, loving, kind, sweet, intolerably fair lady 'Thamasta commends to your little hands this letter of importance. By your leave, let me first kiss, and then deliver it in fashion, to your own proper beauty. [*Delivers a letter.*]

Cleo. To me, from her? 't is strange! I dare peruse it. [*Reads.*]

Cuc. Good. O, that I had not resolved to live a single life! Here's temptation, able to conjure up a spirit with a witness. So, so! she has read it.

Cleo. Is't possible? Heaven, thou art great and bountiful.

Sir, I much thank your pains; and to the princess, Let my love, duty, service be remember'd.

Cuc. They shall, mad-dam.

¹ The allusion is to a character in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

Cleo. When we of hopes, or helps are quite be-
reaven,
Our humble prayers have entrance into heaven.

Cuc. That's my opinion clearly and without
doubt. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ARETUS and SOPHRONOS.

Are. The prince is thoroughly mov'd.

Soph. I never saw him

So much distemper'd.

Are. What should this young man be?
Or whither can he be convey'd?

Soph. 'Tis to me

A mystery; I understand it not.

Are. Nor I.

Enter PALADOR, AMETHUS, and PELIAS.

Pal. You have consented all to work upon
The softness of my nature; but take heed:
Though I can sleep in silence, and look on
The mockery you make of my dull patience,
Yet you shall know, the best of ye, that in me
There is a masculine, a stirring spirit,
Which [once] provok'd, shall, like a bearded comet,
Set ye at gaze, and threaten horror.

Pel. Good sir.

Pal. Good sir! 'tis not your active wit or lan-
guage,
Nor your grave politic wisdoms, lords, shall dare
To check-mate, and control my just demands.

Enter MENAPHON.

Where is the youth, your friend? Is he found yet?

Men. Not to be heard of.

Pal. Fly then to the desert,
Where thou didst first encounter this fantastic,
This airy apparition: come no more
In sight! Get ye all from me; he that stays,
Is not my friend.

Amet. 'T is strange.

Are. Soph. We must obey.

[*Exeunt all but PALADOR.*

Pal. Some angry power cheats, with rare delusions,
My credulous sense; the very soul of reason
Is troubled in me:—the physician
Presented a strange mask, the view of it
Puzzled my understanding; but the boy—

Enter RHETIAS.

Rhetias, thou art acquainted with my griefs,
Parthenophill is lost, and I would see him;
For he is like to something I remember
A great while since, a long, long time ago.

Rhe. I have been diligent, sir, to pry into every
corner for discovery, but cannot meet with him.
There is some trick, I am confident.

Pal. There is; there is some practice, sleight, or
plot.

Rhe. I have apprehended a fair wench, in an odd
private lodging in the city, as like the youth in face
as can by possibility be discerned.

Pal. How, Rhetias?

Rhe. If it be not Parthenophill in long coats, 't is
a spirit in his likeness; answer I can get none from
her: you shall see her.

Pal. The young man in disguise, upon my life,
To steal out of the land.

Rhe. I'll send him to you.

Pal. Do, do, my Rhetias.—[*Exit RHE.*—As there is
by nature,

In every thing created, contrariety,
So likewise is there unity and league

Between them in their kind ; but man, the abstract
 Of all perfection, which the workmanship
 Of heaven hath modell'd, in himself contains
 Passions of several qualities.—

[*Enter, behind, EROCLEA (Parthenophill) in female attire.*

The music
 Of man's fair composition best accords
 When 't is in consort, not in single strains :
 My heart has been untuned these many months,
 Wanting her presence, in whose equal love
 True harmony consisted. Living here,
 We are heaven's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

Ero. Minutes are number'd by the fall of sands,
 As by an hourglass ; the span of time
 Doth waste us to our graves, and we look on it :
 An age of pleasures, revell'd out, comes home
 At last, and ends in sorrow ; but the life,
 Weary of riot, numbers every sand,
 Wailing in sighs, until the last drop down ;
 So to conclude calamity in rest.

Pal. What echo yields a voice to my complaints ?

Can I be nowhere private ?

Ero. [*comes forward and kneels.*] Let the substance

As suddenly be hurried from your eyes,
 As the vain sound can pass [, sir, from] your ear,
 If no impression of a troth vow'd yours,
 Retain a constant memory.

Pal. Stand up !

'T is not the figure stamp'd upon thy cheeks,
 The cozenage of thy beauty, grace, or tongue,
 Can draw from me a secret, that hath been
 The only jewel of my speechless thoughts.

Ero. I am so worn away with fears and sorrows,
 So winter'd with the tempests of affliction,
 That the bright sun of your life-quickenning presence
 Hath scarce one beam of force to warm again

That spring of cheerful comfort, which youth once
Apparell'd in fresh looks.

Pal. Cunning impostor!
Untruth hath made thee subtle in thy trade.
If any neighbouring greatness hath seduced
A free-born resolution, to attempt
Some bolder act of treachery, by cutting
My weary days off, wherefore, cruel-mercy!
Hast thou assumed a shape, that would make trea-
son

A piety, guilt pardonable, bloodshed
As holy as the sacrifice of peace?

Ero. The incense of my love-desires is flam'd
Upon an altar of more constant proof.
Sir, O sir! turn me back into the world;
Command me to forget my name, my birth,
My father's sadness, and my death alive,
If all remembrance of my faith hath found
A burial, without pity, in your scorn.

Pal. My scorn, disdainful boy, shall soon un-
weave
The web thy art hath twisted. Cast thy shape off;
Disrobe the mantle of a feigned sex,
And so I may be gentle; as thou art,
There's witchcraft in thy language, in thy face,
In thy demeanours; turn, turn from me, prithee!
For my belief is arm'd else. Yet, fair subtlety,
Before we part (for part we must), be true;
Tell me thy country.

Ero. Cyprus.

Pal. Ha! thy father?

Ero. Meleander.

Pal. Hast a name?

Ero. A name of misery;
The unfortunate Eroclea.

Pal. There is danger
In this seducing counterfeit. Great Goodness!
Hath honesty and virtue left the time?
Are we become so impious, that, to tread

The path of impudence, is law and justice?
Thou vizard of a beauty ever sacred,
Give me thy name.

Ero. While I was lost to memory,
Parthenophill did shroud my shame in change
Of sundry rare misfortunes; but, since now
I am, before I die, return'd to claim
A convoy to my grave, I must not blush
To let Prince Palador, if I offend,
Know, when he dooms me, that he dooms *Eroclea*:
I am that woful maid.

Pal. Join not too fast
Thy penance with the story of my sufferings:—
So dwelt simplicity with virgin truth;
So martyrdom and holiness are twins,
As innocence and sweetness on thy tongue:—
But, let me by degrees collect my senses;
I may abuse my trust. Tell me, what air
Hast thou perfum'd, since tyranny first ravish'd
The contract of our hearts?

Ero. Dear sir, in Athens
Have I been buried.

Pal. Buried? Right; as I
In Cyprus.—Come, to trial; if thou beest
Eroclea, in my bosom I can find thee.

Ero. As I Prince Palador in mine; this gift
[Shows him a tablet.]

His bounty bless'd me with, the only physic
My solitary cares have hourly took,
To keep me from despair.

Pal. We are but fools
To trifle in disputes, or vainly struggle
With that eternal mercy which protects us.
Come home, home to my heart, thou banish'd peace!
My ecstasy of joys would speak in passion,
But that I would not lose that part of man,
Which is reserv'd to entertain content.

Erocl. I am thine; O, let me seize thee
As my inheritance. Hymen shall now

Set all his torches burning, to give light
Throughout this land, new-settled in thy welcome.

Ero. You are still gracious, sir. How I have
liv'd,

By what means been convey'd, by what preserv'd,
By what return'd, Rhetias, my trusty servant,
Directed by the wisdom of my uncle,
The good Sophronos, can inform at large.

Pal. Enough. Instead of music, every night,
To make our sleeps delightful, thou shalt close
Our weary eyes with some part of thy story.

Ero. O, but my father !

Pal. Fear not : to behold
Eroclea safe, will make him young again ;
It shall be our first task. Blush, sensual follies,
Which are not guarded with thoughts chastely pure !
There is no faith in lust, but baits of arts ;
'T is virtuous love keeps clear contracted hearts.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter CORAX and CLEOPHILA.

Cor. 'T is well ; 't is well ; the hour is at hand,
Which must conclude the business, that no art
Could all this while make ripe for wish'd content.
O lady ! in the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states, or troubled seas,
Toss'd up and down with several storms and tem-
pests,

Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes ;
Till, labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.

Cleo. A happy end Heaven bless us with !

Cor. 'T is well said.

The old man sleeps still soundly.

Cleo. May soft dreams
Play in his fancy, that when he awakes,
With comfort, he may, by degrees, digest
The present blessings in a moderate joy!

Cor. I drench'd his cup to purpose; he ne'er
stirr'd
At barber or at tailor. He will laugh
At his own metamorphosis, and wonder,—
We must be watchful. Does the couch stand ready?

Enter TROLLIO.

Cleo. All, [all] as you commanded. What's your
haste for?

Trol. A brace of women, usher'd by the young old
ape with his she-clog, are enter'd the castle. Shall
they come on?

Cor. By any means; the time is precious now;
Lady, be quick and careful. Follow, Trollio!

[*Exit.*

Trol. I owe all reverence to your right worship-
fulness.

[*Exit.*

Cleo. So many fears, so many joys encounter
My double expectations, that I waver
Between the resolution of my hopes
And my obedience: 't is not, O my fate!
The apprehension of a timely blessing
In pleasures, shakes my weakness; but the danger
Of a mistaken duty, that confines
The limits of my reason. Let me live,
Virtue, to thee as chaste, as Truth to time!

Enter THAMASTA, speaking to some one without.

Tha. Attend me till I call.—My sweet Cleophila!

Cleo. Great princess—

Tha. I bring peace, to sue a pardon
For my neglect of all those noble virtues
Thy mind and duty are apparelled with:
I have deserv'd ill from thee, and must say,
Thou art too gentle, if thou canst forget it.

Cleo. Alas! you have not wrong'd me; for, indeed,
Acquaintance with my sorrows, and my fortune,
Were grown to such familiarity,
That 't was an impudence, more than presumption,
To wish so great a lady as you are,
Should lose affection on my uncle's son:
But that your brother, equal in your blood,
Should stoop to such a lowness, as to love
A cast-away, a poor despised maid,
Only for me to hope was almost sin;—
Yet, 'troth, I never tempted him.

Tha. Chide not
The grossness of my trespass, lovely sweetness,
In such an humble language; I have smarted
Already in the wounds my pride hath made
Upon your sufferings: henceforth, 't is in you
To work my happiness.

Cleo. Call any service
Of mine a debt; for such it is. The letter
You lately sent me, in the blest contents
It made me privy to, hath largely quitted
Every suspicion of your grace, or goodness.

Tha. Let me embrace thee with a sister's love,
A sister's love, Cleophila! for should
My brother henceforth study to forget
'The vows that he hath made thee, I would ever
Solicit thy deserts.¹

Amet. Men. [*within.*] We must have entrance.

Tha. Must! Who are they say *must*? you are unmannerly.

• *Enter AMETHUS and MENAPHON.*

Brother is 't you? and you too, sir?

Amet. Your ladyship

¹ *Solicit thy deserts,*] i. e. plead your merits to my brother: which accordingly she does in the next page, where Amethus observes, "The ladies are turn'd lawyers."—GIFFORD.

Has had a time of scolding to your humour;
Does the storm hold still?

Cleo. Never fell a shower
More seasonably gentle on the barren
Parch'd thirsty earth, than showers of courtesy
Have from this princess been distill'd on me,
To make my growth in quiet of my mind
Secure and lasting.

Tha. You may both believe,
That I was not uncivil.

Amet. Pish! I know
Her spirit and her envy.

Cleo. Now, in troth, sir,
(Pray credit me, I do not use to swear),
The virtuous princess hath, in words and carriage,
Been kind, so over-kind, that I do blush,
I am not rich enough in thanks sufficient
For her unequall'd bounty.—My good cousin,
I have a suit to you.

Men. It shall be granted.

Cleo. That no time, no persuasion, no respects
Of jealousies, past, present, or hereafter
By possibility to be conceiv'd,
Draw you from that sincerity and pureness
Of love, which you have oftentimes protested
To this great worthy lady: she deserves
A duty more than what the ties of marriage
Can claim or warrant; be for ever hers,
As she is yours, and Heaven increase your com-
forts!

Amet. Cleophila hath play'd the churchman's
part;
I'll not forbid the bans.

Men. Are you contented?

Tha. I have one task in charge first, which con-
cerns me.

Brother, be not more cruel than this lady;
She hath forgiv'n my follies, so may you.
Her youth, her beauty, innocence, discretion,

Without additions of estate or birth,
Are dower for a prince, indeed. You lov'd her;
For sure you swore you did: else, if you did not,
Here fix your heart; and thus resolve,¹ if now
You miss this heaven on earth, you cannot find
In any other choice aught but a hell.

Amet. The ladies are turn'd lawyers, and plead
handsomely

Their clients' cases: I am an easy judge,
And so shalt thou be, Menaphon. I give thee
My sister for a wife; a good one, friend.

Men. Lady, will you confirm the gift?

Tha. The errors
Of my mistaken judgment being lost
To your remembrance, I shall ever strive
In my obedience to deserve your pity.

Men. My love, my care, my all.

Amet. What rests for me?

I am still a bachelor: sweet maid, resolve me,
May I yet call you mine?

Cleo. My lord Amethus,
Blame not my plainness; I am young and simple,
And have not any power to dispose
Mine own will, without warrant from my father;
That purchas'd, I am yours.

Amet. It shall suffice me.

*Enter CUCULUS, PELIAS, and TROLLIO, plucking in
GRILLA.*

Cuc. Revenge! I must have revenge; I will have
revenge, bitter and abominable revenge; I will have
revenge. This unfashionable mongrel, this linsey-
woolsey of mortality—by this hand, mistress, this
she-rogue is drunk, and clapper-clawed me, without
any reverence to my person, or good garments.
Why do you not speak, gentlemen?

¹ And thus resolve,] i. e. and come to this certain conclusion, that
—if now, &c.—Gifford.

Pel. Some certain blows have pass'd, an 't like your highness.

Trol. Some few knocks of friendship; some love-toys, some cuffs in kindness, or so.

Gril. I'll turn him away, he shall be my master no longer.

Men. Is this your she-page, Cuculus? 't is a boy, sure.

Cuc. A boy, an arrant boy in long coats.

Tha. Pelias, take hence the wag, and school him for 't.

For your part, servant, I'll entreat the prince To grant you some fit place about his wardrobe.

Cuc. Ever after a bloody nose do I dream of good luck. I horribly thank your ladyship.

While I'm in office, the old garb shall agen Grow in request, and tailors shall be men.

Come, Trollio, help to wash my face, prithee.

Trol. Yes, and to scour it too.

[*Exeunt* CUC. TROL. PEL. and GRIL.¹

Enter RHETIAS and CORAX.

Rhe. The prince and princess are at hand; give over

Your amorous dialogues. Most honour'd lady, Henceforth forbear your sadness; are you ready To practise your instructions?

Cleo. I have studied My part with care, and will perform it, Rhetias, With all the skill I can.

Cor. I'll pass my word for her.

A Flourish.—Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, and EROCLEA.

Pal. Thus princes should be circled with a guard

¹ It is pleasant to witness the departure of this despicable set of buffoons; and Ford has shown more judgment than he was probably aware of (for he seems to take delight in his wretched antics), in dismissing them at a period when they would have broken in on the deep pathos and feeling of his exquisite catastrophe.—Gifford.

Of truly noble friends, and watchful subjects.
O, Rhetias, thou art just; the youth thou told'st me,
That liv'd at Athens, is return'd at last
To her own fortunes, and contracted love.

Rhe. My knowledge made me sure of my report, sir.

Pal. Eroclea, clear thy fears; when the sun
shines,

Clouds must not dare to muster in the sky,
Nor shall they here.—[*CLEO. and AMET. kneel.*]—Why
do they kneel? Stand up;

The day, and place is privileged.

Soph. Your presence,
Great sir, makes every room a sanctuary.

Pal. Wherefore does this young virgin use such
circumstance

In duty to us? Rise!

Ero. 'Tis I must raise her.

Forgive me, sister, I have been too private,
In hiding from your knowledge any secret,
That should have been in common 'twixt our souls;
But I was ruled by counsel.

Cleo. That I show
Myself a girl, sister, and bewray
Joy in too soft a passion 'fore all these,
I hope you cannot blame me.

[*Weeps, and falls into the arms of Ero.*

Pal. We must part

The sudden meeting of these two fair rivulets,
With th' island of our arms.—[*Embraces Ero.*]—

Cleophila,
The custom of thy piety hath built,
Even to thy younger years, a monument
Of memorable fame; some great reward
Must wait on thy desert.

Soph. The prince speaks t' you, niece.

Cor. Chat low, I pray; let us about our business.
The good old man awakes. My lord, withdraw;
Rhetias, let's settle here the couch.

Pal. Away then!

[*Exeunt.*

Soft music.—*Re-enter CORAX and RHETIAS, with MELEANDER asleep, on a couch, his hair and beard trimmed, habit and gown changed.*—*While they are placing the couch, a Boy sings, without.*

SONG.

*Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charm'd in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chain'd up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Love and griefs are so express'd,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charm'd in sleep.*

Mel. [*awakes.*] Where am I? ha! What sounds are these? 'T is day, sure.

Oh, I have slept belike; 't is but the foolery
Of some beguiling dream. So, so! I will not
Trouble the play of my delighted fancy,
But dream my dream out.

Cor. Morrow to your lordship!
You took a jolly nap, and slept it soundly.

Mel. Away, beast! let me alone.

[*The music ceases.*]

Cor. O, by your leave, sir,
I must be bold to raise you; else your physic
Will turn to further sickness.

[*He assists MEL. to sit up.*]

Mel. Physic, bear-leech.

Cor. Yes, physic; you are mad.

Mel. Trollio! Cleophila!

Rhe. Sir, I am here.

Mel. I know thee, Rhetias; prithee rid the
room

Of this tormenting noise. He tells me, sirrah,
I have took physic, Rhetias; physic, physic!

Rhe. Sir, true, you have; and this most learned scholar

Applied t' ye. Oh, you were in dangerous plight,
Before he took you [in] hand.

Mel. These things are drunk,
Directly drunk. Where did you get your liquor?

Cor. I never saw a body in the wane
Of age, so overspread with several sorts
Of such diseases, as the strength of youth
Would groan under and sink.

Rhe. The more your glory
In the miraculous cure.

Cor. Bring me the cordial¹
Prepared for him to take after his sleep,
'T will do him good at heart.

Rhe. I hope it will, sir. [Exit.

Mel. What dost [thou] think I am, that thou
shouldst fiddle
So much upon my patience? Fool, the weight
Of my disease sits on my heart so heavy,
That all the hands of art cannot remove
One grain, to ease my grief. If thou couldst
poison

My memory, or wrap my senses up
Into a dulness, hard and cold as flints;
If thou couldst make me walk, speak, eat, and laugh;
Without a sense or knowledge of my faculties,
Why then, perhaps, at marts, thou mightst make
benefit

Of such an antic motion,² and get credit
From credulous gazers; but not profit me.
Study to gull the wise; I am too simple
To be wrought on.

¹ *Bring me the cordial.*] He alludes to the successive appearance of the messengers from the prince, to whom the hint was now to be given, and more particularly to the entrance of Eroclea and her sister, who are brought in by Rhetias.—GIFFORD.

² *Of such an antic motion,*] i. e. of such a strange *automaton*, or puppet. Exhibitions of this kind formed, in the poet's days, one of the principal attractions of the people on all public occasions.—GIFFORD.

Cor. I'll burn my books, old man,
But I will do thee good, and quickly too.

Enter ARETUS, with a patent.

Are. Most honour'd lord Meleander! our great
master,
Prince Palador of Cyprus, hath by me
Sent you this patent, in which is contain'd
Not only confirmation of the honours
You formerly enjoy'd, but the addition
Of the marshalship of Cyprus; and ere long
He means to visit you. Excuse my haste;
I must attend the prince. [Exit.]

Cor. "There's one pill works.

Mel. Dost know that spirit? 't is a grave familiar;
And talk'd I know not what.

Cor. He's like, methinks,
The prince's tutor, Aretus.

Mel. Yes, yes;
It may be I have seen such a formality;
No matter where, or when.

Enter AMETHUS, with a staff.

Ame. The prince hath sent you,
My lord, this staff of office, and withal
Salutes you grand commander of the ports
Throughout his principalities. He shortly
Will visit you himself; I must attend him. [Exit]

Cor. D'ye feel your physic stirring yet?

Mel. A devil
Is a rare juggler, and can cheat the eye,
But not corrupt the reason, in the throne
Of a pure soul.

Enter SOPHRONOS, with a tablet.¹

Another! I will stand thee;
Be what thou canst, I care not.

¹ With a tablet,] i. e. with a *miniature* of Eroclea, which Palador had worn so long in his bosom, and to which he alludes, p. 110.—GIBBONS

Soph. From the prince,
Dear brother, I present you this rich relic,
A jewel he hath long worn in his bosom:
Henceforth, he bade me say, he does beseech
you

To call him son, for he will call you father;
It is an honour, brother, that a subject
Cannot but entertain with thankful prayers.
Be moderate in your joys; he will in person
Confirm my errand, but commands my service.

[*Exit.*

Cor. What hope now of your cure?

Mel. Stay, stay!—What earthquakes
Roll in my flesh!—Here's prince, and prince, and
prince;

Prince upon prince! The dotage of my sorrows
Revels in magic of ambitious scorn:

Be they enchantments deadly as the grave,
I'll look upon them. Patent, staff, and relic!

To the last first.—[*Taking up the miniature.*]—Round
me, ye guarding ministers,

And ever keep me waking, till the cliffs
That overhang my sight, fall off, and leave
These hollow spaces to be cramm'd with dust!

Cor. 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial.¹
Prithee,

Sit down; I'll instantly be here again. [*Exit.*

Mel. Good, give me leave; I will sit down:
indeed,

Here's company enough for me to prate to.—

[*Looks at the picture.*

Eroclea!—'t is the same; the cunning arts-man
Faulter'd not in a line. Could he have fashion'd
A little hollow space here, and blown breath
To have made it move and whisper, 't had been ex-
cellent:

¹ 'Tis time, I see, to fetch the cordial,] i. e. the prince; with whom he
subsequently returns, and whom he terms the *sure*, or crowning, cordial.

—GIFFORD.

But faith, 't is well, 't is very well as 't is ;
 Passing, most passing well.

*Enter CLEOPHILA leading EROCLEA, and followed by
 RHETIAS.*

Cleo The sovereign greatness,
 Who, by commission from the powers of heaven,
 Sways both this land and us, our gracious prince,
 By me presents you, sir, with this large bounty,
 A gift more precious to him than his birthright.
 Here let your cares take end ; now set at liberty
 Your long-imprison'd heart, and welcome home
 The solace of your soul, too long kept from you.

Ero. [*kneeling.*] Dear sir, you know me ?

Mel. Yes, thou art my daughter ;
 My eldest blessing. Know thee ! why, Eroclea,
 I never did forget thee in thy absence ;
 Poor soul, how dost ?

Ero. The best of my well-being
 Consists in yours.

Mel. Stand up ; the gods, who hitherto
 Have kept us both alive, preserve thee ever !
 Cleophila, I thank thee and the prince ;
 I thank thee, too, Eroclea, that thou wouldst,
 In pity of my age, take so much pains
 To live, till I might once more look upon thee,
 Before I broke my heart : O, 't was a piece
 Of piety and duty unexampled !

Rhe. The good man relisheth his comforts
 strangely ;

The sight doth turn me child.

[*Aside.*]

Ero. I have not words
 That can express my joys.

Cleo. Nor I.

Mel. Nor I :

Yet let us gaze on one another freely,
 And surfeit with our eyes ; let me be plain :
 If I should speak as much as I should speak,
 I should talk of a thousand things at once,

And all of thee; of thee, my child, of thee?
 My tears, like ruffling winds lock'd up in caves,
 Do bustle for a vent;—on th' other side,
 To fly out into mirth were not so comely.
 Come hither, let me kiss thee!—[*To Ero.*—with a
 pride,
 Strength, courage, and fresh blood, which now thy
 presence
 Hath stored me with, I kneel before their altars,
 Whose sovereignty kept guard about thy safety:
 Ask, ask thy sister, prithee, she will tell thee
 How I have been much mad.

Cleo. Much discontented,
 Shunning all means that might procure him com-
 fort.

Ero. Heaven has at last been gracious.

Mel. So say I;
 But wherefore drop thy words in such a sloth,
 As if thou wert afraid to mingle truth
 With thy misfortunes? Understand me thoroughly;
 I would not have thee to report at large,
 From point to point, a journal of thy absence,
 'T will take up too much time; I would securely
 Engross the little remnant of my life,
 That thou mightst every day be telling somewhat,
 Which might convey me to my rest with comfort.
 Let me bethink me; how we parted first,
 Puzzles my faint remembrance—but soft—
 Cleophila, thou told'st me that the prince
 Sent me this present.

Cleo. From his own fair hands
 I did receive my sister.

Mel. To requite him,
 We will not dig his father's grave anew,
 Although the mention of him much concerns
 The business we inquire of:—as I said,
 We parted in a hurry at the court;
 I to this castle, after made my jail;
 But whither thou, dear heart?

Rhe. Now they fall to 't;
I look'd for this.

Ero. I, by my uncle's care,
Sophronos, my good uncle, suddenly
Was like a sailor's boy convey'd a-shipboard,
That very night.

Mel. A policy quick and strange.

Ero. The ship was bound for Corinth, whither first,
Attended only with your servant Rhetias,
And all fit necessities, we arrived;
From thence, in habit of a youth, we journey'd
To Athens, where, till our return of late,
Have we liv'd safe.

Mel. Oh, what a thing is man,
To bandy factions of distemper'd passions,
Against the sacred Providence above him!
Here, in the legend of thy two years' exile,
Rare pity and delight are sweetly mix'd—
And still thou wert a boy?

Ero. So I obey'd
My uncle's wise command.

Mel. 'T was safely carried;
I humbly thank thy fate.

Ero. If earthly treasures
Are pour'd in plenty down from heaven on mortals,
They reign among those oracles that flow
In schools of sacred knowledge, such is Athens;
Yet Athens was to me but a fair prison:
The thoughts of you, my sister, country, fortunes,
And something of the prince, barr'd all contents,
Which else might ravish sense: for had not Rhetias
Been always comfortable to me, certainly
Things had gone worse.

Mel. Speak low, Eroclea,
That "something of the prince" bears danger in it:
Yet thou hast travell'd, wench, for such endowments,
As might create a prince a wife fit for him,
Had he the world to guide; but touch not there,
How cam'st thou home?

Rhe. Sir, with your noble favour,
Kissing your hand first, that point I can answer.

Mel. Honest, right honest Rhetias!

Rhe. Your grave brother
Perceiv'd with what a hopeless love his son,
Lord Menaphon, too eagerly pursued
Thamasta, cousin to our present prince;
And, to remove the violence of affection,
Sent him to Athens, where, for twelve months' space,
Your daughter, my young lady, and her cousin,
Enjoy'd each other's griefs: till by his father,
The lord Sophronos, we were all call'd home.

Mel. Enough, enough! the world shall henceforth
witness

My thankfulness to heaven, and those people
Who have been pitiful to me and mine.
Lend me a looking-glass.—How now! how came I
So courtly, in fresh raiments?

Rhe. Here's the glass, sir.

Mel. I'm in the trim too.—O Cleophila,
This was the goodness of thy care and cunning—
[*Loud music.*

Whence comes this noise?

Rhe. The prince, my lord, in person. [They kneel.

Enter PALADOR, SOPHRONOS, ARETUS, AMETHUS, MENA-
PHON, CORAX, THAMASTA, and KALA.

Pal. You shall not kneel to us; rise all, I charge
you.

Father, you wrong your age; henceforth my arms
[*Embracing MEL.*

And heart shall be your guard: we have o'erheard
All passages of your united loves.

Be young again, Meleander, live to number

A happy generation, and die old

In comforts, as in years! The offices

And honours, which I late on thee conferr'd,

Are not fantastic bounties, but thy merit;

Enjoy them liberally.

Mel. My tears must thank you,
For my tongue cannot.

Cor. I have kept my promise,
And given you a sure cordial.

Mel. Oh, a rare one.

Pal. Good man! we both have shar'd enough of
sadness,
Though thine has tasted deeper of the extreme :
Let us forget it henceforth. Where's the picture
I sent you? Keep it; 't is a counterfeit;
And, in exchange of that, I seize on this,

[*Takes ERO. by the hand.*]

The real substance : with this other hand
I give away, before her father's face,
His younger joy, Cleophila, to thee,
Cousin Amethus; take her, and be to her
More than a father, a deserving husband.
Thus, robb'd of both thy children in a minute,
Thy cares are taken off.

Mel. My brains are dull'd ;
I am entranced, and know not what you mean.
Great, gracious sir, alas! why do you mock me ?
I am a weak old man, so poor and feeble,
That my untoward joints can scarcely creep
Unto the grave, where I must seek my rest.

Pal. Eroclea was, you know, contracted mine ;
Cleophila my cousin's, by consent
Of both their hearts ; we both now claim our own ;
It only rests in you to give a blessing,
For confirmation.

Rhe. Sir, 't is truth and justice.

Mel. The gods, that lent you to me, bless your
vows!

Oh, children, children, pay your prayers to heaven,
For they have show'd much mercy. But, Sophronos,
Thou art my brother—I can say no more—
A good, good brother!

Pal. Leave the rest to time
Cousin Thamasta, I must give you too ;

She's thy wife, Menaphon. Rhetias, for thee,
And Corax, I have more than common thanks.
On to the temple ! there all solemn rites
Perform'd, a general feast shall be proclaim'd.
The LOVER'S MELANCHOLY hath found cure ;¹
Sorrows are chang'd to bride-songs. So they thrive,
Whom fate in spite of storms hath kept alive.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ The concluding scene of this drama is wrought up with singular art and beauty. If the "Very Woman" of Massinger preceded the Lover's Melancholy (as I believe it did), Ford is indebted to it for no inconsiderable part of his plot.—GIFFORD.



THE BROKEN HEART.

THE BROKEN HEART.] There is no account to be found of the first appearance of this tragedy, or of its success on the stage ; but it was given to the public in 1639.

The scene of the drama is laid in Sparta ; and to persons acquainted with the Greek language, the names of many of the parties will at once afford some indication of the character which they sustain in it : the mournful Penthea, the passionate and fiery Orgilus, the friendly Prophilus, Calantha, the flower of beauty, and Tecnicus, a master, not of manual, but of philosophic arts. In Sparta a series of deadly feuds had subsisted between the two powerful families of Thrasus and Crotolon, which the prudence of the reigning monarch Amyclas had endeavoured to allay, by promoting a marriage between Penthea, the only daughter of Thrasus, and Orgilus the son of Crotolon. The death of Thrasus, and the ill-subdued resentments of Penthea's brother, Ithocles, prevented the fulfilment of this well-intended scheme ; and partly by threats, partly by stratagem, Penthea is induced to transfer her hand to Bassanes, a Spartan noble, richer and more powerful than Orgilus.

Never did a more unfortunate union take place. The quick passions of Bassanes presently light up into a very phrensy of jealousy. He suspects his former rival ; he suspects whoever accosts his wife : the very windows which admit the light of heaven and a gazer's glance are an object of suspicion to him : even the sweet charities of nature become criminal in his eyes, and an interview between his wife and her own brother is supposed by him to be for the most guilty of purposes. Those unnatural surmises and situations, from which modern refinement revolts, seem not to have been unpalatable to our ancestors, any more than the sudden changes and revolutions in character which take place in our old dramatists, and which nowhere exhibit themselves more strongly than in the strangely inconsistent character of Bassanes. His sudden transitions from the most frantic jealousy to all the impotence of childish fondness, from wanton outrage to whining and nauseous repentance, might, perhaps, as Mr. Gifford well observes, be excused by his situation ; but that he should *be represented occasionally as shrewd, sentimental, and*

even impassioned ; as at one period with a mind habitually weak and unsound, and at another with a vigorous understanding, broken, indeed, and disjointed, but manifesting, even in its fragments, traits of original strength—makes it doubtful, as the same acute observer remarks, whether, when Ford sat down to write, he had fully imbodyed in his own mind the *person* he intended to produce.

On Penthea's character all the powers of Ford's pathetic pen are lavished. With a high sense of moral indignation at the condition to which she sees herself reduced—her mind wedded to one, her body to another—a few complaints could not but escape the wretched wife of Bassanes ; but these hecatics of the moment past, Penthea exhibits such a fixed and hopeless misery, such a sense of loneliness and desolation, that the icy coldness of her heart gradually communicates itself to the reader ; and nobly and even amiably as the character of Ithocles subsequently displays itself, it is not at first without a secret satisfaction that the reader sees the spirits of vengeance gathering around the original author of this forlorn wreck of happiness and beauty. The wretchedness which the thoughtless cruelty of Ithocles had brought upon the hapless Penthea was now in part to become his own. In the flush of conquest and of victory his heart becomes accessible to the charms of the Spartan princess Calantha, and the pangs of an almost hopeless passion (for the hand of Calantha was designed for a more exalted rival) gradually let him into a sense of those miseries which he had inflicted on his virtuous sister. The efforts of this very sister, however, shed a temporary light on his marriage prospects. In a scene of unexampled beauty, the pathetic pleadings of Penthea win for her brother the love of Calantha ; and the consent of her father, and even of his rival Nearchus, seem to establish the fortunes of Ithocles on the firmest basis.

But this transient sunshine is only preparatory to a more complete reverse. The opening scene of the drama represents the first lover of Penthea as about to quit Sparta for ever as a voluntary exile. His travels, however, extended no farther than the abode of the philosopher Tecnicus, which adjoined the gardens of the royal palace, and to which, conveniently enough for the plot of the drama, none had access,

"Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his oratory."

In these retreats and in a scholar's disguise Orgilus has an opportunity of encountering his sister and his first love, Penthea; and an interview with the latter, bitterly painful to his feelings, awakens schemes of vengeance in his breast, which he leaves his present seclusion to prosecute. With the deepest dissimulation he apparently reconciles himself to Ithocles; he approves of a marriage between his sister Euphranea and Prophilus, the bosom friend of Ithocles, and even undertakes to provide a "slight device" by way of entertainment for their ensuing nuptials. The dark and prophetic intimations of the "book-man" Tecnicus prepare the reader for the various catastrophes which are now impending. The first blow falls on the wretched wife of Bassanes. Penthea's reason sinks under the melancholy of her cruel situation; yet even in the wreck of sense her feelings point to the author of her miseries, and the ravings which precede her dissolution stimulate the mind of Orgilus, already sufficiently excited for plans of vengeance. What a disordered mind was doing for Penthea age and infirmity were working for the good king Amyclas. Even in death, however, the kind-hearted monarch is willing to see gayety about him; and the recent nuptials of Euphranea and Prophilus afford a decent pretext for revelry and sport. The third victim is the self-condemned repentant Ithocles. He dies by the hand of Orgilus, and the deadly vengeance of his murderer contrives that the fatal deed shall take place by the side of the lifeless body of his sister.

While the work of death is thus going on in other apartments, the state-rooms of the palace are thrown open, and there all is music, mirth, and revelry.

They DANCE the first change; during which ARMOSTES enters.

Arm. [*whispers CALANTHA.*] The king your father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is 't possible?

They DANCE the second change.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. [*whispers CAL.*] Oh, madam !
Penthea, poor *Penthea* 's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee !—
Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They DANCE the third change.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. [*whispers CAL.*] Brave *Ithocles* is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds ! Strike up more sprightly ;

Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck !

The last change.

Cal. So ! let us breathe awhile !

The death of *Amyclas* had left *Calantha* queen of *Sparta*, and her first act of sovereignty is to decree the death of the murderer *Orgilus*. One mercy is extended to him in return for the honourable mention which, even in the midst of vengeance, he had made of his victim. He is allowed a choice of death, and he prefers that of being his own executioner, and bleeding himself to death. If *Orgilus* had allowed the chance of a coward's name to come between him and his mode of vengeance in the murder of *Ithocles*, it must be owned that himself "shakes hands with time" in a spirit of the noblest constancy and resolution.

One character yet remained to be disposed of ; and to the development of that character, and the funeral rites of *Ithocles*, the concluding scene of this pathetic drama is devoted. "No audience of the present day," as *Mr. Gifford* justly observes, "would support a sight so dreadfully fantastic as the continuance of the revels amid such awful intelligence as reaches *Calantha* in quick succession

Those of the poet's age, however, had firmer nerves,—and they needed them : the caterers for their amusements were mighty in their profession, and cared little how highly the passions of the spectators were wound up by the tremendous exhibitions to which they accustomed them, as they had ever some powerful stroke of nature or of art at command to compose or justify them ;”—and such a stroke presently falls from this rare union of masculine vigour and female tenderness.

Oh, my lords,

I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,
 When one news straight came huddling on another,
 Of death ! and death ! and death ! still I danced forward ;
 But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
 Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,
 Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
 Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive them :
 They are the silent griefs which cut the heartstrings ;
 Let me die smiling.

A solemn dirge, “which she had fitted for her end,” follows this pathetic explanation, and, while it is singing, the spirit of its composer had passed away.

Bass. Her “heart is broke,” indeed.
 Oh, royal maid, would thou hadst miss'd this part !
 Yet, 't was a brave one. I must weep to see
 Her smile in death.

PROLOGUE.

OUR scene is SPARTA. He whose best of art
Hath drawn this piece, calls it the BROKEN HEART.
The title lends no expectation here
Of apish laughter, or of some lame jeer
At place or persons ; no pretended clause
Of jests fit for a brothel, courts applause
From vulgar admiration : such low songs,
Tuned to unchaste ears, suit not modest tongues.
The virgin-sisters then deserv'd fresh bays,
When innocence and sweetness crown'd their lays ;
Then vices gasp'd for breath, whose whole commerce
Was whipp'd to exile by unblushing verse.
This law we keep in our presentment now,
Not to take freedom more than we allow ;
What may be here thought FICTION, when time's youth
Wanted some riper years, was known A TRUTH :
In which, if you have clothed the subject right,
You may partake a pity with delight.

This Prologue is in the author's best manner, and, whether considered in a moral or poetical light, entitled to considerable praise.—GIFFORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMYCLAS, *King of Laconia.*

ITHOCLES, *a favourite.*

ORGILUS, *son to CROTOLON.*

BASSANES, *a jealous nobleman.*

ARMOSTES, *a counsellor of state.*

CROTOLON, *another counsellor.*

PROPHILUS, *friend to ITHOCLES.*

NEARCHUS, *Prince of Argos.*

TECNICUS, *a philosopher.*

HEMOPHIL, } *courtiers.*

GRONEAS, }

AMELUS, *friend to NEARCHUS.*

PHULAS, *servant to BASSANES.*

CALANTHA, *the king's daughter.*

PENTHEA, *sister to ITHOCLES.*

EUPHRANEA, *a maid of honour.*

CHRISTALLA, } *maids of honour.*

PHILEMA, }

GRAUSIS, *overseer of PENTHEA.*

Courtiers, Officers, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, Sparta.

THE BROKEN HEART.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in CROTOLON'S House.

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. DALLY not further; I will know the reason
That speeds thee to this journey,

Org. "Reason!" good sir,
I can yield many.

Crot. Give me one, a good one;
Such I expect, and ere we part must have:
"Athens!" pray, why to Athens? you intend not
To kick against the world, turn cynic, stoic,
Or read the logic lecture, or become
An Areopagite, and judge in cases
Touching the commonwealth; for, as I take it,
The budding of your chin cannot prognosticate
So grave an honour.

Org. All this I acknowledge.

Crot. You do! then, son, if books and love of
knowledge
Inflame you to this travel, here in Sparta
You may as freely study.

Org. 'Tis not that, sir.

Crot. Not that, sir! As a father, I command thee
To acquaint me with the truth.

Org. Thus, I obey you.
After so many quarrels, as dissension,
Fury, and rage had broach'd in blood, and some-
times,

With death to such confederates, as sided
 With now dead Thrasus and yourself, my lord;
 Our present king, Amyclas, reconciled
 Your eager swords, and seal'd a gentle peace:
 Friends you profess'd yourselves; which to confirm,

A resolution for a lasting league
 Betwixt your families, was entertained,
 By joining, in an Hymenean bond,
 Me and the fair Penthea, only daughter
 To Thrasus.

Crot. What of this?

Org. Much, much, dear sir.

A freedom of converse, an interchange
 Of holy and chaste love, so fix'd our souls
 In a firm growth of union, that no time
 Can eat into the pledge:—we had enjoy'd
 The sweets our vows expected, had not cruelty
 Prevented all those triumphs we prepared for,
 By Thrasus his untimely death.

Crot. Most certain.

**Org.* From this time sprouted up that poisonous
 stalk

Of aconite, whose ripened fruit hath ravish'd
 All health, all comfort of a happy life:
 For Ithocles, her brother, proud of youth,
 And prouder in his power, nourish'd closely
 The memory of former discontents,
 To glory in revenge. By cunning partly,
 Partly by threats, he woos at once, and forces
 His virtuous sister to admit a marriage
 With Bassanes, a nobleman, in honour
 And riches, I confess, beyond my fortunes—

Crot. All this is no sound reason to importune
 My leave for thy departure.

Org. Now it follows.

Beauteous Penthea, wedded to this torture
 By an insulting brother, being secretly
 Compell'd to yield her virgin freedom up

To him who never can usurp her heart,
Before contracted mine, is now so yoked
To a most barbarous thralldom, misery,
Affliction, that he savours not humanity,
Whose sorrow melts not into more than pity,
In hearing but her name.

Crot. As how, pray?

Org. Bassanes,

The man that calls her wife, considers truly
What heaven of perfections he is lord of,
By thinking fair Penthea his; this thought
Begets a kind of monster-love, which love
Is nurse unto a fear so strong and servile,
As brands all dotage with a jealousy.
All eyes who gaze upon that shrine of beauty,
He doth resolve,¹ do homage to the miracle;
Some one, he is assur'd, may now or then
(If opportunity but sort) prevail:
So much, out of a self-unworthiness,
His fears transport him!—not that he finds cause
In her obedience, but his own distrust.

Crot. You spin out your discourse.

Org. My griefs are violent—

For knowing how the maid was heretofore
Courtèd by me, his jealousies grow wild
That I should steal again into her favours,
And undermine her virtues; which, the gods
Know, I nor dare, nor dream of: hence, from
hence,

I undertake a voluntary exile;
First, by my absence to take off the cares
Of jealous Bassanes; but chiefly, sir,
To free Penthea from a hell on earth:
Lastly, to lose the memory of something,
Her presence makes to live in me afresh,

Crot. Enough, my Orgilus, enough. To Athens,

¹ *He doth resolve,*] i. e. he doth *satisfy, convince himself.*—GIRFORD.

I give a full consent ;—alas, good lady !—
We shall hear from thee often ?

Org. Often.

Crot. See,
Thy sister comes to give a farewell.

Enter EUPHRANEA.

Euph. Brother !

Org. Euphranea, thus upon thy cheeks I print
A brother's kiss ; more careful of thine honour,
Thy health, and thy well-doing, than my life.
Before we part, in presence of our father,
I must prefer a suit to you,

Euph. You may style it,
My brother, a command.

Org. That you will promise
Never to pass to any man, however
Worthy, your faith, ~~and~~ with our father's leave,
I give a free consent:

Crot. An easy motion !
I'll promise for her, Orgilus.

Org. Your pardon ;
Euphranea's oath must yield me satisfaction.

Euph. By Vesta's sacred fires, I swear.

Crot. And I,
~~By~~ great Apollo's beams, join in the vow ;
Not, without thy allowance, to bestow her
On any living.

Org. Dear Euphranea,
Mistake me not ; far, far 't is from my thought,
As far from any wish of mine, to hinder
Preference to an honourable bed,
Or fitting fortune ; thou art young and handsome ;
And 't were injustice,—more, a tyranny,
Not to advance thy merit : trust me, sister,
It shall be my first care to see thee match'd
As may become thy choice, and our contents,
I have your oath.

Euph. You have ; but mean you, brother,
To leave us, as you say ?

Crot. Ay, ay, Euphranea.
He has just grounds to direct him ; I will prove
A father and a brother to thee.

Euph. Heaven
Does look into the secrets of all hearts :
Gods ! you have mercy with you, else—

Crot. Doubt nothing,
Thy brother will return in safety to us.

Org. Souls sunk in sorrows never are without
them ;
They change fresh airs, but bear their griefs about
them. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, ARMOSTES, PROPHILUS,
Courtiers and Attendants.

Amyc. The Spartan gods are gracious ; our hu-
mility
Shall bend before their altars, and perfume
Their temples with abundant sacrifice.
See, lords, Amyclas, your old king, is entering
Into his youth again ! I shall shake off
This silver badge of age, and change this snow
For hairs as gay as are Apollo's locks ;
Our heart leaps in new vigour.

Arm. May old time
Run back to double your long life, great sir !

Amyc. It will, it must, Armestes ; thy bold ne-
phew,
Death-braving Ithocles, brings to our gates
Triumphs and peace upon his conquering sword.
Laconia is a monarchy at length ;
Hath in this latter war trod under foot

Messene's pride; Messene bows her neck
 To Lacedæmon's royalty. O, 't was
 A glorious victory, and doth deserve
 More than a chronicle; a temple, lords,
 A temple to the name of Ithocles.
 Where didst thou leave him, Prophilus?

Pro. At Pephon,
 Most gracious sovereign: twenty of the noblest
 Of the Messenians there attend your pleasure,
 For such conditions as you shall propose,
 In settling peace, and liberty of life.

Amyc. When comes your friend the general?

Pro. He promised
 To follow with all speed convenient.

Enter CROTOLON, CALANTHA, EUPHRANEA, CHRISTALLA
and PHILEMA *with a garland.*

Amyc. Our daughter! Dear Calantha, the happy
 news,
 The conquest of Messene, hath already
 Enrich'd thy knowledge.

Cal. With the circumstance
 And manner of the fight, related faithfully
 By Prophilus himself—but, pray, sir, tell me,
 How doth the youthful general demean
 His actions in these fortunes?

Pro. Excellent princess,
 Your own fair eyes may soon report a truth
 Unto your judgment, with what moderation,
 Calmness of nature, measure, bounds, and limits
 Of thankfulness and joy, he doth digest
 Such amplitude of his success, as would,
 In others, moulded of a spirit less clear,
 Advance them to comparison with heaven:
 But Ithocles—

Cal. Your friend—

Pro. He is so, madam,
 In which the period of my fate consists—
 He, in this firmament of honour, stands

Like a star fix'd, not mov'd with any thunder
Of popular applause, or sudden lightning
Of self-opinion; he hath serv'd his country,
And thinks 't was but his duty.

Crot. You describe
A miracle of man.

Amyc. Such, Crotolon, [*Flourish.*]
On forfeit of a king's word, thou wilt find him.
Hark, warning of his coming! all attend him.

Enter ITHOCLES, *ushered in by the Lords, and followed*
by HEMOPHIL and GEONEAS.

Amyc. Return into these ~~mans~~ thy home, thy
sanctuary,
Delight of Sparta, treasure of my bosom,
Mine own, own Ithocles!

Ith. Your humblest subject.

Arm. Proud of the blood I claim an interest in,
As brother to thy mother, I embrace thee,
Right noble nephew.

Ith. Sir, your love's too partial.

Crot. Our country speaks by me, who by thy
valour,
Wisdom, and service, shares in this great action;
Returning thee, in part of thy due merits,
A general welcome.

Ith. You exceed in bounty.

Cal. Christalla, Philema, the chaplet.—[*Takes the*
chaplet from them.]*—*Ithocles,
Upon the wings of fame, the singular
And chosen fortune of a high attempt,
Is borne so past the view of common sight,
That I myself, with mine own hands, have wrought
To crown thy temples, this provincial¹ garland;

¹ *This provincial garland,* i. e. the wreath (of laurel) which she had prepared; and which the ancients conferred on those who, like Ithocles, had added a province to the empire. These honorary chaplets or crowns were, as every schoolboy knows, composed of plants, leaves, or flowers, according to the nature of the service rendered. Thus we have the provincial, the civic, the mural, the obsidional, and various other gar-

Accept, wear, and enjoy it as our gift
Deserv'd, not purchased.

Ith. You are a royal maid.

Amyc. She is, in all, our daughter.

Ith. Let me blush,

Acknowledging how poorly I have serv'd,
What nothings I have done, compared with the
honours

Heap'd on the issue of a willing mind;
In that lay mine ability, that only:
For who is he so sluggish from his birth,
So little worthy of a name or country,
That owes not out of gratitude for life
A debt of service, in what kind soever,
Safety, or counsel of the commonwealth
Requires, for payment?

Cal. He speaks truth.

Ith. Whom heaven

pleased to style victorious, there, to such,
Applause runs madding, like the drunken priests
In Bacchus' sacrifices, without reason,
Voicing the leader-on a demi-god;
Whenas, indeed, each common soldier's blood
Drops down as current coin in that hard purchase,
As his, whose much more delicate condition
Hath suck'd the milk of ease: judgment commands,
But resolution executes. I use not,
Before this royal presence, these fit slights,¹
As in contempt of such as can direct;
My speech hath other end; not to attribute
All praise to one man's fortune, which is strengthen'd
By many hands: for instance, here is Prophilus,
A gentleman (I cannot flatter truth)
Of much desert; and, though in other rank,

lands; all woven of different materials, and all appropriate to their respective wearers, "deserv'd, not purchased."—GIFFORD.

¹ *These fit slights,* i.e. these trifling services, to which I have adapted the slight or humble language which becomes them. It is the modesty of *Ithobal* which speaks.—GIFFORD.

Both Hemophil and Groneas were not missing
To wish their country's peace ; for, in a word,
All there did strive their best, and 't was our duty.

Amyc. Courtiers turn soldiers !—We vouchsafe
our hand ; [*HEM. and GRON. kiss his hand.*

Observe your great example.

Hem. With all diligence.

Gron. Obsequiously and hourly.

Amyc. Some repose

After these toils is needful. We must think on
Conditions for the conquer'd ; they expect them.
On !—Come, my Ithocles.

Euph. Sir, with your favour,
I need not a supporter.

Pro. Fate instructs me.

[*Exit AMYC. attended ; ITH. CAL. &c.—As CHRIS.
and PHIL. are following CAL. they are detained
by HEM. and GRON.*

Chris. With me ?

Phil. Indeed I dare not stay.

Hem. Sweet lady,

Soldiers are blunt,—your lip.

[*Kisses her.*

Chris. Fy, this is rudeness ;
You went not hence such creatures.

Gron. Spirit of valour
Is of a mounting nature.

Phil. It appears so.—

Pray [now], in earnest, how many men apiece
Have you two been the death of ?

Gron. 'Faith, not many ;
We were composed of mercy.

Hem. For our daring,
You heard the general's approbation
Before the king.

Chris. You "*wish'd* your country's peace ;"
That show'd your charity : where are your spoils,
Such as the soldier fights for ?

Phil. They are coming.

Chris. By the next carrier, are they not ?

Gron. Sweet Philema,
When I was in the thickest of mine enemies,
Slashing off one man's head, another's nose,
Another's arms and legs,—

Phil. And all together. "

Gron. Then I would with a sigh remember thee,
And cry, "dear Philema, 't is for thy sake
I do these deeds of wonder!"—dost not love me,
With all thy heart now?

Phil. Now, as heretofore.
I have not put my love to use: the principal
Will hardly yield an interest.

Gron. By Mars,
I'll marry thee!

Phil. By Vulcan, you're forsworn,
Except my mind do alter strangely.

Gron. One word.

Chris. You lie beyond all modesty;—forbear me.

Hem. I'll make thee mistress of a city, 't is
Mine own by conquest.

Chris. By petition;—sue for 't
In *forma pauperis*.—"City?" kennel.—Gallants!
Off with your feathers, put on aprons, gallants;
Learn to reel, thrum, or trim a lady's dog,
And be good quiet souls of peace, hobgoblins!

Hem. Christalla!

Chris. Practise to drill hogs, in hope
To share in the acorns.—Soldiers! corncutters,
But not so valiant; they oftentimes draw blood,
Which you durst never do. When you have prac-
tis'd

More wit, or more civility, we'll rank you
I' th' list of men; till then, brave things at arms,
Dare not to speak to us,—most potent Groneas!

Phil. And Hemophil the hardy—at your services.

[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*]

Gron. They scorn us as they did before we went.

Hem. Hang them, let us scorn them; and be
revenged.

Gron. Shall we?

Hem. We will; and when we slight them thus,
Instead of following them, they 'll follow us;
It is a woman's nature. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Gardens of the Palace.—A Grove.

Enter TECNICUS, and ORGILUS, disguised, like one of
his Scholars.

Tec. Tempt not the stars, young man, thou canst
not play

With the severity of fate; this change
Of habit and disguise in outward view
Hides not the secrets of thy soul within thee
From their quick-piercing eyes, which dive at all
times

Down to thy thoughts: in thy aspect I note
A consequence of danger.

Org. Give me leave,
Grave Tecnicus, without foredooming destiny,
Under thy roof to ease my silent griefs,
By applying to my hidden wounds the balm
Of thy oraculous lectures: if my fortune
Run such a crooked by-way as to wrest
My steps to ruin, yet thy learned precepts
Shall call me back and set my footings straight.
I will not court the world.

Tec. Ah, Orgilus,
Neglects in young men of delights and life
Run often to extremities; they care not
For harms to others, who condemn their own.

Org. But I, most learned artist, am not so much
At odds with nature, that I grudge the thrift
Of any true deserver: nor doth malice
Of present hopes, so check them with despair,
As that I yield to thought of more affliction

Than what ~~is~~ incident to frailty: wherefore
 Impute not ~~this~~ retired course of living
 Some little time, to any other cause
 Than what I justly render; the information
 Of an unsettled mind; as the effect
 Must clearly witness.

Tec. Spirit of truth inspire thee!
 On these conditions I conceal thy change,
 And willingly admit thee for an auditor.—
 I'll to my study.

[*Exit.*

Org. I to contemplations,
 In these delightful walks.—Thus metamorphosed,
 I may without suspicion hearken after
 Penthea's usage, and Euphranea's faith.
 Love, thou art full of mystery! the deities
 Themselves are not secure,¹ in searching out
 The secrets of those flames, which, hidden, waste
 A breast, made tributary to the laws
 Of beauty; physic yet hath never found
 A remedy to cure a lover's wound.—
 Ha! who are those that cross yon private walk
 Into the shadowing grove, in amorous foldings?

*PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA pass by, arm in arm, and
 whispering.*

My sister; O, my sister! 't is Euphranea
 With Philus; supported too! I would
 It were an apparition! Philus
 Is Ithocles his friend: it strangely puzzles me.—

Re-enter PROPHILUS and EUPHRANEA.

Again! help me my book; this scholar's habit
 Must stand my privilege; my mind is busy,
 Mine eyes and ears are open.

[*Walks aside, pretending to read.*

Pro. Do not waste

¹ ————— the deities

Themselves are not secure,] i. e. sure, certain: they cannot depend
 on the results of their own omniscience in these inquiries.—Gifford.

The span of this stolen time, lent by ~~the~~ gods
For precious use, in niceness. Bright Euphranea,
Should I repeat old vows, or study new,
For purchase of belief to my desires,—

Org. Desires!

Pro. My service, my integrity,—

Org. That's better.

Pro. I should but repeat a lesson
Oft conn'd without a prompter, but thine eyes:
My love is honourable.—

Org. So was mine

To my Penthea; chastely honourable.

Pro. Nor wants there more addition to my
wish

Of happiness, than having thee a wife;
Already sure of Ithocles, a friend
Firm and unalterable.

Org. But a brother
More cruel than the grave.

Euph. What can you look for
In answer to your noble protestations,
From an unskilful maid, but language suited
To a divided mind?

Org. Hold out, Euphranea!

Euph. Know, Prophilus, I never undervalued,
From the first time you mention'd worthy love,
Your merit, means, or person; it had been
A fault of judgment in me, and a dulness
In my affections, not to weigh and thank
My better stars, that offer'd me the grace
Of so much blissfulness: for, to speak truth,
The law of my desires kept equal pace
With yours; nor have I left that resolution:
But only, in a word, whatever choice
Lives nearest in my heart, must first procure
Consent, both from my father and my brother,
Ere he can own me his.

Org. She is forsworn else.

Pro. Leave me that task.

Euph. My brother, ere he parted
To Athens, had my oath.

Org. Yes, yes, he had sure.

Pro. I doubt not, with the means the court supplies,
But to prevail at pleasure.

Org. Very likely!

Pro. Meantime, best, dearest, I may build my hopes
On the foundation of thy constant sufferance,
In any opposition.

Euph. Death shall sooner
Divorce life, and the joys I have in living,
Than my chaste vows from truth.

Pro. On thy fair hand
I seal the like.

Org. There is no faith in woman.
Passion, O be contain'd!—my very heartstrings
Are on the tenters.

Euph. We are overheard.
Cupid protect us! 't was a stirring, sure,
Of some one near.

Pro. Your fears are needless, lady;
None have access into these private pleasures,
Except some near in court, or bosom student
From Tecnicus his oratory; granted
By special favour lately from the king
Unto the grave philosopher.

Euph. Methinks
I hear one talking to himself—I see him.

Pro. 'T is a poor scholar; as I told you, lady.

Org. I am discover'd.—Say it; is it possible,

[*Half aloud to himself, as if studying.*

With a smooth tongue, a leering countenance,
Flattery, or force of reason—I come to you, sir—
To turn or to appease the raging sea?
Answer to that.—Your art! what art? to catch
And hold fast in a net the sun's small atoms?
No, no; they 'll out, they 'll out; you may as easily
Outrun a cloud driven by a northern blast,
As—fiddle-faddle so! peace, or speak sense.

Euph. Call you this thing a scholar? 'las, he 's lunatic.

Pro. Observe him, sweet; 't is but his recreation.

Org. But will you hear a little? You are so tetchy,

You keep no rule in argument; philosophy

Works not upon impossibilities,

But natural conclusions.—*Mew!—absurd!*

The metaphysics are but speculations

Of the celestial bodies, or such accidents

As not mix'd perfectly, in the air engender'd,

Appear to us unnatural; that 's all.

Prove it;—yet, with a reverence to your gravity,

I'll balk illiterate sauciness, submitting

My sole opinion to the touch of writers.

Pro. Now let us fall in with him.

[*They come forward.*]

Org. Ha, ha, ha!

These apish boys, when they but taste the grammates,¹

And principles of theory, imagine

They can oppose their teachers. Confidence

Leads many into errors.

Pro. By your leave, sir.

Euph. Are you a scholar, friend?

Org. I am, gay creature,

With pardon of your deities, a mushroom

On whom the dew of heaven drops now and then;

The sun shines on me too, I thank his beams!

Sometimes I feel their warmth; and eat and sleep.

Pro. Does *Tecnicus* read to thee?

Org. Yes, forsooth,

¹ *When they but taste the grammates.*] *Orgilus* affects the pedant language of the schools. To *taste* is to touch lightly, to merely enter on: *grammates* seems to be a contemptuous diminutive for grammar, as *grammatist* is for *grammarian*.

Mew! absurd! which occurs just above, is a term of the schools, and is used when false conclusions are illogically deduced from the opponent's premises.—*GIFFORD*.

He is my master surely ; yonder door
Opens upon his study.

Pro. Happy creatures !

Such people toil not, sweet, in heats of state,
Nor sink in thaws of greatness : their affections
Keep order with the limits of their modesty ;
Their love is love of virtue.—What 's thy name ?

Org. Aplotes, sumptuous master, a poor wretch.

Euph. Dost thou want any thing ?

Org. Books, Venus, books.

Pro. Lady, a new conceit comes in my thought,
And most available for both our comforts.

Euph. My lord,—

Pro. While I endeavour to deserve
Your father's blessing to our loves, this scholar
May daily at some certain hours attend,
What notice I can write of my success,
Here, in this grove, and give it to your hands ;
The like from you to me : so can we never,
Barr'd of our mutual speech, want sure intelligence ;
And thus our hearts may talk when our tongues cannot.

Euph. Occasion is most favourable ; use it.

Pro. Aplotes, wilt thou wait us twice a-day,
At nine i' the morning, and at four at night,
Here, in this bower, to convey such letters
As each shall send to other ? Do it willingly,
Safely, and secretly, and I will furnish
Thy study, or what else thou canst desire.

Org. Jove, make me thankful, thankful, I beseech
thee,

Propitious Jove ! I will prove sure and trusty :
You will not fail me books ?

Pro. Nor aught besides,
Thy heart can wish. This lady's name 's Euphranea,
Mine Prophilus.

Org. I have a pretty memory ;
It must prove my best friend.—I will not miss
One minute of the hours appointed.

Pro. Write

The books thou wouldst have bought thee, in a note,
Or take thyself some money.

Org. No, no money:

Money to scholars is a spirit invisible,
We dare not finger it; or books, or nothing.

Pro. Books of what sort thou wilt: do not forget
Our names.

Org. I warrant ye, I warrant ye.

Pro. Smile, Hymen, on the growth of our desires;
We 'll feed thy torches with eternal fires!

[*Exeunt Pro. and Euph.*

Org. Put out thy torches, Hymen, or their light
Shall meet a darkness of eternal night!
Inspire me, Mercury, with swift deceits.
Ingenious fate has leap'd into mine arms,
Beyond the compass of my brains.—Mortality
Creeps on the dung of earth, and cannot reach
The riddles which are purposed by the gods.
Great arts best write themselves in their own stories;
They die too basely, who outlive their glories.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in BASSANES'S House.

Enter BASSANES and PHULAS.

Bass. I'll have that window next the street
damm'd up;
It gives too full a prospect to temptation,
And courts a gazer's glances: there's a lust
Committed by the eye, that sweats and travails,
Plots, wakes, contrives, till the deformed bear-whelp
Adultery—that light shall be damm'd up:
D'ye hear, sir?

Phu. I do hear, my lord; a mason
Shall be provided suddenly.

Bass. Some rogue,

Some rogue of your confederacy, (factor
For slaves and strumpets!) to convey close packets
From this spruce springal, and the t' other youngster;
That gaudy earwig, or my lord your patron,
Whose pensioner you are.—I 'll tear thy throat out,
Son of a cat, ill-looking hounds-head, rip up
Thy ulcerous maw, if I but scent a paper,
A scroll, but half as big as what can cover
A wart upon thy nose, a spot, a pimple,
Directed to my lady; it may prove
A mystical preparative to lewdness.

Phu. Care shall be had.—I will turn every
thread

About me to an eye.—Here 's a sweet life! [*Aside.*

Bass. The city housewives, cunning in the traffic
Of chamber merchandise, set all at price
By wholesale! yet they wipe their mouths—and
simper,

Kiss, and cry “sweetheart,” and all 's well again!

Phu. 'T is a villanous world;
One cannot hold his own in 't.

Bass. Dames at court,
Who flaunt in riots, run another bias:
Their pleasure heaves the patient ass that suffers
Up on the stilts of office, titles, incomes;
Promotion justifies the shame, and sues for 't.
Poor honour! thou art stabb'd, and bleed'st to death
By such unlawful hire. The country mistress
Is yet more wary, and in blushes hides
Whatever trespass draws her troth to guilt;
But all are false: on this truth I am bold,
No woman but can fall, and doth, or would.—
Now, for the newest news about the city;
What blab the voices, sirrah?

Phu. O, my lord,
The rarest, quaintest, strangest, tickling news,
That ever—

Bass. Hey-day! up and ride me, rascal!
What is 't?

Phu. Forsooth, they say, the king has mew'd¹
All his gray beard, instead of which is budded
Another of a pure carnation colour,
Speckled with green and russet.

Bass. Ignorant block !

Phu. Yes, truly ; and 't is talk'd about the streets,
That since lord Ithocles came home, the lions²
Never left roaring, at which noise the bears
Have danc'd their very hearts out.

Bass. Dance out thine too.

Phu. Besides, lord Orgilus is fled to Athens
Upon a fiery dragon, and 't is thought
He never can return.

Bass. Grant it, Apollo !

Phu. Moreover, please your lordship, 't is reported
For certain, that whoever is found jealous
Without apparent proof that 's wife is wanton,
Shall be divorced :—but this is but she-news,
I had it from a midwife ! I have more yet.

Bass. Antic, no more ! idiots and stupid fools
Grate my calamities. Why to be fair,
Should yield presumption of a faulty soul—
Look to the doors.

Phu. The horn of plenty crest him !

[*Aside, and exit.*

Bass. Swarms of confusion huddle in my thoughts
In rare distemper.—Beauty ! oh, it is
An unmatch'd blessing, or a horrid curse.
She comes, she comes ! so shoots the morning forth,
Spangled with pearls³ of transparent dew.—
The way to poverty is to be rich ;

1 —————the king has mew'd

All his gray beard.] To mew, or rather *mue*, is in falconer's language to moult, to shed the feathers.—GIFFORD.

2 —————the lions

Never left roaring, at which noise the bears

Have danced, &c.] The poet was thinking of a spot much nearer home than Sparta.—GIFFORD.

3 Spangled with pearls.] This word, like *girl* and *snarl*, was commonly made a dissyllable by our poet.

As I in her am wealthy : but for her,
In all contents, a bankrupt.

Enter PENTHEA and GRAUSIS.

Lov'd Penthea !

How fares my heart's best joy ?

Grau. In sooth, not well,
She is so over-sad.

Bass. Leave chattering, magpie.—

Thy brother is return'd, sweet,—safe, and honour'd

With a triumphant victory ; thou shalt visit him ;

We will to court, where, if it be thy pleasure,

Thou shalt appear in such a ravishing lustre

Of jewels above value, that the dames

Who brave it there, in rage to be outshined,

Shall hide them in their closets, and unseen

Fret in their tears ; while every wond'ring eye

Shall crave none other brightness but thy presence.

Choose thine own recreations ; be a queen

Of what delights thou fanciest best, what com-
pany,

What place, what times ; do any thing, do all
things

Youth can command, so thou wilt chase these
clouds

From the pure firmament of thy fair looks.

Grau. Now, 't is well said, my lord. What, lady!
laugh,

Be merry ; time is precious.

Bass. Furies whip thee !

[*Aside.*

Pen. Alas, my lord ! this language to your hand-
maid

Sounds as would music to the deaf ; I need

No braveries, nor cost of art, to draw

The whiteness of my name into offence :

Let such, if any such there are, who covet

A curiosity of admiration,

By laying out their plenty to full view,

Appear in gaudy outsides ; my attires

Shall suit the inward fashion of my mind;
From which, if your opinion, nobly placed,
Change not the livery your words bestow,
My fortunes with my hopes are at the highest.

Bass. This house, methinks, stands somewhat too
much inward,

It is too melancholy; we'll remove
Nearer the court: or what thinks my Penthea
Of the delightful island we command?
Rule me as thou canst wish.

Pen. I am no mistress:
Whither you please, I must attend; all ways
Are alike pleasant to me.

Grau. "Island!" prison;
A prison is as gaysome: we'll no islands;
Marry, out upon 'em! whom shall we see there?
Seagulls, and porpoises, and water-rats,
And crabs, and mews, and dogfish; goodly gear
For a young lady's dealings,—or an old one's!
On no terms, islands; I'll be stew'd first.

Bass. [*aside to GRAU.*] Grausis,
You are a juggling jade.—This sadness, sweetest,
Becomes not youthful blood;—I'll have you
pounded— [To GRAU.
For my sake put on a more cheerful mirth;
Thou'lt mar thy cheeks, and make me old in griefs.—
Damnable bitch-fox! [To GRAU.

Grau. I am thick of hearing,
Still, when the wind blows southerly.—What think
you,

If your fresh lady breed young bones, my lord!
Would not a chopping boy do you good at heart!
But, as you said—

Bass. I'll spit thee on a stake,
Or chop thee into collops! [*Aside to GRAU.*

Grau. Pray, speak louder.
Sure, sure the wind blows south still.

Pen. Thou prat'st madly.

Bass. 'Tis very hot; I sweat extremely.—Now?

Enter PHULAS.

Phu. A herd of lords, sir.

Bass. Ha!

Phu. A flock of ladies.

Bass. Where?

Phu. Shoals of horses.

Bass. Peasant, how?

Phu. Caroches

In drifts—th' one enter, th' other stand without,
sir;

And now I vanish.

[*Exit.*

*Enter PROPHILUS, HEMOPHIL, GRONEAS, CHRISTALLA,
and PHILEMA.*

Pro. Noble Bassanes!

Bass. Most welcome, Propphilus; ladies, gentlemen,

To all, my heart is open; you all honour me,—

(A tympany swells in my head already) [*Aside.*

Honour me bountifully.—How they flutter,

Wagtails and jays together! [*Aside.*

Pro. From your brother,

By virtue of your love to him, I require

Your instant presence, fairest.

Pen. He is well, sir?

Pro. The gods preserve him ever! Yet, dear beauty,

I find some alteration in him lately,

Since his return to Sparta.—My good lord,

I pray, use no delay.

Bass. We had not needed

An invitation, if his sister's health

Had not fallen into question.—Haste, Penthea,

Slack not a minute; lead the way good Propphilus,

I'll follow step by step.

Pro. Your arm, fair madam.

[*Exeunt all but BASS. and GRAU.*

Bass. One word with your old hagship; thou
hadst better

Rail'd at the saints thou worshipp'st than have
thwarted

My will ; I'll use thee cursedly.

Grau. You dote,

You are beside yourself. A politician

In jealousy ? no, you're too gross, too vulgar.

Pish, teach not me my trade ; I know my cue :

My crossing you sinks me into her trust,

By which I shall know all ; my trade 's a sure one.

Bass. Forgive me, Grausis, 't was consideration
I relish'd not ; but have a care now.

Grau. Fear not,

I am no new-come-to-'t.

Bass. Thy life 's upon it,

And so is mine. My agonies are infinite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Palace. ITHOCLES'S Apartment.

Enter ITHOCLES.

Ith. Ambition ! 't is of viper's breed ; it gnaws
A passage through the womb that gave it motion.
Ambition, like a seeled¹ dove, mounts upwards,
Higher and higher still, to perch on clouds,
But tumbles headlong down with heavier ruin.
So squibs and crackers fly into the air,
Then, only breaking with a noise, they vanish
In stench and smoke. Morality, applied
To timely practice, keeps the soul in tune,
At whose sweet music all our actions dance :
But this is form['d] of books and school-tradition ;

¹ *Ambition, like a seeled dove, mounts upwards,
Higher and higher still, &c.]*

To *seel* is to blind by sewing up the eyelids. It is told in the *Gentleman's Recreation*, that this wanton piece of cruelty is sometimes resorted to for *sport*. The poor dove, in the agonies of pain, soars, like the lark, as soon as dismissed from the hand, almost perpendicularly, and continues mounting till strength and life are totally exhausted, when she drops at the feet of her inhuman persecutors.—GIFFORD.

It physics not the sickness of a mind
Broken with griefs: strong fevers are not eased
With counsel, but with best receipts, and means;
Means, speedy means, and certain; that's the cure.

Enter ARMOSTES and CROTOLON.

Arm. You stick, lord Crotolon, upon a point
Too nice and too unnecessary; Prophilus
Is every way desertful. I am confident
Your wisdom is too ripe to need instruction
From your son's tutelage.

Crot. Yet not so ripe,
My lord Armostes, that it dares to dote
Upon the painted bait of smooth persuasion,
Which tempts me to a breach of faith.

It. Not yet
Resolv'd, my lord? Why, if your son's consent
Be so available, we'll write to Athens
For his repair to Sparta: the king's hand
Will join with our desires; he has been mov'd to 't.

Arm. Yes, and the king himself importuned Crotolon
For a despatch.

Crot. Kings may command; their wills
Are laws not to be question'd.

It. By this marriage
You knit a union so devout, so hearty,
Between your loves to me, and mine to yours,
As if mine own blood had an interest in it;
For Prophilus is mine, and I am his.

Crot. My lord, my lord!

It. What, good sir? speak your thought.

Crot. Had this sincerity been real once,
My Orgilus had not been now unwived,
Nor your lost sister buried in a bride-bed:
Your uncle here, Armostes, knows this truth;
For had your father Thrasus liv'd,—but peace
Dwell in his grave! I have done.

Arm. You are bold and bitter.

Ith. He presses home the injury ; it smarts.—

[*Aside.*

No reprehensions, uncle : I deserve them.

Yet, gentle sir, consider what the heat
Of an unsteady youth, a giddy brain,
Green indiscretion, flattery of greatness,
Rawness of judgment, wilfulness in folly,
Thoughts vagrant as the wind, and as uncertain,
Might lead a boy in years to :—'t was a fault,
A capital fault ; for then I could not dive
Into the secrets of commanding love ;
Since when experience, by th' extremes in others,
Hath forced me to collect—and, trust me, Crotolon,
I will redeem those wrongs with any service
Your satisfaction can require for current.

Arm. The acknowledgment is satisfaction :
What would you more ?

Crot. I am conquer'd : if Euphranea
Herself admit the motion, let it be so ;
I doubt not my son's liking.

Ith. Use my fortunes,
Life, power, sword, and heart, all are your own.

Arm. The princess, with your sister.

Enter BASSANES, PROPHILUS, CALANTHA, PENTHEA, EU-
PHRANEA, CHRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and GRAUSIS.

Cal. I present you
A stranger here in court, my lord ; for did not
Desire of seeing you draw her abroad,
We had not been made happy in her company.

Ith. You are a gracious princess.—Sister, wed-
lock

Holds too severe a passion in your nature,
Which can engross all duty to your husband,
Without attendance on so dear a mistress.
'T is not my brother's pleasure, I presume,

[*To Bass.*

'T immure her in a chamber.

Bass. 'T is her will :

She governs her own hours. Noble Ithocles,
We thank the gods for your success and welfare :
Our lady has of late been indisposed,
Else we had waited on you with the first.

Ith. How does Penthea now ?

Pen. You best know, brother,
From whom my health and comforts are derived.

Bass. [*aside.*] I like the answer well ; 't is sad and
modest.

There may be tricks yet, tricks.—Have an eye,
Grausis !

Cal. Now, Crotolon, the suit we join'd in must not
Fall by too long demur.

Crot. 'T is granted, princess,
For my part.

Arm. With condition, that his son
Favour the contract.

Cal. Such delay is easy.

The joys of marriage make thee, Prophilus,
A proud deserver of Euphranea's love,
And her of thy desert !

Pro. Most sweetly gracious !

Bass. The joys of marriage are the heaven on
earth,

Life's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures ;—no restoratives
Like to a constant woman !—(but where is she ?

'T would puzzle all the gods, but to create
Such a new monster) [*aside.*]—I can speak by proof,
For I rest in Elysium ; 't is my happiness.

Crot. Euphranea, how are you resolv'd, speak
freely,

In your affections to this gentleman ?

Euph. Nor more, nor less than as his love as-
sures me :

Which (if your liking with my brother's warrants)
I cannot but approve in all points worthy.

Crot. So, so ! I know your answer. [*To Pro.*

Ith. 'T had been pity,
To sunder hearts so equally consented.

Enter HEMOPHIL.

Hem. The king, lord Ithocles, commands your
presence ;
And, fairest princess, yours.

Cal. We will attend him.

Enter GRONEAS.

Gron. Where are the lords ? all must unto the
king
Without delay ; the prince of Argos—

Cal. Well, sir ?

Gron. Is coming to the court, sweet lady.

Cal. How !

The prince of Argos ?

Gron. 'T was my fortune, madam,
T' enjoy the honour of these happy tidings.

Ith. Penthea !

Pen. Brother.

Ith. Let me an hour hence
Meet you alone, within the palace grove ;
I have some secret with you.—Prithee, friend,
Conduct her thither, and have special care
The walks be clear'd of any to disturb us.

Pro. I shall.

Bass. How 's that ?

Ith. Alone, pray be alone.—

I am your creature, princess.—On, my lords.

[*Exeunt all but Bass.*

Bass. Alone ! alone ! what means that word
alone ?

Why might not I be there ?—hum !—he 's her brother :

Brothers and sisters are but flesh and blood,
And this same court-ease is a strong temptation
To a rebellion in the veins ; besides,
His fine friend Prophilus—

Re-enter GRONEAS.

Gron. My lord, you 're called for.

Bass. Most heartily I thank you; where's my wife,
pray?

Gron. Retired among the ladies.

Bass. Still I thank you:

There's an old waiter with her, saw you her,
too?

Gron. She sits i' th' presence-lobby fast asleep,
sir.

Bass. Asleep! asleep, sir!

Gron. Is your lordship troubled?

You will not to the king?

Bass. Your humblest vassal.

Gron. Your servant, my good lord.

Bass. I wait your footsteps.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Gardens of the Palace. A Grove.

Enter PROPHILUS and PENTHEA.

Pro. In this walk, lady, will your brother find
you;

And, with your favour, give me leave a little
To work a preparation: in his fashion
I have observ'd of late some kind of slackness
To such alacrity as nature [once]
And custom took delight in; sadness grows
Upon his recreations, which he hoards
In such a willing silence, that to question
The grounds will argue [little] skill in friendship,
And less good manners.

Pen. Sir, I am not inquisitive
Of secrecies, without an invitation.

Pro. With pardon, lady, not a syllable
Of mine implies so rude a sense; the drift—

Enter ORGILUS, as before.

Do thy best

[*To ORG.*

To make this lady merry for an hour.

Org. Your will shall be a law, sir.

[*Exit PRO.*

Pen. Prithee, leave me,

I have some private thoughts I would account with;

Use thou thine own.

Org. Speak on, fair nymph; our souls
Can dance as well to music of the spheres,
As any's who have feasted with the gods.

Pen. Your school-terms are too troublesome.

Org. What heaven
Refines mortality from dross of earth,
But such as uncompounded beauty hallows
With glorified perfection!

Pen. Set thy wits
In a less wild proportion.

Org. Time can never
On the white table of unguilty faith
Write counterfeit dishonour; turn those eyes
(The arrows of pure love) upon that fire,
Which once rose to a flame, perfum'd with vows,
As sweetly scented as the incense smoking
On Vesta's altars, * * * * *
* * * * * the holiest odours, virgins' tears,
* * * * * sprinkled, like dews, to feed them
And to increase their fervour.¹

Pen. Be not frantic.

Org. All pleasures are but mere imagination,
Feeding the hungry appetite with steam,
And sight of banquet, while the body pines,
Not relishing the real taste of food:
Such is the leanness of a heart divided
From intercourse of troth-contracted loves;

¹ ————— as the incense smoking

On Vesta's altars * * * * * , &c.]

It is greatly to be regretted that this apparently fine passage should have been so irreparably mutilated at the press.—GIFFORD.

No horror should deface that precious figure
Seal'd with the lively stamp of equal souls.

Pen. Away! some fury hath bewitch'd thy tongue:
The breath of ignorance that flies from thence,
Ripens a knowledge in me of afflictions,
Above all sufferance.—Thing of talk, begone,
Begone, without reply!

Org. Be just, Penthea,
In thy commands; when thou send'st forth a doom
Of banishment, know first on whom it lights.
Thus I take off the shroud, in which my cares
Are folded up from view of common eyes.

[Throws off his scholar's dress.]

What is thy sentence next?

Pen. Rash man! thou lay'st
A blemish on mine honour, with the hazard
Of thy too desperate life; yet I profess,
By all the laws of ceremonious wedlock,
I have not given admittance to one thought
Of female change, since cruelty enforced
Divorce betwixt my body and my heart.
Why would you fall from goodness thus?

Org. O, rather
Examine me, how I could live to say
I have been much, much wrong'd. 'Tis for thy
sake

I put on this imposture; dear Penthea,
If thy soft bosom be not turn'd to marble,
Thou 'lt pity our calamities; my interest
Confirms me, thou art mine still.

Pen. Lend your hand;
With both of mine I clasp it thus, thus kiss it,
Thus kneel before ye. *[PEN. kneels.]*

Org. You instruct my duty. *[ORG. kneels.]*

Pen. We may stand up.—*[They rise.]*—Have you
aught else to urge

Of new demand? as for the old, forget it;
'Tis buried in an everlasting silence,
And shall be, shall be ever: what more would you?

Org. I would possess my wife; the equity
Of very reason bids me.

Pen. Is that all?

Org. Why, 't is the all of me, myself.

Pen. Remove

Your steps some distance from me; at this space
A few words I dare change; but first put on
Your borrow'd shape.¹

Org. You are obey'd; 't is done.

[*He resumes his disguise.*]

Pen. How, Orgilus, by promise, I was thine,
The heavens do witness; they can witness, too,
A rape done on my truth: how I do love thee
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear
In tendering thy freedom; for I find
The constant preservation of thy merit,
By thy not daring to attempt my fame
With injury of any loose conceit,
Which might give deeper wounds to discontents.
Continue this fair race; then, though I cannot
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often
Remember from what fortune I am fallen,
And pity mine own ruin.—Live, live happy,
Happy in thy next choice, that thou mayst
people

This barren age with virtues in thy issue!
And, oh, when thou art married, think on me
With mercy, not contempt; I hope thy wife,
Hearing my story, will not scorn my fall.—
Now let us part.

Org. Part! yet advise thee better:
Pentheia is the wife to Orgilus,
And ever shall be.

Pen. Never shall, nor will.

¹ —————but first put on

Your borrow'd shape.] This, as I have elsewhere observed, is the green-room term for a dress of disguise. In the opening of the next act, Orgilus, who had resumed his usual habit, is said to appear in his own shape.—GIFFORD.

Org. How!

Pen. Hear me; in a word I'll tell thee why.
The virgin-dowry which my birth bestow'd,
Is ravish'd by another; my true love
Abhors to think, that Orgilus deserv'd
No better favours than a second bed.

Org. I must not take this reason.

Pen. To confirm it;
Should I outlive my bondage, let me meet
Another worse than this, and less desired,
If, of all men alive, thou shouldst but touch
My lip or hand again!

Org. Penthea, now
I tell you, you grow wanton in my sufferance;
Come, sweet, thou art mine.

Pen. Uncivil sir, forbear,
Or I can turn affection into vengeance;
Your reputation, if you value any,
Lies bleeding at my feet. Unworthy man,
If ever henceforth thou appear in language,
Message, or letter, to betray my frailty,
I'll call thy former protestations lust,
And curse my stars for forfeit of my judgment.
Go thou, fit only for disguise, and walks,
To hide thy shame; this once I spare thy life.
I laugh at mine own confidence; my sorrows
By thee are made inferior to my fortunes:
If ever thou didst harbour worthy love,
Dare not to answer. My good genius guide me,
That I may never see thee more!—Go from me!

Org. I'll tear my veil of politic French off,
And stand up like a man resolv'd to do:—
Action, not words, shall show me.—Oh Penthea!

[*Exit.*

Pen. He sigh'd my name, sure, as he parted from
me;

I fear I was too rough. Alas, poor gentleman!
He look'd not like the ruins of his youth,
But like the ruins of those ruins. Honour,

How much we fight with weakness to preserve
thee! *[Walks aside.*

Enter BASSANES and GRAUSIS.

Bass. Fie on thee, rotten maggot!
Sleep! sleep at court! and now! Aches, convul-
sions,
Imposthumes, rheums, gouts, palsies, clog thy bones
A dozen years more yet!

Grau. Now you are in humours.

Bass. She's by herself, there's hope of that; she's
sad too;
She's in strong contemplation; yes, and fix'd:
The signs are wholesome.

Grau. Very wholesome, truly.

Bass. Hold your chops, nightmare!—Lady, come;
your brother
Is carried to his closet; you must thither.

Pen. Not well, my lord?

Bass. A sudden fit, 't will off;
Some surfeit or disorder.—How dost, dearest?

Pen. Your news is none o' th' best.

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. The chief of men,
The excellentest Ithocles, desires
Your presence, madam.

Bass. We are hasting to him.

Pen. In vain we labour in this course of life
To piece our journey out at length, or crave
Respite of breath; our home is in the grave.

Bass. Perfect philosophy!

Pen. Then let us care
To live so, that our reckonings may fall even,
When we're to make account.

Pro. He cannot fear
Who builds on noble grounds; sickness or pain
Is the deserver's exercise; and such
Your virtuous brother to the world is known.

Speak comfort to him, lady, be all gentle;
Stars fall but in the grossness of our sight,
A good man dying, th' earth doth lose a light.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Study of TECNICUS.

Enter TECNICUS, and ORGILUS in his usual dress.

Tec. Be well advised; let not a resolution
Of giddy rashness choke the breath of reason.

Org. It shall not, most sage master.

Tec. I am jealous;¹

For if the borrow'd shape so late put on
Infer'd a consequence, we must conclude
Some violent design of sudden nature
Hath shook that shadow off, to fly upon
A new-hatch'd execution. Orgilus,
Take heed thou hast not, under our integrity,
Shrouded unlawful plots: our mortal eyes
Pierce not the secrets of your heart; the gods
Are only privy to them.

Org. Learned Tecnicus,
Such doubts are causeless; and, to clear the truth
From misconceit,—the present state commands me.
The prince of Argos comes himself in person
In quest of great Calantha for his bride,
Our kingdom's heir; besides, mine only sister,
Euphranea, is disposed to Prophilus:
Lastly, the king is sending letters for me
To Athens, for my quick repair to court;
Please to accept these reasons.

Tec. Just ones, Orgilus,
Not to be contradicted: yet, beware
Of an unsure foundation; no fair colours

¹ *I am jealous,*] i. e. I am fearful, suspicious of it.—GIFFORD.

Can fortify a building faintly jointed.
I have observ'd a growth in thy aspect
Of dangerous extent, sudden, and—look to 't—
I might add, certain—

Org. My aspect ! could art
Run through mine inmost thoughts, it should not
sift

An inclination there, more than what suited
With justice of mine honour.

Tec. I believe it.

But know then, Orgilus, what honour is :
Honour consists not in a bare opinion
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave ;
Such honour comes by accident, not nature,
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk : but real honour
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valour, which, for bases,
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honour, who, for lucre or revenge,
Commits thefts, murder, treasons, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserv'd by Justice.
Thus, as you see how honour must be grounded
On knowledge, not opinion (for opinion
Relies on probability and accident,
But knowledge on necessity and truth),
I leave thee to the fit consideration
Of what becomes the grace of real honour,
Wishing success to all thy virtuous meanings.

Org. The gods increase thy wisdom, reverend
oracle,

And in thy precepts make me ever thrifty ! *[Exit.*

Tec. I thank thy wish.—Much mystery of fate
Lies hid in that man's fortunes ; curiosity
May lead his actions into rare attempts :—
But let the gods be moderators still ;
No human power can prevent their will.

Enter ARMOSTES, with a casket.

From whence come you?

Arm. From King Amyclas,—pardon
My interruption of your studies.—Here,
In this seal'd box, he sends a treasure [to you],
Dear to him as his crown; he prays your gravity,
You would examine, ponder, sift, and bolt
The pith and circumstance of every tittle
The scroll within contains.

Tec. What is 't, Armostes?

Arm. It is the health of Sparta, the king's life,
Sinews and safety of the commonwealth;
The sum of what the oracle deliver'd,
When last he visited the prophetic temple
At Delphos: what his reasons are, for which,
After so long a silence, he requires
Your counsel now, grave man, his majesty
Will soon himself acquaint you with.

Tec. Apollo *[He takes the casket.]*
Inspire my intellect!—The prince of Argos
Is entertain'd?

Arm. He is; and has demanded
Our princess for his wife; which I conceive
One special cause the king importunes you
For resolution of the oracle.

Tec. My duty to the king, good peace to Sparta,
And fair day to Armostes!

Arm. Like to Tecnicus. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

A Room in ITHOCLES'S House.

Soft music.—*A Song within, during which* PROPHILUS,
BASSANES, PENTHEA, and GRAUSIS *pass over the*
Stage. BASSANES and GRAUSIS re-enter softly, and
listen in different places.

SONG.

*Can you paint a thought? or
 Every fancy in a slumber?
 Can you count soft minutes roving
 From a dial's point by moving?
 Can you grasp a sigh? or, lastly,
 Rob a virgin's honour chastly?
 No, oh no! yet you may
 Sooner do both that and this,
 This and that, and never miss,
 Than by any praise display
 Beauty's beauty; such a glory,
 As beyond all fate, all story,
 All arms, all arts,
 All loves, all hearts,
 Greater than those, or they,
 Do, shall, and must, obey.*

Bass. All silent, calm, secure.—
 Grausis, dost [thou] hear nothing?

Grau. Not a mouse,
 Or whisper of the wind.

Bass. Soldiers
 Should not affect, methinks, strains so effeminate;
 Sounds of such delicacy are but fawnings
 Upon the sloth of luxury.

Grau. What do you mean, my lord?—speak low;
 that gabbling
 Of yours will but undo us.

Pro. [within.] He wakes.

Bass. What's that?

Ith. [within.] Who's there?
 Sister?—All quit the room else.

Bass. 'T is consented!

Enter PROPHILUS.

Pro. Lord Bassanes, your brother would be
 private,

We must forbear; his sleep hath newly left him.
Please you withdraw!

Bas. By any means; 't is fit.

Pro. Pray, gentlewoman, walk too.

Grau. Yes, I will, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene opens: ITHOCLES is discovered in a chair,
and PENTHEA beside him.*

Ith. Sit nearer, sister, to me; nearer yet:
We had one father, in one womb took life,
Were brought up twins together, yet have liv'd
At distance, like two strangers; I could wish
That the first pillow whereon I was cradled,
Had prov'd to me a grave.

Pen. You had been happy:
Then had you never known that sin of life
Which blots all following glories with a ven-
geance,

For forfeiting the last will of the dead,
From whom you had your being.

Ith. Sad Penthea,
Thou canst not be too cruel; my rash spleen
Hath with a violent hand pluck'd from thy bosom
A love-blest heart, to grind it into dust;
For which mine's now a-breaking.

Pen. Not yet, heaven,
I do beseech thee! first, let some wildfires
Scorch, not consume it! may the heat be cherish'd
With desires infinite, but hopes impossible!

Ith. Wrong'd soul, thy prayers are heard.

Pen. Here, lo, I breathe,
A miserable creature, led to ruin
By an unnatural brother!

Ith. I consume
In languishing affections for that trespass;
Yet cannot die.

Pen. The handmaid to the wages
Of country toil, drinks the untroubled streams
With leaping kids, and with the bleating lambs,

And so allays her thirst secure ; while I
Quench my hot sighs with fleetings of my tears.

Ith. The labourer doth eat his coarsest bread,
Earn'd with his sweat, and lays him down to sleep;
While every bit I touch turns in digestion
To gall, as bitter as Penthea's curse.

Put me to any penance for my tyranny;
And I will call thee merciful.

Pen. Pray kill me,
Rid me from living with a jealous husband;
Then we will join in friendship, be again
Brother and sister.—Kill me, pray; nay, will you?

Ith. How does thy lord esteem thee?

Pen. Such a one
As only you have made me: a faith-breaker,
A spotted harlot;—nay, nay, I am one—
In act, not in desires, the gods must witness.

Ith. Thou dost bely thy friend.

Pen. I do not, Ithocles;
For she that's wife to Orgilus, and lives
In known adultery with Bassanes,
Is, at the best, a whore. Wilt kill me now?
The ashes of our parents will assume
Some dreadful figure, and appear to charge
Thy bloody guilt, that hast betray'd their name
To infamy, in this reproachful match.

Ith. After my victories abroad, at home
I meet despair; ingratitude of nature
Hath made my actions monstrous; thou shalt
stand

A deity, my sister, and be worshipp'd
For thy resolved martyrdom; wrong'd maids
And married wives shall to thy hallow'd shrine
Offer their orisons, and sacrifice
Pure turtles, crown'd with myrtle; if thy pity
Unto a yielding brother's pressure, lend
One finger but to ease it.

Pen. Oh, no more!

Ith. Death waits to waft me to the Stygian banks,

And free me from this chaos of my bondage ;
And till thou wilt forgive, I must endure.

Pen. Who is the saint you serve ?

Ith. Friendship, or [nearness]
Of birth to any but my sister, durst not
Have mov'd this question ; 't is a secret, sister,
I dare not murmur to myself.

Pen. Let me,
By your new protestations I conjure you,
Partake her name.

Ith. Her name ?—'t is,—'t is—I dare not.

Pen. All your respects are forged.

Ith. They are not.—Peace !
Calantha is—the princess—the king's daughter—
Sole heir of Sparta.—Me, most miserable !
Do I now love thee ? for my injuries
Revenge myself with bravery, and gossip
My treasons to the king's ears, do ;—Calantha
Knows it not yet, nor Prophilus, my nearest.

Pen. Suppose you were contracted to her, ~~would~~
it not
Split even your very soul to see her father
Snatch her out of your arms against her will,
And force her on the prince of Argos ?

Ith. Trouble not
The fountains of mine eyes with thine own story ;
I sweat in blood for 't.

Pen. We are reconciled.
Alas, sir, being children, but two branches
Of one stock, 't is not fit we should divide ;
Have comfort, you may find it.

Ith. Yes, in thee ;
Only in thee, Penthea mine.

Pen. If sorrows
Have not too much dull'd my infected brain,
I'll cheer invention, for an active strain.

Ith. Madman !—Why have I wrong'd a maid so
excellent ?

BASSANES *rushes in with a poniard, followed by PROPHILUS, GRONEAS, HEMOPHIL, and GRAUSIS.*

Bass. I can forbear no longer; more, I will not:
Keep off your hands, or fall upon my point—
Patience is ~~used~~,—for, like a slow-paced ass,
You ride my easy nature, and proclaim
My sloth to vengeance a reproach, and properly.

It. The meaning of this rudeness?

Pro. He's distracted.

Pen. Oh, my griev'd lord!

Grau. Sweet lady, come not near him.

Bass. My birth is noble: though the popular
blast

Of vanity, as giddy as thy youth,
Hath rear'd thy name up to bestride a cloud,
Or¹ progress in the chariot of the sun;
I am no clod of trade, to lackey pride,
Nor, like your slave of expectation, wait
The wanton hinges of your doors, or whistle
For mystical conveyance to your sports.

Gron. Fine humours! they become him.

Hem. How he stares,
Struts, puffs, and sweats! most admirable lunacy!

It. But that I may conceive the spirit of wine
Has took possession of your soberer custom,
I'd say you were unmannerly.

Pen. Dear brother!

Bass. Unmannerly!—mew, kitling!—smooth for-
mality

Is usher to the rankness of the blood,
But impudence bears up the train.

It. His jealousy hath robb'd him of his wits;
He talks he knows not what.

Bass. Yes, and he knows

¹ This passage is not without curiosity, as tending to prove that some of the words now supposed to be Americanisms were in use among our ancestors, and crossed the Atlantic with them. It is not generally known that Ford's county (Devonshire) supplied a very considerable number of the earlier settlers in the colonies.—GIFFORD.

To whom he talks; I will hallo 't: though I
Blush more to name the filth than thou to act it.

Ith. Monster!

[*Draws his sword.*]

Pro. Sir, by our friendship—

Pen. By our bloods!

Will you quite both undo us, brother?

Grau. Out on him!

These are his megrims, firks, and melancholies.

Pen. With favour, let me speak.—My lord, what
slackness

In my obedience hath deserv'd this rage?

Except humility and silent duty

Have drawn on your unquiet, my simplicity

Ne'er studied your vexation.

Bass. Light of beauty,

Deal not ungently with a desperate wound!

No breach of reason dares make war with her

Whose looks are sovereignty, whose breath is balm:

Oh, that I could preserve thee in fruition

As in devotion!

Pen. Sir, may every evil

Lock'd in Pandora's box show'r, in your presence,

On my unhappy head, if, since you made me

A partner in your bed, I have been faulty,

In one unseemly thought, against your honour.

Ith. Purge not his griefs, Penthea.

Bass. Yes, say on,

Excellent creature!—Good, be not a hinderance

To peace, and praise of virtue.—[*to ITH.*—Oh, my
senses

Are charm'd with sounds celestial.—On, dear, on:

I never gave you one ill word; say, did I?

Indeed I did not.

Pen. Nor, by Juno's forehead,

Was I e'er guilty of a wanton error.

Bass. A goddess! let me kneel.

Grau. Alas, kind animal!

Ith. No; but for penance.

Bass. Noble sir, what is it?

With gladness I embrace it; yet, pray let not
My rashness teach you to be too unmerciful.

Ith. When you shall show good proof, that manly
wisdom,

Not oversway'd by passion or opinion,
Knows how to lead [your] judgment, then this
lady,

Your wife, my sister, shall return in safety
Home, to be guided by you; but, till first
I can, out of clear evidence, approve it,
She shall be my care.

Bass. Rip my bosom up,
I'll stand the execution with a constancy;
This torture is insufferable.

Ith. Well, sir,
I dare not trust her to your fury.

Bass. But
Penthea says not so.

Pen. She needs no tongue
To plead excuse, who never purposed wrong.

[*Exit with ITH. and PRO.*]

Hem. Virgin of reverence and antiquity,
Stay you behind.

[*To GRAU. who is following PEN.*]

Gron. The court wants not your diligence.

[*Exeunt HEM. and GRON.*]

Grau. What will you do, my lord? my lady's
gone:

I am denied to follow.

Bass. I may see her,
Or speak to her once more?

Grau. Be of good cheer, she's your own flesh and
bone.

Bass. Diseases desperate must find cures alike;
She swore she has been true.

Grau. True, on my modesty.

Bass. Let him want truth who credits not her
vows!

Much wrong I did her, but her brother infinite;

Rumour will voice me the contempt of manhood,
Should I run on thus; some way I must try
To outdo art, and jealousy's decry. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter AMYCLAS, NEARCHUS leading CALANTHA, ARMOSTES, CROTOLON, EUPHRANEA, CRISTALLA, PHILEMA, and AMELUS.

Amyc. Cousin of Argos, what the heavens have pleas'd,
In their unchanging counsels, to conclude
For both our kingdoms' weal, we must submit to :
Nor can we be unthankful to their bounties,
Who, when we were ev'n creeping to our graves,
Sent us a daughter, in whose birth our hope
Continues of succession. As you are
In title next, being grandchild to our aunt,
So we in heart desire you may sit nearest
Calantha's love; since we have ever vow'd
Not to enforce affection by our will,
But by her own choice to confirm it gladly.

Near. You speak the nature of a right just father.
I come not hither roughly to demand
My cousin's thralldom, but to free mine own :
Report of great Calantha's beauty, virtue,
Sweetness, and singular perfections, courted
All ears to credit what I find was publish'd
By constant truth : from which, if any service
Of my desert can purchase fair construction,
This lady must command it.

Cal. Princely sir,
So well you know how to profess observance,
That you instruct your hearers to become
Practitioners in duty; of which number
I'll study to be chief.

Near. Chief, glorious virgin,
In my devotion, as in all men's wonder.

Amyc. Excellent cousin, we deny no liberty;
Use thine own opportunities.—Armestes,
We must consult with the philosophers:
The business is of weight.

Arm. Sir, at your pleasure.

Amyc. You told me, Crotolon, your son's re-
turn'd
From Athens; wherefore comes he not to court,
As we commanded?

Crot. He shall soon attend
Your royal will, great sir.

Amyc. The marriage
Between young Prophilus and Euphranea
Tastes of too much delay.

Crot. My lord—

Amyc. Some pleasures
At celebration of it, would give life
To the entertainment of the prince our kinsman:
Our court wears gravity more than we relish.

Arm. Yet the heavens smile on all your high
attempts,
Without a cloud.

Crot. So may the gods protect us!

Cal. A prince, a subject?

Near. Yes, to beauty's sceptre;
As all hearts kneel, so mine.

Cal. You are too courtly.

Enter ITHOCLES, ORGILUS, and PROPHILUS.

Ith. Your safe return to Sparta is most welcome:
I joy to meet you here, and, as occasion
Shall grant us privacy, will yield you reasons
Why I should covet to deserve the title
Of your respected friend; for, without compliment,
Believe it, Orgilus, 't is my ambition.

Org. Your lordship may command me, your poor
servant.

Ith. So amorously close!—so soon!—my heart!
[*Aside.*

Pro. What sudden change is next?

Ith. Life to the king!

To whom I here present this noble gentleman,
New come from Athens; royal sir, vouchsafe
Your gracious hand in favour of his merit.

[*The King gives Org. his hand to kiss.*

Crot. My son preferr'd by Ithocles! [*Aside.*

Amyc. Our bounties

Shall open to thee, Orgilus; for instance,
(Hark, in thine ear)—if, out of those inventions
Which flow in Athens, thou hast there engross'd¹
Some rarity of wit, to grace the nuptials
Of thy fair sister, and renown our court
In th' eyes of this young prince, we shall be
debtor

To thy conceit: think on 't.

Org. Your highness honours me.

Near. My tongue and heart are twins.

Cal. A noble birth,

Becoming such a father.—Worthy Orgilus,
You are a guest most wished for.

Org. May my duty
Still rise in your opinion, sacred princess!

Ith. Euphranea's brother, sir; a gentleman
Well worthy of your knowledge.

Near. We embrace him,
Proud of so dear acquaintance.

Amyc. All prepare
For revels and disport; the joys of Hymen,
Like Phœbus in his lustre, put to flight
All mists of dulness; crown the hours with glad-
ness:

No sounds but music, no discourse but mirth!

¹ —————if thou hast there engross'd

Some rarity of wit, &c.] i. e. if thou hast possessed thyself of, mastered, so as to bring away:—the king seems inclined rather to tax the memory of Orgilus than his imagination.—Gifford.

Cal. Thine arm, I prithee, Ithocles.—Nay, good
My lord, keep on your way, I am provided.

Near. I dare not disobey.

Ith. Most heavenly lady!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the House of CROTOLON.

Enter CROTOLON and ORGILUS.

Crot. The king hath spoke his mind.

Org. His will he hath;

But were it lawful to hold plea against
The power of greatness, not the reason, haply
Such undershrubs as subjects, sometimes might
Borrow of nature, justice, to inform
That license sovereignty holds, without check,
Over a meek obedience.

Crot. How resolve you
Touching your sister's marriage? Prophilus
Is a deserving and a hopeful youth.

Org. I envy not his merit, but applaud it;
Could wish him thrift in all his best desires,
And, with a willingness, inleague our blood
With his, for purchase of full growth in friendship.
He never touch'd on any wrong that maliced
The honour of our house, nor stirr'd our peace;
Yet, with your favour, let me not forget
Under whose wing he gathers warmth and com-
fort,
Whose creature he is bound, made, and must
live so.

Crot. Son, son, I find in thee a harsh condition.¹
No courtesy can win it; 't is too rancorous.

Org. Good sir, be not severe in your construc-
tion;

¹ i. e. temper, disposition. The deep dissimulation, the deadly resentment of Orgilus, are powerfully marked in this scene.—GIFFORD.

I am no stranger to such easy calms
As sit in tender bosoms: lordly Ithocles
Hath graced my entertainment in abundance;
Too humbly hath descended from that height
Of arrogance and spleen which wrought the rape
On griev'd Penthea's purity; his scorn
Of my untoward fortunes is reclaim'd
Unto a courtship, almost to a fawning:—
I'll kiss his foot, since you will have it so.

Crot. Since I will have it so! friend, I will have
it so,

Without our ruin by your politic plots,
Or wolf of hatred snarling in your breast.
You have a spirit, sir, have you? a familiar
That posts i' th' air for your intelligence?
Some such hobgoblin hurried you from Athens,
For yet you come unsent for.

Org. If unwelcome,
I might have found a grave there.

Crot. Sure your business
Was soon despatch'd, or your mind alter'd quickly.

Org. 'T was care, sir, of my health cut short my
journey;
For there, a general infection
Threatens a desolation.

Crot. And I fear
Thou hast brought back a worse infection with
thee,
Infection of thy mind: which, as thou say'st,
Threatens the desolation of our family.

Org. Forbid it, our dear Genius! I will rather
Be made a sacrifice on Thrasus' monument,
Or kneel to Ithocles his son in dust,
Than woo a father's curse: my sister's marriage
With Prophilus is from my heart confirm'd;
May I live hated, may I die despised,
If I omit to further it in all
That can concern me!

Crot. I have been too rough.

My duty to my king made me so earnest ;
Excuse it, Orgilus.

Org. Dear sir !

Enter PROPHILUS, EUPHRANEA, ITHOCLES, GRONEAS, and
HEMOPHIL.

Crot. Here comes
Euphranea, with Philus and Ithocles.

Org. Most honour'd !—ever famous !

Ith. Your true friend ;

On earth not any truer.—With smooth eyes
Look on this worthy couple ; your consent
Can only make them one.

Org. They have it.—Sister,
Thou pawn'dst to me an oath, of which engagement
I never will release thee, if thou aim'st
At any other choice than this.

Euph. Dear brother,
At him, or none.

Crot. To which my blessing's added.

Org. Which, till a greater ceremony perfect,—
Euphranea, lend thy hand ;—here, take her, Pro-
philus,
Live long a happy man and wife ; and further,
That these in presence may conclude an omen,
Thus for a bridal song I close my wishes :

*Comforts lasting, loves increasing ;
Like soft hours never ceasing ;
Plenty's pleasure, peace complying,
Without jars, or tongues envying ;
Hearts by holy union wedded,
More than theirs by custom bedded ;
Fruitful issues ; life so graced,
Not by age to be defaced ;
Budding, as the year ensu'th,
Every spring another youth :
All what thought can add beside,
Crown this bridegroom and this bride !*

Pro. You have seal'd joy close to my soul.—

Euphrænea,
Now I may call thee mine.

Ith. I but exchange
One good friend for another.

Org. If these gallants
Will please to grace a poor invention
By joining with me in some slight device,
I'll venture on a strain my younger days
Have studied for delight.

Hem. With thankful willingness
I offer my attendance.

Gron. No endeavour
Of mine shall fail to show itself.

Ith. We will
All join to wait on thy directions, Orgilus.

Org. Oh, my good lord, your favours flow
towards

A too unworthy worm;—but, as you please,
I am what you will shape me.

Ith. A fast friend.

Crot. I thank thee, son, for this acknowledgment,
It is a sight of gladness.

Org. But my duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

CALANTHA's Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter CALANTHA, PENTHEA, CHRISTALLA, and
PHILENA.*

Cal. Whoe'er would speak with us, deny his
entrance;
Be careful of our charge.

Chris. We shall, madam.

Cal. Except the king himself, give none admit-
tance;
Not any.

Phil. Madam, it shall be our care.

[*Exeunt CHRIS. and PHIL.*

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have, granted,
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death
for:

My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.

Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying; on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweeten'd in the mixture,
But tragical in issue: beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When any troubled passion makes assault
On the unguarded castle of the mind.

Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?

Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.—
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

Cal. Speak;¹ I enjoy it.

Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially;
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead; for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.

Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

[Weeps.]

Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion.—[*Aside.*]—Then I have assurance

Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.

Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My Youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

Cal. To whom that?

Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires; but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young!

Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?

Pen. 'T is my Fame; I trust,
By scandal yet untouch'd: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,

¹ I. e. proceed: I take pleasure in it.

When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour!

Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless
sport

Of mere imagination! speak the last;
I strangely like thy will.

Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
This gift as I intend it.

Cal. Do not doubt me.

Pen. 'T is long ago since first I lost my heart:
Long have I lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath, in holiest rites of love,
Mine only brother, Ithocles.

Cal. What saidst thou?

Pen. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd,
He moves before you.

Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service:
Yet this lost creature loves you.—Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?

Pen. I must leave the world
To revel [in] Elysium, and 't is just
To wish my brother some advantage here;
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit: but if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.

Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh, most unkind!

Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are you?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Enter CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA.

Both. Madam, here.

Cal. I think you sleep, you drones: wait on
Penthea
Unto her lodging.—Ithocles! wrong'd lady! [*Aside.*

Pen. My reckonings are made even; death or
fate

Can now nor strike too soon, nor force too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace. ITHOCLES'S Apartment.

Enter ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.

Ith. Forbear your inquisition; curiosity
Is of too subtle and too searching nature:
In fears of love too quick; too slow of credit.—
I am not what you doubt me.

Arm. Nephew, be then
As I would wish;—all is not right.—Good heaven

Confirm your resolutions for dependence
On worthy ends, which may advance your quiet!

It. I did the noble Orgilus much injury,
But griev'd Penthea more; I now repent it,
Now, uncle, now; this Now is now too late.
So provident is folly in sad issue,
That after-wit, like bankrupts' debts, stands tallied,
Without all possibilities of payment.
Sure he's an honest, very honest gentleman;
A man of single meaning.¹

Arm. I believe it.
Yet, nephew, 't is the tongue informs our ears;
Our eyes can never pierce into the thoughts,
For they are lodged too inward: but I question
No truth in Orgilus.—The princess, sir.

It. The princess? ha!

Arm. With her the prince of Argos.

Enter NEARCHUS, leading CALANTHA; AMELUS, CRISTALLA, PHILEMA.

Near. Great fair one, grace my hopes with any
instance
Of livery,² from the allowance of your favour;
This little spark—

[Attempts to take a ring from her finger.]

Cal. A toy!

Near. Love feasts on toys,
For Cupid is a child;—vouchsafe this bounty:
It cannot be denied.

Cal. You shall not value,
Sweet cousin, at a price, what I count cheap:
So cheap, that let him take it who dares stoop for 't,

¹ *A man of single meaning,*] i. e. plain, open, sincere, unreserved. It appears, notwithstanding the disavowal of Armostes, that he did not altogether adopt the fatal error of his nephew.—GIFFORD.

² *Grace my hopes with any instance*

Of livery,] i. e. favour me with some badge, some ornament from your person, to show that you have condescended to enrol me among your servants. This was the language of courtship; and was derived from the practice of distinguishing the followers and retainers of great families by the badge or crest of the house.—GIFFORD.

And give it, at next meeting, to a mistress :
She 'll thank him for 't perhaps.

[Casts the ring before ITHOCLES, who takes it up.]

Ame. The ring, sir, is
The princess's ; I could have took it up.

Ith. Learn manners, prithee.—To the blessed
owner,

Upon my knees— *[Kneels and offers it to CALANTHA.]*
Near. You are saucy.

Cal. This is pretty !
I am, belike, “ a mistress ”—wondrous pretty .
Let the man keep his fortune, since he found it ;
He 's worthy on 't. On, cousin !

[Exeunt NEAR. CAL. CHRIS. and PHIL.]

Ith. *[to Ame.]* Follow, spaniel ;
I 'll force you to a fawning else.

Ame. You dare not.

[Exit.]

Arm. My lord, you were too forward.

Ith. Look ye, uncle,
Some such there are, whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty ;
Who, after full repasts, can lay them down
To sleep ; and they sleep, uncle : in which silence
Their very dreams present 'em choice of pleasures,
Pleasures (observe me, uncle) of rare object :
Here heaps of gold, there increments of honours,
Now change of garments, then the votes of people ;
Anon varieties of beauties, courting,
In flatteries of the night, exchange of dalliance ;
Yet these are still but dreams. Give me felicity
Of which my senses waking are partakers,
A real, visible, material happiness ;
And then, too, when I stagger in expectance
Of the least comfort that can cherish life.—
I saw it, sir, I saw it ; for it came
From her own hand.

Arm. The princess threw it to you.

Ith. True ; and she said—well I remember what—
Her cousin prince would beg it.

Arm. Yes, and parted
In anger at your taking on 't.

Ith. Penthea,
Oh, thou hast pleaded with a powerful language!
I want a fee to gratify thy merit;
But I will do—

Arm. What is 't you say?

Ith. "In anger?"

In anger let him part; for could his breath,
Like whirlwinds, toss such servile slaves, as lick
The dust his footsteps print, into a vapour,
It durst not stir a hair of mine: it should not; I
I'd rend it up by th' roots first. To be any thing
Calantha smiles on, is to be a blessing
More sacred than a petty prince of Argos
Can wish to equal, or in worth or title.

Arm. Contain yourself, my lord; Ixion, aiming
To embrace Juno, bosom'd but a cloud,
And begat Centaurs; 't is a useful moral:
Ambition, hatch'd in clouds of mere opinion.
Proves but in birth a prodigy.

Ith. I thank you;
Yet, with your license, I should seem uncharitable
To gentler fate, if, relishing the dainties
Of a soul's settled peace, I were so feeble
Not to digest it.

Arm. He deserves small trust.
Who is not privy-counsellor to himself.

Re-enter NEARCHUS, ORGILUS, *and* AMELUS.

Near. Brave me?

Org. Your excellence mistakes his temper;
For Ithocles, in fashion of his mind,
Is beautiful, soft, gentle, the clear mirror
Of absolute perfection!

Ame. Was 't your modesty¹

¹ *Your* modesty.] An appellative, like "your sovereignty" in *Hamlet*.
—GIFFORD.

Term'd any of the prince's servants "spaniel?"
Your nurse sure taught you other language.

Ith. Language!

Near. A gallant man-at-arms is here; a doctor
In feats of chivalry; blunt and rough-spoken,
Vouchsafing not the fustian of civility,
Which [less] rash spirits style good manners.

Ith. Manners!

Org. No more, illustrious sir, 't is matchless Ithocles.

Near. You might have understood who I am.

Ith. Yes,

I did,—else—but the presence calm'd the affront—
You are cousin to the princess.

Near. To the king too,
A certain instrument that lent 'supportance
To your colossic greatness—to that king too,
You might have added.

Ith. There is more divinity
In beauty than in majesty.

Arm. O fy, fy!

Near. This odd youth's pride turns heretic in
loyalty.

Sirrah! low mushrooms never rival cedars

[*Exeunt NEARCHUS and AMELUS.*]

Ith. Come back,—what pitiful dull thing am I
So to be tamely scolded at! come back.
Let him come back, and echo once again
That scornful sound of *mushroom*! Painted colts
(Like heralds' coats, gilt o'er with crowns and sceptres)

May bait a muzzled lion.¹

Arm. Cousin, cousin,
Thy tongue is not thy friend.

Org. In point of honour,

¹ *Painted colts, &c.*] Our old writers used colt (probably from the boisterous gambols of this animal) for a compound of rudeness and folly. The meaning of the text is sufficiently obvious; but it would seem that there is also an allusion to some allegorical representation of this kind in "*the painted cloth*."—GARRARD.

Discretion knows no bounds. Amelus told me
'T was all about a little ring.

Ith. A ring

The princess threw away, and I took up—
Admit she threw 't to me, what arm of brass
Can snatch it hence? No; could he grind the hoop
To powder, he might sooner reach my heart,
Than steal and wear one dust on 't. Orgilus,
I am extremely wrong'd.

Org. A lady's favour
Is not to be so slighted.

Ith. Slighted!

Arm. Quiet

These vain unruly passions, which will render you
Into a madness.

Org. Griefs will have their vent.¹

Enter TECNICUS, *with a scroll.*

Arm. Welcome; thou com'st in season, reverend
man,

To pour the balsam of a suppling patience
Into the festering wound of ill-spent fury.

Org. What makes he here? *[Aside]*

Tec. The hurts are yet but mortal,
Which shortly will prove deadly.² 'To the king,
Armotes, see in safety thou deliver
This seal'd-up counsel; bid him with a constancy
Peruse the secrets of the god.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon! double named, but one
In fate!—when kingdoms reel (mark well my saw)
Their heads must needs be giddy: tell the king,

¹ The extraordinary success with which the revengeful spirit of Orgilus is maintained through every scene is highly creditable to the poet's skill. There is not a word spoken by him which does not denote a deep and dangerous malignity, couched in the most sarcastic and rancorous language; and which nothing but the deep repentance and heart-felt sincerity of Ithocles could possibly prevent him from feeling and detecting.—GIFFORD.

² Ford appears to have adopted the vulgar phraseology of his native place, using *mortal* in the sense of very great, extreme, &c.—GIFFORD. Compare the concluding distich in Act IV. Scene I. of "The Lover's Melancholy."

That henceforth he no more must inquire after
My aged head ; Apollo wills it so :
I am for Delphos.

Arm. Not without some conference
With our great master ?

Tec. Never more to see him ;
A greater prince commands me.—Ithocles,
*When Youth is ripe, and Age from time doth part,
The lifeless trunk shall wed the Broken Heart.*

Ith. What 's this, if understood ?

Tec. List, Orgilus ;
Remember what I told thee long before,
These tears shall be my witness.

Arm. 'Las, good man !

Tec. [*Aside to Org.*] *Let craft with courtesy a
while confer,*

Revenge proves its own executioner.

Org. Dark sentences are for Apollo's priests :
I am not Oedipus.

Tec. My hour is come ;
Cheer up the king ; farewell to all.—O Sparta,
O Lacedemon ! *[Exit.*

Arm. If prophetic fire
Have warm'd this old man's bosom, we might construe
His words to fatal sense.

Ith. Leave to the powers
Above us the effects of their decrees ;
My burthen lies within me : servile fears
Prevent no great effects.—Divine Calantha !

Arm. The gods be still propitious.

[Exeunt ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.]

Org. Something oddly
The bookman prated, yet he talk'd it weeping ;
*Let craft with courtesy a while confer,
Revenge proves its own executioner.*
Con it again ;—for what ? it shall not puzzle me ;
'T is dotage of a withered brain.—Pentheia
Forbade me not her presence ; I may see her,
And gaze my fill. Why, see her then I may,
When, if I faint to speak—I must be silent. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.

*A Room in BASSANES'S House.**Enter BASSANES, GRAUSIS, and PHULAS.*

Bass. Pray, use your recreations, all the service
 I will expect is quietness among ye;
 Take liberty at home, abroad, at all times,
 And in your charities appease the gods
 Whom I, with my distractions, have offended.

Grau. Fair blessings on thy heart!

Phu. Here 's a rare change!

Bass. Betake you to your several occasions;
 And wherein I have heretofore been faulty,
 Let your constructions mildly pass it over;
 Henceforth I 'll study reformation,—more
 I have not for employment.

Grau. O, sweet man!

Thou art the very Honeycomb of Honesty.

Phu. The Garland of Good-will.¹—Old lady,
 hold up

Thy reverend snout, and trot behind me softly,
 As it becomes a mule of ancient carriage.

[*Exeunt GRAUSIS and PHULAS.*]

Bass. Beasts, only capable of sense, enjoy
 The benefit of food and ease with thankfulness;
 Such silly creatures, with a grudging, kick not
 Against the portion nature hath bestow'd;
 But men, endow'd with reason, and the use
 Of reason, to distinguish from the chaff
 Of abject scarcity, the quintessence,
 Soul, and elixir of the earth's abundance,
 The treasures of the sea, the air, nay, heaven,

¹ The Honeycomb of Honesty, like the "Garland of Good-will," was probably one of the popular miscellanies of the day. The quaint and alliterative titles to these collections of ballads, stories, jests, &c. gave every allusion to them an air of pleasantry; and perhaps excited a smile on the stage.—Gifford.

Repining at these glories of creation,
Are verier beasts than beasts; and of those beasts
The worst am I. I, who was made a monarch
Of what a heart could wish for, a chaste wife,
Endeavour'd, what in me lay, to pull down
That temple built for adoration only,
And level 't in the dust of causeless scandal:—
But, to redeem a sacrilege so impious,
Humility shall pour before the deities
I have incens'd a largess of more patience
Than their displeased altars can require.
No tempests of commotion shall disquiet
The calms of my composure.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. I have found thee,
Thou patron of more horrors than the bulk
Of manhood, hoop'd about with ribs of iron,
Can cram within thy breast: Penthea, Bassanes,
Curs'd by thy jealousies, more by thy dotage,
Is left a prey to phrensy.

Bass. Exercise
Your trials for addition to my penance;
I am resolv'd.

Org. Play not with misery
Past cure; some angry minister of fate hath
Deposed the empress of her soul, her reason,
From its most proper throne; but, what's the
miracle
More new, I, I have seen it, and yet live!

Bass. You may delude my senses, not my judgment;
'T is anchor'd into a firm resolution;
Dalliance of mirth or wit can ne'er unfix it:
Practise yet further.

Org. May thy death of love to her
Damn all thy comforts to a lasting fast
From every joy of life! thou barren rock,
By thee we have been split in ken of harbour.

Enter PENTHEA, *with her hair loose*, ITHOCLES, PHILEMA, *and* CHRISTALLA.

Ith. Sister, look up, your Ithocles, your brother
Speaks to you ; why d' you weep ? dear, turn not from
me.—

Here is a killing sight ; lo, Bassanes,
A lamentable object !

Org. Man, dost see it ?

Sports are more gamesome ; am I yet in merriment ?
Why dost not laugh ?

Bass. Divine and best of ladies,
Please to forget my outrage ; mercy ever
Cannot but lodge under a roof so excellent :
I have cast off that cruelty of phrensy
Which once appeared imposture, and then juggled
To cheat my sleeps of rest.

Org. Was I in earnest ?

Pen. Sure, if we were all sirens, we should sing
pitifully,

And 't were a comely music, when in parts
One sung another's knell ; the turtle sighs
When he hath lost his mate ; and yet some say
He must be dead first : 't is a fine deceit
To pass away in a dream ! indeed, I've slept
With mine eyes open a great while. No falsehood
Equals a broken faith ; there 's not a hair
Sticks on my head but, like a leaden plummet,
It sinks me to the grave : I must creep thither ;
The journey is not long.

Ith. But thou, Penthea,
Hast many years, I hope, to number yet,
Ere thou canst travel that way.

Bass. Let the sun first
Be wrapp'd up in an everlasting darkness,
Before the light of nature, chiefly form'd
For the whole world's delight, feel an eclipse
So universal !

Org. Wisdom, look ye, begins
To rave !—art thou mad too, antiquity ?

Pen. Since I was first a wife, I might have been
Mother to many pretty prattling babes ;
They would have smiled when I smiled; and, for
certain,

I should have cried when they cried :—truly, brother,
My father would have pick'd me out a husband,
And then my little ones had been no bastards ;
But 't is too late for me to marry now.

Bass. Fall on me if there be a burning Ætna,
And bury me in flames ! sweats, hot as sulphur,
Boil through my pores :—affliction hath in store
No torture like to this.

Org. Behold a patience !
Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation,¹
Do something worth a chronicle ; show justice
Upon the author of this mischief ; dig out
The jealousies that hatch'd this thralldom first
With thine own poniard : every antic rapture
Can roar as thine does.

Ith. Orgilus, forbear.

Bass. Disturb him not ; it is a talking motion
Provided for my torment. What a fool am I
To wanton passion ! ere I 'll speak a word,
I will look on and burst.

Pen. I loved you once.

[To ORG.]

Org. 'Thou didst, wrong'd creature : in despite of
malice,
For it I 'll love thee ever.

Pen. Spare your hand :
Believe me, I 'll not hurt it.

Org. My heart too.²

¹ *Lay by thy whining gray dissimulation.*] This beautiful expression is happily adopted by Milton, the great plunderer of the poetical hive of our old dramatists.

"He ended here, and Satan, bowing low
His gray dissimulation," &c.—*Par. Reg.*

It would appear from the next speech that the unsuspecting Ithocles supposed Orgilus to address Bassanes, in this rant, in order to incite him to wreak vengeance on himself for his cruelty to Penthea ; but the covert object of it is evidently Ithocles.—GIFFORD.

² *Org. My heart too.*] Here is some mistake of the press, which I cannot pretend to rectify.—GIFFORD.

Pen. Complain not though I wring it hard; I'll
kiss it;

Oh, 't is a fine soft palm!—hark, in thine ear;
Like whom do I look, prithee?—nay, no whispering.
Goodness! we had been happy; too much happiness
Will make folk proud, they say—but that is he—

[*Pointing to ITHOCLES.*

And yet he paid for 't home; alas! his heart
Is crept into the cabinet of the princess;
We shall have points and bride-laces. Remember,
When we last gathered roses in the garden,
I found my wits; but truly you lost yours.
That's he, and still 't is he. [*Again pointing to ITH.*

Ith. Poor soul, how idly
Her fancies guide her tongue!

Bass. Keep in, vexation,
And break not into clamour. [*Aside.*

Org. She has tutor'd me;¹
Some powerful inspiration checks my laziness:
Now let me kiss your hand, griev'd beauty.

Pen. Kiss it.—
Alack, alack, his lips be wondrous cold;
Dear soul, he has lost his colour: have you seen
A straying heart? all crannies! every drop
Of blood is turned to an amethyst,
Which married bachelors hang in their ears.

Org. Peace usher her into Elysium!
If this be madness, madness is an oracle. [*Exit.*

Ith. Christalla, Philema, when slept my sister,
Her ravings are so wild?

Chris. Sir, not these ten days.

Phil. We watch by her continually; besides,
We can not any way pray her to eat.

Bass. Oh,—misery of miseries!

Pen. Take comfort.

¹ *She has tutor'd me,*] i. e. by repeatedly pointing out Ithocles to his resentment. What plan of vengeance Orgilus had previously meditated we know not; but the deep and irresistible pathos of this most afflicting scene evidently gives a deadly turn to his wrath.—GIFFORD.

You may live well, and die a good old man :
 By yea and nay, an oath not to be broken,
 If you had joined our hands once in the temple
 ('T was since my father died, for had he lived
 He would have done't), I must have called you
 father.—

Oh, my wreck'd honour ! ruined by those tyrants,
 A cruel brother, and a desperate dotage.
 There is no peace left for a ravish'd wife
 Widow'd by lawless marriage ; to all memory,
 Penthea's, poor Penthea's name is strumpeted ;
 But since her blood was season'd, by the forfeit
 Of noble shame, with mixtures of pollution,
 Her blood—'t is just—be henceforth never heighten'd
 With taste of sustenance ! starve ; let that fulness
 Whose pleurisy hath fever'd faith and modesty—
 Forgive me ; Oh ! I faint.

[Falls into the arms of her attendants.]

Arm. Be not so wilful,
 Sweet niece, to work thine own destruction.

Ith. Nature
 Will call her daughter, monster !—what ! not eat ?
 Refuse the only ordinary means
 Which are ordain'd for life ? be not, my sister,
 A murtheress to thyself.—Hear'st thou this, Bas-
 sanes ?

Bass. Foh ! I am busy ; for I have not thoughts
 Enough to think : all shall be well anon.
 'T is tumbling in my head ; there is a mastery
 In art, to fatten and keep smooth the outside ;
 Yes, and to comfort up the vital spirits
 Without the help of food, fumes or perfumes,—
 Perfumes or fumes. Let her alone ; I'll search out
 The trick on't. *[Aside.]*

Pen. Lead me gently ; heavens reward ye.
 Griefs are sure friends ; they leave, without control,
 Nor cure nor comforts for a leprous soul.

[Exit, supported by CHRIS. and PHIL.]

Bass. I grant ye ; and will put in practice instantly

What you shall still admire: 't is wonderful,
'T is super-singular, not to be match'd;
Yet, when I've done 't, I've done 't:—ye shall all
thank me. [Exit.

Arm. The sight is full of terror.

Ith. On my soul
Lies such an infinite clog of massy dulness,
As that I have not sense enough to feel it.—
See, uncle, the angry thing returns again,
Shall 's welcome him with thunder? we are haunted,
And must use exorcism to conjure down
This spirit of malevolence.

Enter NEARCHUS and AMELUS.

Arm. Mildly, nephew.

Near. I come not, sir, to chide your late disorder;

Admitting that th' inurement to a roughness
In soldiers of your years and fortunes, chiefly,
So lately prosperous, hath not yet shook off
The custom of the war, in hours of leisure;
Nor shall you need excuse, since you 're to render
Account to that fair excellence, the princess,
Who in her private gallery expects it
From your own mouth alone: I am a messenger
But to her pleasure.

Ith. Excellent Nearchus,
Be prince still of my services, and conquer,
Without the combat of dispute; I honour you.

Near. The king is on a sudden indisposed,
Physicians are call'd for; 't were fit, Armostes,
You should be near him.

Arm. Sir, I kiss your hands.

[Exeunt ITHOCLES and ARMOSTES.]

Near. Amelus, I perceive Calantha's bosom
Is warm'd with other fires than such as can
Take strength from any fuel of the love
I might address to her; young Ithocles,
Or ever I mistake, is lord ascendant

Of her devotions: one, to speak him truly,
In every disposition nobly fashion'd.

Ame. But can your highness brook to be so rivall'd,
Considering th' inequality of the persons?

Near. I can, Amelus; for affections, injured
By tyranny, or rigour of compulsion,
Like tempest-threaten'd trees unfirmly rooted,
Ne'er spring to timely growth: observe, for instance,
Life-spent Penthea and unhappy Orgilus.

Ame. How does your grace determine?

Near. To be jealous
In public, of what privately I'll further:
And, though they shall not know, yet they shall
find it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III:

An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter the KING, led by HEMOPHIL and GRONEAS, followed
by ARMOSTES, with a box, CROTOLON, and PROPHILUS.
The KING is placed in a chair.*

Amyc. Our daughter is not near?

Arm. She is retired, sir,
Into her gallery.

Amyc. Where's the prince our cousin?

Pro. New walk'd into the grove, my lord.

Amyc. All leave us
Except Armostes, and you, Crotolon;
We would be private.

Pro. Health unto your majesty.

[*Exeunt PRO. HEM. and GRON.*

Amyc. What! Tecnicus is gone?

Arm. He is, to Delphos;
And to your royal hands presents this box.

Amyc. Unseal it, good Armostes; therein lie
The secrets of the oracle; out with it;

[*ARM. takes out the scroll.*

Apollo live our patron! Read, Armostes.

Arm. *The plot in which the Vine takes root
Begins to dry from head to foot ;
The stock, soon withering, want of sap
Doth cause to quail the budding Grape :
But, from the neighbouring Elm, a dew
Shall drop, and feed the plot anew.*

Amyc. That is the oracle ; what exposition
Makes the philosopher ?

Arm. This brief one, only.

*The plot is Sparta, the dried Vine the king ;
The quailing Grape his daughter ; but the thing
Of most importance, not to be reveal'd,
Is a near prince, the Elm : the rest conceal'd.*

TECNICUS.

Amyc. Enough ; although the opening of this riddle
Be but itself a riddle, yet we construe
How near our labouring age draws to a rest ;
But must Calantha quail too ! that young Grape
Untimely budded ! I could mourn for her ;
Her tenderness hath yet deserv'd no rigour
So to be cross'd by fate.

Arm. You misapply, sir,
With favour let me speak it, what Apollo
Hath clouded in hid sense ; I here conjecture
Her marriage with some neighbouring prince, the
dew

Of which befriending Elm shall ever strengthen
Your subjects with a sovereignty of power.

Crot. Besides, most gracious lord, the pith of ora-
cles

Is to be then digested, when the events
Expound their truth, not brought as soon to light
As utter'd ; Truth is child of Time ; and herein
I find no scruple, rather cause of comfort,
With unity of kingdoms.

Amyc. May it prove so,
For weal of this dear nation !—Where is Ithocles ?—
Armostes, Crotolon, when this wither'd Vine

Of my frail carcass, on the funeral pile,
Is fired into its ashes, let that young man
Be hedged about still with your cares and loves;
Much owe I to his worth, much to his service,—
Let such as wait come in now.

Arm. All attend here!

Enter ITHOYLES, CALANTHA, PROPHILUS, ORGILUS, EU-
PHRANEA, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

Cal. Dear sir! king! father!

Ith. Oh, my royal master!

Amyc. Cleave not my heart, sweet twins of my
life's solace,

With your forejudging fears; there is no physic
So cunningly restorative to cherish
The fall of age, or call back youth and vigour,
As your consents in duty; I will shake off
This languishing disease of time, to quicken
Fresh pleasures in these drooping hours of sad-
ness.

Is fair Euphranea married yet to Prophilus?

Crot. This morning, gracious lord.

Org. This very morning;

Which, with your highness' leave, you may observe
too.

Our sister looks, methinks, mirthful and sprightly,
As if her chaster fancy could already—
Nay, prithee blush not; 't is but honest change
Of fashion in the garment—

Euph. You are pleasant.

Amyc. We thank thee, Orgilus, this mirth becomes
thee.

But wherefore sits the court in such a silence?
A wedding without revels is not seemly.

Cal. Your late indisposition, sir, forbade it.

Amyc. Be it thy charge, Calantha, to set forward
The bridal sports, to which I will be present;
If not, at least consenting;—mine own Ithocles,
I have done little for thee yet.

Ith. You have built me
To the full height I stand in.

Cal. Now or never!—

[*Aside.*

May I propose a suit?

Amyc. Demand, and have it.

Cal. Pray, sir, give me this young man, and no
further

Account him yours, than he deserves in all things
To be thought worthy mine; I will esteem him
According to his merit.

Amyc. Still thou'rt my daughter,
Still grow'st upon my heart. Give me thine hand;
[*To ITH.*

Calantha, take thine own; in noble actions
Thou'lt find him firm and absolute. I would not
Have parted with thee, Ithocles, to any
But to a mistress, who is all what I am.

Ith. A change, great king, most wish'd for, 'cause
the same.

Cal. Thou art mine.—Have I now kept my
word?

Ith. Divinely.

Org. Rich fortunes guard, the favour of a prin
cess

Rock thee, brave man, in ever-crowned plenty!—
You are minion of the time; be thankful for it.

Ho! here 's a swing in destiny—apparent!

The youth is up on tiptoe, yet may stumble. [*Aside.*

Amyc. On to your recreations.—Now convey me
Unto my bedchamber; none on his forehead
Wear a distempered look.

All. The gods preserve you!

Cal. Sweet, be not from my sight.

Ith. My whole felicity!

[*AMYCLAS is carried out.—Exeunt all but ITHOCLES
detained by ORGILUS.*

Org. Shall I be bold, my lord?

Ith. Thou canst not, Orgilus.

Call me thine own; for Prophilus must henceforth

Be all thy sister's; friendship, though it cease not
In marriage, yet is oft at less command
Than when a single freedom can dispose it.

Org. Most right, my most good lord, my most great
lord,

My gracious princely lord, I might add royal.

Ith. Royal! A subject royal?

Org. Why not, pray, sir?

The sovereignty of kingdoms, in their nonage,
Stoop'd to desert, not birth; there's as much merit
In clearness of affection, as in puddle
Of generation; you have conquer'd love
Even in the loveliest: if I greatly err not,
The son of Venus hath bequeath'd his quiver
To Ithocles to manage, by whose arrows
Calantha's breast is open'd.

Ith. Can it be possible?

Org. I was myself a piece of suitor once,
And forward in preferment too; so forward,
That, speaking truth, I may without offence, sir,
Presume to whisper, that my hopes and (hark ye!)
My certainty of marriage stood assured
With as firm footing (by your leave) as any's,
Now, at this very instant—but—

Ith. 'Tis granted:

And for a league of privacy between us,
Read o'er my bosom and partake a secret;
The princess is contracted mine.

Org. Still, why not?

I now applaud her wisdom: when your kingdom
Stands seated in your will, secure and settled,
I dare pronounce you will be a just monarch;
Greece must admire and tremble.

Ith. Then the sweetness
Of so imparadised a comfort, Orgilus!
It is to banquet with the gods.

Org. The glory
Of numerous children, potency of nobles,
Bent knees, hearts pav'd to tread on!

Ith. With a friendship
So dear, so fast as thine.

Org. I am unfitting
For office ; but for service—

Ith. We 'll distinguish
Our fortunes merely in the title ; partners
In all respects else but the bed.

Org. The bed ?
Forefend it, Jove's own jealousy !—till lastly
We slip down in the common earth together,
And there our beds are equal ; save some monu-
ment

To show this was the king, and this the subject—
[*Soft sad music.*
List, what sad sounds are these ? extremely sad
ones.

Ith. Sure from Penthea's lodgings.

Org. Hark ! a voice too.

A SONG *within.*

*Oh, no more, no more, too late
Sighs are spent ; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burnt out : no heat, no light,
Now remains ; 't is ever night.
Love is dead ; let lovers' eyes,
Lock'd in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now love dies,
Now love dies,—implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying.*

Ith. Oh my misgiving heart !

Org. A horrid stillness
Succeeds this deathful air ; let 's know the reason :
Tread softly ; there is mystery in mourning.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Apartment of PENTHEA in the same.

PENTHEA discovered in a chair, veiled; CHRISTALLA and PHILEMA at her feet, mourning. Enter two Servants, with two other chairs, one with an engine.¹

Enter ITHOCLES and ORGILUS.

1 *Serv.* [*Aside to ORG.*] 'T is done; that on her right-hand.

Org. Good! begone. [*Exeunt Servants.*]

Ith. Soft peace enrich this room!

Org. How fares the lady?

Phil. Dead.

Chris.. Dead!

Phil. Starv'd.

Chris. Starv'd!

Ith. Me miserable!

Org. Tell us

How parted she from life?

Phil. She call'd for music,
And begg'd some gentle voice to tune a farewell
To life and griefs; Christalla touch'd the lute,
I wept the funeral song.

¹ Enter two servants with two chairs, one with an engine.] This engine, as it is here called, in correspondence with the homely properties of our old theatres, was neither more nor less than a common elbow-chair, which, by means of a couple of leathern hinges and a yard or two of packthread, was made to cross its arms over the breast of the person seated in it.

In the *Devil's Charter*, which appeared on the stage nearly thirty years before the *Broken Heart*, will be found the following stage-direction.

"Enter Lucretia, with a chair in her hand, which she sets on the stage."

The lady then delivers herself as follows:

Luc. I have devised such a curious snare
As jealous Vulcan never yet devised,
To grasp his armes, unable to resist
Death's instrument enclosed in these hands.

Accordingly Gismond sits down, is "grasped," like Ithocles, and stabbed without resistance by his wife; who retires, as she entered, "with the chair in her hand."—GIFFORD.

Chris. Which scarce was ended,
But her last breath seal'd up these hollow sounds :
" Oh cruel Ithocles, and injured Orgilus !"
So down she drew her veil, so died.

Ith. So died !

Org. Up ! you are messengers of death, go from
us ; [CHRIS. and PHIL. rise.
Here's wo enough to court without a prompter.
Away ; and,—hark ye !—till you see us next,
No syllable that she is dead.—Away,
Keep a smooth brow.—[*Exeunt* CHRIS. and PHIL.]—
My lord.—

Ith. Mine only sister !
Another is not left me.

Org. Take that chair,
I'll seat me here in this : between us sits
The object of our sorrows ; some few tears
We'll part among us : I perhaps can mix
One lamentable story to prepare them.—
There, there ! sit there, my lord.

Ith. Yes, as you please.

[*Sits down, the chair closes upon him.*

What means this treachery ?

Org. Caught ! you are caught,
Young master ! 't is thy throne of coronation,
Thou fool of greatness ! See, I take this veil off ;
Survey a beauty wither'd by the flames
Of an insulting Phaeton, her brother.

Ith. Thou mean'st to kill me basely ?

Org. I foreknew
The last act of her life, and train'd thee hither,
To sacrifice a tyrant to a turtle.
You dream'd of kingdoms, did you ! how to bosom
The delicacies of a youngling princess !
How with this nod to grace that subtle courtier,
How with that frown to make this noble tremble,
And so forth ; while Penthea's groans and tortures,
Her agonies, her miseries, afflictions,
Ne'er touch'd upon your thought ! as for my injuries,

Alas! they were beneath your royal pity;
But yet they lived, thou proud man, to confound
thee.

Behold thy fate; this steel! [*Draws a dagger.*]

Ith. Strike home! A courage
As keen as thy revenge shall give it welcome;
But prithee faint not; if the wound close up,
Tent¹ it with double force, and search it deeply.
Thou look'st that I should whine, and beg compas-
sion,

As loath to leave the vainness of my glories;
A statelier resolution arms my confidence,
To cozen thee of honour; neither² could I,
With equal trial of unequal fortune,
By hazard of a duel; 't were a bravery
Too mighty for a slave intending murder.
On to the execution, and inherit
A conflict with thy horrors.

Org. By Apollo,
Thou talk'st a goodly language! for requital
I will report thee to thy mistress richly;
And take this peace along: some few short minutes
Determin'd, my resolves shall quickly follow
Thy wrathful ghost; then, if we tug for mastery,
Pentheas's sacred eyes shall lend new courage.
Give me thy hand—be healthful in thy parting
From lost mortality! thus, thus I free it. [*Stabs him.*]

Ith. Yet, yet, I scorn to shrink.

Org. Keep up thy spirit:
I will be gentle even in blood; to linger
Pain, which I strive to cure, were to be cruel.

[*Stabs him again.*]

Ith. Nimble in vengeance, I forgive thee! Follow
Safety with best success; oh, may it prosper!—
Pentheas, by thy side thy brother bleeds;

¹ To *tent*, to search as a wound; from *tent*, a roll of lint employed in examining or purifying a deep wound.—NAREN'S GLOSSARY.

² So Mr. Gifford's copy; but the meaning of the passage, like a few others in Ford, is more easy to be guessed at than distinctly understood.

The earnest of his wrongs to thy forced faith.
Thoughts of ambition, or delicious banquet
With beauty, youth, and love, together perish
In my last breath, which on the sacred altar
Of a long-look'd-for peace—now—moves—to hea-
ven. [Dies.

Org. Farewell, fair spring of manhood! hence-
forth welcome

Best expectation of a noble sufferance.

I'll lock the bodies safe, till what must follow
Shall be approved.—Sweet twins, shine stars for
ever!

In vain they build their hopes, whose life is shame;
No monument lasts but a happy name.

[Locks the door, and exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in BASSANES'S House.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. Athens—to Athens I have sent, the nursery
Of Greece for learning, and the fount of know-
ledge;

For here, in Sparta, there's not left among us
One wise man to direct; we are all turn'd madcaps.

'Tis said Apollo is the god of herbs,

Then certainly he knows the virtue of them:

¹ To Delphos I have sent too; if there can be
A help for nature, we are sure yet.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. Honour

Attend thy counsels ever.

Bass. I beseech thee,

With all my heart, let me go from thee quietly;

I will not aught to do with thee, of all men.

The doubles of a hare,—or, in a morning,

Salutes from a splay-footed witch,—to drop
Three drops of blood at th' nose just, and no
more,—

Croaking of ravens, or the screech of owls,
Are not so boding mischief, as thy crossing
My private meditations: shun me, prithee;
And if I cannot love thee heartily,
I'll love thee as well as I can.

Org. Noble Bassanes,
Mistake me not.

Bass. Phew! then we shall be troubled.
Thou wert ordain'd my plague—heaven make me
thankful;

And give me patience, too, heaven, I beseech thee!

Org. Accept a league of amity; for henceforth,
I vow, by my best genius, in a syllable,
Never to speak vexation; I will study
Service and friendship, with a zealous sorrow
For my past incivility towards you.

Bass. Hey-dey, good words, good words! I must
believe 'em,
And be a coxcomb for my labour.

Org. Use not
So hard a language; your misdoubt is causeless:
For instance, if you promise to put on
A constancy of patience, such a patience
As chronicle or history ne'er mention'd,
As follows not example, but shall stand
A wonder, and a theme for imitation,
The first, the index pointing to a second,¹
I will acquaint you with an unmatch'd secret,
Whose knowledge to your griefs shall set a period.

Bass. Thou canst not, Orgilus: 't is in the power
Of the gods only; yet, for satisfaction,
Because I note an earnest in thine utterance,

¹ Orgilus alludes to the *index-hand* (☞), so common in the margins of our old books, and which served to direct the reader's attention to such passages as the author wished to recommend to particular notice.
—GIFFORD.

Unforced, and naturally free, be resolute,¹
The virgin-bays shall not withstand the lightning
With a more careless danger, than my constancy
The full of thy relation; could it move
Distraction in a senseless marble statue,
It should find me a rock: I do expect now
Some truth of unheard moment.

Org. To your patience
You must add privacy, as strong in silence
As mysteries lock'd up in Jove's own bosom.

Bass. A scull hid in the earth a treble age
Shall sooner prate.

Org. Lastly, to such direction
As the severity of a glorious action
Deserves to lead your wisdom and your judgment,
You ought to yield obedience.

Bass. With assurance
Of will and thankfulness.

Org. With manly courage,
Please then to follow me.

Bass. Where'er, I fear not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A State Room in the Palace.

A Flourish.—*Enter* EUPHRANEA, *led by* GRONEAS *and* HEMOPHIL; *led by* CHRISTALLA *and* PHILEMA; *NEARCHUS supporting* CALANTHA; *CROTOLON and* AMELUS.

Cal. We miss our servant Ithocles, and Orgilus;
On whom attend they?

Crot. My son, gracious princess,
Whisper'd some new device, to which these revels
Should be but usher; wherein I conceive
Lord Ithocles and he himself are actors.

¹ i. e. be persuaded, assured, &c.

Cal. A fair excuse for absence : as for Bassanes, Delights to him are troublesome ; Armestes Is with the king ?

Crot. He is.

Cal. On to the dance !

Cousin, hand you the bride ; the bridegroom must be Intrusted to my courtship. Be not jealous, Euphranea ; I shall scarcely prove a temptress.—
Fall to our dance.

THE REVELS.

Music.—NEARCHUS dances with EUPHRANEA, PROPHILUS with CALANTHA, CHRISTALLA with HEMOPHIL, PHILEMA with GRONEAS.

They DANCE the first change ; during which ARMESTES enters.

Arm. [*whispers CAL.*] The king your father's dead.

Cal. To the other change.

Arm. Is 't possible ?

They DANCE the second change.

Enter BASSANES.

Bass. [*whispers CAL.*] Oh madam !
Penthea, poor Penthea's starv'd.

Cal. Beshrew thee !—

Lead to the next.

Bass. Amazement dulls my senses.

They DANCE the third change.

Enter ORGILUS.

Org. [*whispers CAL.*] Brave Ithocles is murder'd, murder'd cruelly.

Cal. How dull this music sounds ! Strike up more sprightly ;

Our footings are not active like our heart,
Which treads the nimbler measure.

Org. I am thunderstruck !

The last CHANGE.

Cal. So! let us breathe a while.—[*Music ceases.*]

—Hath not this motion

Rais'd fresher colours on our cheeks?

Near. Sweet princess,

A perfect purity of blood enamels

The beauty of your white.

Cal. We all look cheerfully:

And, cousin, 't is methinks a rare presumption

In any who prefer our lawful pleasures

Before their own sour censure, to interrupt

The custom of this ceremony bluntly.

Near. None dares, lady.

Cal. Yes, yes; some hollow voice deliver'd to me

How that the king was dead.

Arm. The king is dead:

That fatal news was mine; for in mine arms

He breath'd his last, and with his crown bequeath'd

you

Your mother's wedding-ring; which here I tender.

Crot. Most strange!

Cal. Peace crown his ashes! We are queen
then.

Near. Long live Calantha! Sparta's sovereign
queen!

All. Long live the queen!

Cal. What whisper'd Bassanes?

Bass. That my Penthea, miserable soul,
Was starv'd to death.

Cal. She's happy; she hath finish'd
A long and painful progress.—A third murmur
Pierced mine unwilling ears.

Org. That Ithocles
Was murder'd;—rather butcher'd, had not bravery
Of an undaunted spirit, conquering terror,
Proclaim'd his last act triumph over ruin.

Arm. How! murder'd!

Cal. By whose hand?

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Org. By mine; this weapon
Was instrument to my revenge; the reasons
Are just, and known: quit him of these, and then
Never lived gentleman of greater merit,
Hope, or abiliment to steer a kingdom.

Crot. Fy, Orgilus!

Euph. Fy, brother!

Cal. You have done it?

Bass. How it was done, let him report, the forfeit

Of whose allegiance to our laws doth covet
Rigour of justice; but, that done it is,
Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit
Too sure to be convinced.¹ Armostes, rend not
Thine arteries with hearing the bare circumstances
Of these calamities: thou hast lost a nephew,
A niece, and I a wife: continue man still;
Make me the pattern of digesting evils,
Who can outlive my mighty ones, not shrinking
At such a pressure as would sink a soul
Into what's most of death, the worst of horrors.
But I have seal'd a covenant with sadness,
And enter'd into bonds without condition,
To stand these tempests calmly; mark me, nobles,
I do not shed a tear, not for Penthea!
Excellent misery!

Cal. We begin our reign
With a first act of justice: thy confession,
Unhappy Orgilus, dooms thee a sentence;
But yet thy father's or thy sister's presence
Shall be excus'd. Give, Crotolon, a blessing
To thy lost son; Euphranea, take a farewell,
And both be gone.

Crot. [to *ORG.*] Confirm thee, noble sorrow,
In worthy resolution!

¹ *Mine eyes have been an evidence of credit*

Too sure to be convinced.] *Convince* is used here in the primitive sense of *conquered, overthrown*. In modern terms, "my evidence is too true to be confuted."—GIFFORD

Euph. Could my tears speak,
My griefs were slight.

Org. All goodness dwell among ye!
Enjoy my sister, Prophilus; my vengeance
Aim'd never at thy prejudice.

Cal. Now withdraw.

[*Exeunt CROT. PRO. and EUPH.*]

Bloody relater of thy stains in blood,
For that thou hast reported him, whose fortunes
And life by thee are both at once snatch'd from
him,

With honourable mention, make thy choice
Of what death likes thee best; there's all our
bounty.

But to excuse delays, let me, dear cousin,
Entreat you and these lords see execution,
Instant, before you part.

Near. Your will commands us.

Org. One suit, just queen, my last: vouchsafe your
clemency,

That by no common hand I be divided
From this my humble frailty.

Cal. To their wisdoms

Who are to be spectators of thine end,
I make the reference: those that are dead,
Are dead; had they not now died, of necessity
They must have paid the debt they owed to nature,
One time or other.—Use despatch, my lords;
We'll suddenly prepare our coronation.

[*Exeunt CAL. PHIL. and CHRIS.*]

Arm. 'Tis strange, these tragedies should never
touch on

Her female pity.

Bass. She has a masculine spirit:
And wherefore should I pule, and, like a girl,
Put finger in the eye? let's be all toughness,
Without distinction betwixt sex and sex.

Near. Now, Orgilus, thy choice?

Org. To bleed to death.

Arm. The executioner?

Org. Myself, no surgeon;
I am well skill'd in letting blood. Bind fast
This arm, that so the pipes may from their conduits
Convey a full stream; here's a skilful instrument:
[Shows his dagger.]

Only I am a beggar to some charity
To speed me in this execution,
By lending th' other prick to th' other arm,
When this is bubbling life out.

Bass. I am for you,
It most concerns my art, my care, my credit;
Quick fillet both his arms.

Org. Gramercy, friendship!
Such courtesies are real, which flow cheerfully
Without an expectation of requital.
Reach me a staff in this hand.—*[They give him a staff.¹]*—If a proneness,
Or custom in my nature, from my cradle,
Had been inclined to fierce and eager bloodshed,
A coward guilt, hid in a coward quaking,
Would have betray'd me to ignoble flight,
And vagabond pursuit of dreadful safety;
But look upon my steadiness, and scorn not
The sickness of my fortune; which, since Bassanes
Was husband to Penthea, had lain bedrid.
We trifle time in words:—thus I show cunning
In opening of a vein too full, too lively.

[Pierces the vein with his dagger.]

Arm. Desperate courage!

Near. Honourable infamy!

Hem. I tremble at the sight.

Gron. 'Would I were loose!

Bass. It sparkles like a lusty wine new broach'd;
The vessel must be sound from which it issues.
Grasp hard this other stick—I'll be as nimble—
But prithee, look not pale—Have at ye!—stretch out

¹ This was for the purpose of being grasped during the bleeding; a practice familiar to every village doctor in the kingdom.—GIFFORD.

Thine arm with vigour, and unshak[en] virtue.

[Opens the vein.

Good! oh, I envy not a rival, fitted
To conquer in extremities: this pastime
Appears majestic; some high-tuned poem,
Hereafter, shall deliver to posterity
The writer's glory, and his subject's triumph.
How is 't, man?—droop not yet.

Org. I feel no palsies.

On a pair-royal do I wait in death;
My sovereign as his liegeman; on my mistress,
As a devoted servant; and on Ithocles,
As if no brave, yet no unworthy enemy:
Nor did I use an engine to entrap
His life, out of a slavish fear to combat
Youth, strength, or cunning;¹ but for that I durst
not

Engage the goodness of a cause on fortune,
By which his name might have outfaced my ven-
geance.

Oh, Tecnicus, inspired with Phœbus' fire!

I call to mind thy augury, 't was perfect;

Revenge proves its own executioner.

When feeble man is bending to his mother,
The dust he was first framed on, thus he totters—

Bass. Life's fountain is dried up.

Org. So falls the standard

Of my prerogative in being a creature!

A mist hangs o'er mine eyes, the sun's bright splen-
dour

Is clouded in an everlasting shadow;

Welcome, thou ice, that sit'st about my heart,

No heat can ever thaw thee.

[Dies.

Near. Speech hath left him.

Bass. He hath shook hands with time; his funeral
urn

¹ *Youth, strength, or cunning,*] i. e. practical skill in the use of arms.
—Gifford.

Shall be my charge : remove the bloodless body.
 The coronation must require attendance ;
 That past, my few days can be but one mourning.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Temple.

An Altar covered with white ; two lights of virgin wax upon it. Recorders ; during which enter Attendants, bearing ITHOCLES on a hearse, in a rich robe, with a crown on his head ; and place him on the one side of the Altar. After which, enter CALANTHA, in white, crowned, attended by EUPHRANEA, PHILEMA, and CHRISTALLA, also in white ; NEARCHUS, ARMOSTES, CROTON, PROPHILUS, AMELUS, BASSANES, HEMOPHIL, and GRONEAS.

CALANTHA kneels before the Altar, the Ladies kneeling behind her, the rest stand off. The Recorders cease during her devotions. Soft music. CALANTHA and the rest rise, doing obeisance to the Altar.

Cal. Our orisons are heard ; the gods are merciful.
 Now tell me, you, whose loyalties pay tribute
 To us your lawful sovereign, how unskilful
 Your duties or obedience is, to render
 Subjection to the sceptre of a virgin,
 Who have been ever fortunate in princes
 Of masculine and stirring composition ?
 A woman has enough to govern wisely
 Her own demeanours, passions, and divisions.
 A nation warlike, and inured to practice
 Of policy and labour, cannot brook
 A feminine authority ; we therefore
 Command your counsel, how you may advise us
 In choosing of a husband, whose abilities
 Can better guide this kingdom.

Near. Royal lady,
Your law is in your will.

Arm. We have seen tokens
Of constancy too lately to mistrust it.

Crot. Yet, if your highness settle on a choice,
By your own judgment both allow'd and lik'd of,
Sparta may grow in power, and proceed
To an increasing height. ~

Cal. Hold you the same mind? . . .

Bass. Alas, great mistress! ~~reason~~ is so clouded
With the thick darkness of my infinite woes,
That I forecast nor dangers, hopes, or safety.
Give me some corner of the world to wear out
The remnant of the minutes I must number,
Where I may hear no sounds, but sad complaints
Of virgins, who have lost contracted partners;
Of husbands howling that their wives were ravish'd
By some untimely fate; of friends divided
By churlish opposition; or of fathers
Weeping upon their children's slaughtered car-
casses;

Or daughters, groaning o'er their fathers' hearses.
And I can dwell there, and with these keep consort
As musical as theirs. What can you look for
From an old, foolish, peevish, doting man,
But craziness of age?

Cal. Cousin of Argos!

Near. Madam.

Cal. Were I presently
To choose you for my lord, I'll open freely
What articles I would propose to treat on,
Before our marriage.

Near. Name them, virtuous lady.

Cal. I would presume you would retain the royalty
Of Sparta in her own bounds; then in Argos
Armestes might be viceroy; in Messene
Might Crotolon bear sway; and Bassanes—

Bass. I, queen? alas! what, I?

Cal. Be Sparta's marshal;

The multitudes of high employments could not
 But set a peace to private griefs. These gentlemen,
 Groneas and Hemophil, with worthy pensions,
 Should wait upon your person, in your chamber;
 I would bestow Christalla on Amelus,
 She 'll prove a constant wife; and Philema
 Should into Vesta's temple.

Bass. This is a testament!

It sounds not like conditions on a marriage.

Near. All this should be perform'd.

Cal. Lastly, ~~the~~ Prophilus;

He should be, ~~cousin~~, solemnly invested
 In all those honours, titles, and preferments
 Which his dear friend, and my neglected husband,
 Too short a time enjoyed.

Pro. I am unworthy

To live in your remembrance.

Euph. Excellent lady!

Near. Madam, what means that word, "neglected husband?"

Cal. Forgive me:—now I turn to thee' thou shadow
 Of my contracted lord! Bear witness all,
 I put my mother's wedding ring upon
 His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.

[Places a ring on the finger of ITHOCLES.]

Thus I new-marry him, whose wife I am:
 Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
 I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,
 When one news straight came huddling on another,
 Of death! and death! and death! still I danced forward!

But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
 Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries,

Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
 Yet live to [court] new pleasures, and outlive them:
 They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings;

Let me die smiling.

Near. 'T is a truth too ominous.

Cal. One kiss on these cold lips, my last!—(*kisses*
ITH.)—crack, crack—

Argos now 's Sparta's king. Command the voices
Which wait at th' altar, now to sing the song
I fitted for my end.

Near. Sirs, the song!

DIRGE.

Cho. Glories, pleasures, pomp, ~~and~~ delights, and
ease,

Can but please

[*The*] outward senses, when the mind
Is [*or*] untroubled, or by peace refined.

First Voice. Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.

Second. Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.

Third. Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Cho. Sorrows mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care,
Love only reigns in death; though art
Can find no comfort for a BROKEN HEART.

Arm. Look to the queen!

Bass. Her "heart is broke" indeed.

Oh, royal maid, would thou hadst miss'd this part'
Yet 't was a brave one. I must weep to see
Her smile in death.

Arm. Wise Tecnicus! thus said he.

When youth is ripe, and age from time doth part,
The lifeless Trunk shall wed the Broken Heart
'T is here fulfilled.

Near. I am your king.

All. Long live

Nearchus, king of Sparta!

Near. Her last will

Shall never be digress'd from ; wait in order
 Upon these faithful lovers, as becomes us.—
 The counsels of the gods are never known,
 Till men can call the effects of them their own.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ "I do not know," says Mr. Lamb, who brings to the perusal of our old dramatists a sensibility almost painfully exquisite, "where to find, in any play, a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is indeed, according to Milton, to 'describe high passions and high actions.' The *scène* of the Spartan Boy, who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died without expressing a groan, is a saint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit, and exenteration of the inmost mind, which Calantha; with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered till the last duties of a wife and a queen are fulfilled.—But Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity, not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has full residence in the heart of man, in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds."—LAMB'S *Specimens of Dramatic Poets.*

EPILOGUE.

WHERE noble judgments and clear eyes are fix'd
 To grace endeavour, there sits truth, not mix'd
 With ignorance ; those censures may command
 Belief, which talk not, till they understand.
 Let some say, *This was flat* ; some, *Here the scene*
Fell from its height ; another, *That the mean*
Was ill observed, in such a growing passion,
As it transcended either state or fashion.
 Some few may cry, '*T was pretty well*, or so,
 But——and there shrug in silence : yet we know
 Our writer's aim was, in the whole, address'd
 Well to deserve of ALL, but please the BEST ;
 Which granted, by th' allowance of this strain,
 The BROKEN HEART may be pieced up again.

PERKIN WARBECK.

PERKIN WARBECK.] The youth of Margaret of Burgundy had been **unfruitful**; but her age—to borrow the quaint language which Ford has thought fit to adopt from Sir W. Warham—gave birth “to two tall striplings, able, soon after their coming into the world, to give battle to mighty kings.” It need hardly be observed, that of these monstrous births, the one was the notorious Lambert **Sinuel**, and the other the hero of the following drama.

The reader of Perkin Warbeck must not expect much of that delight which is derived from the artful intricacies and skilful development of a well-conducted fable. The play itself is styled by its author a “Chronicle History;”¹ it follows accordingly the march of events, and stretches over a considerable period of time; and it must be confessed that the tone of the dialogue does not always afford a sufficient relief for the languor with which the plot “drags its dull length along.” It is to the delineation of character, therefore, that the reader of Perkin Warbeck must look for his principal source of gratification; and that gratification, his feelings will soon tell him, is rather to be supplied from Scotland than England, in which two countries the scene is alternately laid. A stronger opposition might, perhaps,

¹ “Some have supposed,” says Mr. Malone, “that Shakspeare was the first dramatic poet who introduced dramas formed on the *Chronicles*; but this is an undoubted error. Every one of the subjects on which he constructed his historical plays appears to have been brought upon the scene before his time.” It is clear, indeed, from the curious volume of Gosson, that the *Chronicles* had been ransacked for plays before 1580, while Shakspeare perhaps, as Aubrey says, was “killing calves in fine style;” and, for very obvious reasons, this species of dramatic entertainment seems to have been held in no small request by our ancestors. “Plays,” says Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors* (printed in 1612), “have taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of our *English Chronicles*; and what man have you now of that weake capacity that, being possess of their true use, cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from *William the Conqueror* until this day?” Hence, in the introduction to an old tragedy called “A Warning for Fair Women,” we find Tragedy, Comedy, and History personified, and each claiming superiority and possession of the stage. Tragedy threatens to scourge and kick her two competitors from off the stage, and, indeed, actually applies the whip to them; but History remains, nevertheless, undaunted:

“And, Tragedie, although to-day thou raigne,
To-morrow here I’ll domineere againe.”

have been given to the characters of the Scotch and English monarchs ; but still the wary, politic, and far-sighted Henry is not a little in contrast with the chivalrous and romantic James ; and the incidents which distinguish the courts of the two monarchs are in fair keeping with the complexion of those who sway them. In the one we have solemn councils of state ; detected conspiracies and defections ; secret embassies, wisely conceived and dexterously managed ; preparations for war vigorously adopted and steadily pursued : in the other are exhibited snatches of court-delights and bridal gayeties ; a princely sympathy with unfortunate greatness ; that brilliant personal courage which to many minds forms an excuse for every other defect, and which was here wanted, not only to cover weak and vacillating councils, and enterprises hastily assumed and as hastily dropped, but to atone for errors which do not lie so immediately upon the surface. Mr. Gifford has characterized the Henry of our author as cold, calculating, stern, shrewd, and avaricious. These are harsh epithets, for which some qualification might surely have been found in the burst of feeling and emotion which breaks from him when the name of Stanley is found in the band of conspirators against his royal power and person,—in his princely munificence to the wife of his vanquished rival,—in his sympathy with the fallen fortunes of Dalyell,—in the indignation which breaks from him at the bare supposition that his interests have been served at the expense of religious propriety,—and even in the liberal treatment which Warbeck and his followers receive when the chances of war first throw them into his hands. That these redeeming traits in Henry's character should have escaped Mr. Gifford's acute observation is not less remarkable than that he should overlook the flaw in James's generosity, of which the outward credit is allowed to rest with himself, but of which the real cost is paid by one of the noblest and most loyal of his subjects,—the poor broken-hearted Earl of Huntley.

But it is not on the characters of either James or Henry that the reader's attention will soon learn to rest. Huntley, Dalyell, the Lady Katherine Gordon, and Jane Douglas are four such creations as we might almost imagine the modern magician of the north to have shadowed forth, but which, under his hands, would have expanded into a breadth and

depth of effect which it is no derogation to say that the genius of Ford, powerful and mighty as it is, was incapable of giving. The very first speech of Huntley—his fluctuation between a sense of real and artificial greatness, and the honest heart which finally throws the casting weight into the right scale—wins for him a regard which his strong parental feelings, his blunt, bluff language, and that strong sense of right, which, even in scenes most trying to a father's heart, is sure to gain a final victory over his feelings and prejudices, maintain undiminished, or rather continue to increase, till the very close of the drama. The personal charms of his daughter, the Lady Katherine Gordon, have been consecrated even in the page of history; "the name of the White Rose," as Bacon prettily observes, "which had been given to her husband's false title, having been continued to her true beauty." But outward beauty was the least recommendation of Huntley's daughter. With such filial feelings as the Lady Katherine possessed, the honeyed accents of Warbeck's tongue and the princely fascinations of his language may be supposed to have gained a readier conquest than strict consistency admitted; but if she sinks at all in her character as a daughter, it is only to rise in her character as a wife. A more perfect specimen of conjugal tenderness and constancy than the Lady Katherine exhibits will not easily be found; and that Ford should have disfigured this fine picture by a debasing trait for which there was no occasion, and which he must have known to be at variance with historical facts,¹ is one of those pieces of gratuitous folly for which the mind is at a loss to account. His judgment did not thus betray him in delineating her wedded lord. The character of Warbeck is maintained with admirable consistency throughout. He utters on all occasions the language of a prince and a Plantagenet. "No colloquies, no side-speeches," as Mr. Gifford justly observes, "are allowed to compromise his public assertions." When the Scottish king grows "frosty and wayward,"—when the treacherous Frion's tongue is leaning to the weak part of his story,—in the utmost wreck of his fortunes and his hopes,—in imprisonment, and at the axe's edge,—his identity with the Duke of York is never suffered to betray itself in a single thought or expression.

¹ See notes in p. 307, 322.

———If? If I will appear?

Appear a prince? Death throttle such deceits,
 Even in their birth of utterance!—Cursed cozenage
 Of trust!—You make me mad. *There best, it seems,*
 That I should turn impostor to myself,
 Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
 Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed—
 Of a prince murder'd, and a living baffled.

Mr. Gifford's testimony to the humbler characters in this drama, though sufficiently encomiastic, is much too valuable to be omitted. "In most of Ford's tragedies the trivial and comic personages are poorly drawn: if they attempt to be witty, they usually fall into low buffoonery; and if they aim at a scene of mirth, are sure to create sadness or disgust. The low characters of this play do neither. They are uniformly sustained; their language, though technical, is not repulsive; and the style of that wise piece of formality, the Mayor of Cork, who does not venture on one positive expression from first to last, is not only supported with undeviating skill, but rendered really amusing."

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

**EARL OF NEWCASTLE, VISCOUNT MANSFIELD, LORD
BOLSOVER AND OGLE.**

MY LORD,

Out of the darkness of a former age (enlightened by a late both learned and an honourable pen),² I have endeavoured to personate a great attempt, and, in it, a greater danger. In other *labours* you may read actions of antiquity discoursed; in *this abridgment* find the actors themselves

¹ "William Cavendish (nephew to the first Earl of Devonshire), Lord Ogle," Collins says, "*jure materno*, was born in the year 1592, and was early in favour with James I., by whom he was made a knight of the Bath in 1610, and created a peer, by the title of Viscount Mansfield, in 1623. He continued in favour with Charles I., who created him Earl of Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1628, and Marquis six years afterward. In 1638, the king assigned him the office of governor to the Prince of Wales." For more than half a century the house of this distinguished nobleman was open to every man of genius and learning. He was more particularly the friend and munificent patron of Ben Jonson, whose connexion with the family appears to have been of long and close continuance, and whose assistance was called for by them on all occasions of mirth or melancholy, whether in the supply of monumental inscriptions, or in furnishing interludes for those splendid entertainments which his patron was accustomed to give, and which appear to have been the astonishment of the times. "God be thanked," says the Earl of Clarendon, emphatically, when mentioning that which the earl gave to Charles I. on his journey into Scotland; "God be thanked, that though this stupendous entertainment might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man ever after in those days imitated it." For an account of the public services of the Earl of Newcastle, for proofs of his devotion and unshaken fidelity to his royal and unfortunate master, the reader is referred to the pages of the same excellent historian. A long, and elaborate character of the earl will be found in the second volume, from which we extract such passages as serve to show his attachment to literature and the fine arts.

"He was a very fine gentleman, active, and full of courage, and most

² *Learned and honourable pen.*] That of the great Lord Bacon. He alludes to his "*History of King Henry VII.*"—Gifford.

discoursing; in some kind practised as well *what* to speak as speaking *why* to do. Your lordship is a most competent judge in expressions of such credit, commissioned by your known ability in examining, and enabled by your knowledge in determining, the monuments of Time.¹ Eminent titles may, indeed, inform *who* their owners are, but often *what*. To ~~omit~~, the addition of that information in both cannot in any ~~circumstance~~ be observed flattery, the authority being ~~supported~~ by truth. I can only acknowledge the errors in ~~writing mine own~~; the worthiness of the subject written being a perfection in the story and of it. The custom of your lordship's entertainments (even to strangers) is rather an example than a fashion; in which consideration I dare not profess a curiosity: but am only studious that your lordship will please, among ~~such~~ as best honour your goodness, to admit into your ~~noble~~ construction,

JOHN FORD.

accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing, and fencing which accompany a good breeding, in which his delight was. Besides that, he was ~~amorous~~ in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time; and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure, which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour, and ambition to serve the king when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him and by him."

* * * * *

"In all actions of the field he was still present, and never absent in any battle; in all which he gave instances of an invincible courage and fearlessness in danger, in which the exposing himself notoriously did sometimes change the fortune of the day when his troops began to give ground. Such ~~articles~~ of action were no sooner over than he retired to his delightful ~~company~~, music, or his softer pleasures; to all which he was so indulgent, ~~and to his ease~~, that he would not be interrupted upon what occasion soever, insomuch as he sometimes denied admission to the chiefest officers of the army, even to General King himself, for two days together, from whence many inconveniences fell out."—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. ii. b. 8.

¹ *The monuments of Time*, i. e. such as are destined to live to future ages; a compliment somewhat too high even for this great and good man, whose judgment in matters of mere literature never possessed that commanding influence which the grateful poet seems inclined to endow him with.—GIFFORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HENRY VII.

Lord DAWBENEY.

Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, lord chamberlain.

Earl of OXFORD.

Earl of SURREY.

FOX, bishop of Durham.

URSWICK, chaplain to the king.

Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD.

LAMBERT SIMNEL.

HALAS, a Spanish agent.

JAMES IV. King of Scotland.

Earl of HUNTLEY.

Earl of CRAWFORD.

Lord DALYELL.

MARCHMONT, a herald.

PERKIN WARBECK.

STEPHEN FRION, his secretary.

JOHN A-WATER, mayor of Cork.

HERON, a mercer.

SKETON, a tailor.

ASTLEY, a scrivener.

Lady KATHERINE GORDON.

Countess of CRAWFORD.

JANE DOUGLAS, Lady KATHERINE's attendant.

*Sheriff, Constables, Officers, Guards, Serving-men, Maskers
and Soldiers.*

SCENE, partly in England, partly in Scotland.

PERKIN WARBECK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Westminster.—The Royal Presence-chamber.

Enter King HENRY, supported to the throne by the Bishop of DURHAM and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, Earl of OXFORD, Earl of SURREY, and Lord DAWBENEY.—A Guard.

K. Hen. STILL to be haunted, still to be pursued,
Still to be frightened with false apparitions
Of pageant majesty, and new-coin'd greatness,
As if we were a mockery king in state,
Only ordain'd to lavish sweat and blood,
In scorn and laughter, to the ghosts of York,
Is all below our merits; yet, my lords,
My friends and counsellors, yet we sit fast
In our own royal birthright: the rent face
And bleeding wounds of England's slaughter'd
people,
Have been by us, as by the best physician,
At last both thoroughly cured, and set in safety;
And yet, for all this glorious work of peace,
Ourselves is scarce secure.

Dur. The rage of malice
Conjures fresh spirits with the spells of York.
For ninety years ten English kings and princes,
Threescore great dukes and earls, a thousand lords
And valiant knights, two hundred fifty thousand
Of English subjects have, in civil wars,
Been sacrificed to an uncivil thirst

Of discord and ambition: this hot vengeance
 Of the just Powers above, to utter ruin
 And desolation, had reign'd on, but that
 Mercy did gently sheath the sword of justice,
 In lending to this blood-shrunk commonwealth
 A new soul, new birth, in your sacred person.

Daw. Edward the Fourth, after a doubtful fortune,
 Yielded to nature, leaving to his sons,
 Edward and Richard, the inheritance
 Of a most bloody purchase; these young princes,
 Richard the tyrant, their unnatural uncle,
 Forced to a violent grave; so just is Heaven!
 Him hath your majesty, by your own arm
 Divinely strengthen'd, pull'd from his boar's sty,¹
 And struck the black usurper to a carcass.
 Nor doth the house of York decay in honours,
 Though Lancaster doth repossess his right;
 For Edward's daughter is King Henry's queen:
 A blessed union, and a lasting blessing
 For this poor panting island, if some shreds,
 Some useless remnant of the house of York
 Grudge not at this content.

Oxf. Margaret of Burgundy
 Blows fresh coals of division.

Sur. Painted fires,
 Without or heat to scorch or light to cherish.

Daw. York's headless trunk, her father; Edward's
 fate,
 Her brother, king; the smothering of her nephews
 By tyrant Gloster, brother to her nature,
 Nor Gloster's own confusion (all decrees
 Sacred in heaven), can move this woman-monster,
 But that she still, from the unbottom'd mine
 Of devilish policies, doth vent the ore
 Of troubles and sedition.

¹ —————pull'd from his boar's sty.] This contemptuous allusion to the armorial bearings of Richard III. is very common in our old writers. Shakspeare has it frequently in his tragedy of this usurper.—
 GIFFORD.

Oxf. In her age—

Great sir, observe the wonder—she grows fruitful,
Who, in her strength of youth, was always barren ;
Nor are her births as other mothers' are,
At nine or ten months' end ; she has been with
child

Eight, or seven years at least ; whose twins being
born

(A prodigy in nature), even the youngest
Is fifteen years of age at his first entrance,
As soon as known i' th' world tall striplings, strong
And able to give battle unto kings ;
Idols of Yorkish malice.

[*Daw.*] And but idols ;

A steely hammer crushes them to pieces.

K. Hen. Lambert, the eldest, lords, is in our
service,

Preferr'd by an officious care of duty
From the scullery to a falconer ; strange example !
Which shows the difference between noble natures
And the base-born : but for the upstart duke,
The new-revived York, Edward's second son,
Murder'd long since i' th' Tower ; he lives again,
And vows to be your king.

Stan. The throne is fill'd, sir.

K. Hen. True, Stanley ; and the lawful heir sits
on it :

A guard of angels, and the holy prayers
Of loyal subjects are a sure defence

Against all force and counsel of intrusion.—

But now, my lords, put case, some of our nobles,
Our Great Ones, should give countenance and
courage

To trim duke Perkin ; you will all confess
Our bounties have unthriftilly been scatter'd
Among unthankful men.

Daw. Unthankful beasts,
Dogs, villains, traitors !

K. Hen. Dawbeney, let the guilty

Keep silence ; I accuse none, though I know
Foreign attempts against a state and kingdom
Are seldom without some great friends at home.

Stan. Sir, if no other abler reasons else
Of duty or allegiance could divert
A headstrong resolution, yet the dangers
So lately past by men of blood and fortunes
In Lambert Simnel's party,¹ must command
More than a fear, a terror to conspiracy.
The high-born Lincoln, son to De la Pole,
The earl of Kildare ([the] lord Geraldine),
Francis lord Lovell, and the German baron,
Bold Martin Swart,² with Broughton and the rest
(Most spectacles of ruin, some of mercy),
Are precedents sufficient to forewarn
The present times, or any that live in them,
What folly, nay, what madness 't were to lift
A finger up in ~~all~~ defence but yours,
Which can be but impostorous in a title.

K. Hen. Stanley, we know thou lov'st us, and thy
heart

Is figur'd on thy tongue ; nor think we less
Of any's here.—How closely we have hunted
This cub (since he unlodg'd) from hole to hole,
Your knowledge is our chronicle ; first Ireland,
The common stage of novelty, presented
This gewgaw to oppose us ; there the Geraldines
And Butlers once again stood in support
Of this colossic statue : Charles of France
Thence call'd him into his protection,

¹ *Simnel's party.*] *Simnel's* party (for he himself was a mere puppet in the hands of the Earl of Lincoln) was utterly defeated in the battle of Newark.

² "Bold Martin Swart," one of the most celebrated of those soldiers of fortune who, in that age, traversed Europe with a band of mercenaries, ready to fight for the first person that would pay them, fell in this action, after "performing bravely," as the noble historian says, "with his Germans." Lambert was taken prisoner. Henry saved his life, for which Bacon produces many good reasons, and advanced him first to the dignity of a turnspit in his own kitchen, and subsequently to that of an under-falconer.—GIRFORD.

Dissembled him the lawful heir of England ;
 Yet this was all but French dissimulation,
 Aiming at peace with us ; which, being granted
 On honourable terms on our part, suddenly
 This smoke of straw was pack'd from France again,
 T' infect some grosser air : and now we learn
 (Maugre the malice of the bastard Nevill,
 Sir¹ Taylor, and a hundred English rebels)
 They're all retired to Flanders, to the dam
 That nursed this eager whelp, Margaret of Bur-
 gundy.

But we will hunt him there too ! we will hunt him,
 Hunt him to death, even in the beldam's closet,
 Though the archduke were his buckler !

Sur. She has styled him,
 "The fair white rose of England."

Daw. Jolly gentleman !
 More fit to be a swabber to the Flemish,
 After a drunken surfeit.

Enter URSWICK.

Urs. Gracious sovereign,
 Please you peruse this paper. [*The king reads.*]

Dur. The king's countenance
 Gathers a sprightly blood.

Daw. Good news ; believe it.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear.²—Thou hast lodged
 him ?

¹ Sir Taylor is a very unusual method of designating a knight ; but perhaps the king does it in scorn.—GIFFORD.

² *Urswick, thine ear.*] Christopher U^{rs}wick was at this time almoner to the king. He had been chaplain to the Countess of Richmond, who afterward married Thomas Lord Stanley, the elder brother of Sir W. Stanley, the person here implicated ; and was trusted by this nobleman with the correspondence between him and Richmond (Henry VII.), and therefore, perhaps, much in his confidence and esteem. His eager importunity to betray the brother of his former patron argues but little for his character ; but in those days much consistency is rarely to be found. Weaver, who gives his epitaph (by which it appears that he possessed and resigned several high stations in the church), concludes thus—
 "Here let him rest, as an example for all unjust prelates to admire, and for few or none to imitate."—The news which U^{rs}wick now communi-

Urs. Strongly safe, sir.

K. Hen. Enough,—is Barley come too?

Urs. ~~Yes~~, my lord.

K. Hen. No matter—phew! he's but a running weed,

At pleasure to be pluck'd up by the roots;
But more of this anon.—I have bethought me.
My lords, for reasons which you shall partake,
It is our pleasure to remove our court
From Westminster to the Tower:¹ we will lodge
This very night there; give, lord chamberlain
A present order for it.

Stan. The Tower!—[*Aside.*]—I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Come, my true, best, fast friends, these
clouds will vanish,
The sun will shine at full; the heavens are clearing.
[*Flourish.—Exeunt.*]

ated was evidently ~~that~~ of his having privately brought the double traitor Clifford, the confidential agent of Warbeck's party, to England.

Sir Robert Clifford and Master William Barley, Lord Bacon says, "were the only two who adventured their fortunes openly—sent, indeed, from the party of the conspirators here to understand the truth of what passed in Flanders, and not without some help of money from hence, to be provisionally delivered, if they were satisfied that there was truth in these pretences."

Clifford, it appears, was soon won to give up his employers. Master Barley, for whom Henry next inquires, did not betray his cause quite so speedily, nor trust quite so readily to the king's clemency as Clifford; in the end, however, he also returned to England, and was pardoned.—GIFFORD.

¹ Lord Bacon well accounts for this sudden resolution of the king. "The place of the Tower was chosen to that end, that if Clifford should accuse any of the great ones, they might, without suspicion, or noise, or sending abroad of warrants, be presently attached: the court and prison being within the cincture of one wall."—GIFFORD.

SCENE II.

Edinburgh.—An Apartment in Lord HUNTLEY'S House.

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.¹

Hunt. You trifle time, sir.

Dal. Oh, my noble lord,
You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where the text is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, your gloss corrupts it
With too much ill-placed mirth.

Hunt. "Much mirth," lord Dalyell!
Not so, I vow. Observe me, sprightly gallant.
I know thou art a noble lad, a handsome,
Descended from an honourable ancestry,
Forward and active, dost resolve to wrestle,
And ruffle in the world by noble actions,
For a brave mention to posterity:
I scorn not thy affection to my daughter,
Not I, by St. Andrew; but this bugbear, honour,
So hourly chats and rattles in mine ear,
The piece of royalty² that is stitch'd up
In my Kate's blood, that 't is as dangerous
For thee, young lord, to ~~perch~~ so near an eaglet,
As foolish for my gravity to admit it:
I have spoke all at once.

Dal. Sir, with this truth,
You mix such wormwood, that you leave no hope
For my disorder'd palate e'er to relish

¹ There were two persons of this name, William and Robert Dalyell, grandsons of Sir John Dalyell (or Daliell as Ford writes), either of whom, from the date, might be meant for the character here introduced. Of the former nothing is recorded. The latter, Douglas says, "was killed at Dumfries, in a skirmish between Maxwell and Crichton, July, 1506."—GIFFORD.

² George, the eldest son of Alexander Seton, and second Earl of Huntley (the person here meant), married Anabella, daughter of James I.; hence "the piece of royalty that was stitched up in his Kate's blood."

A wholesome taste again: alas! I know, sir,
 What an unequal distance lies between
 Great Huntley's daughter's birth and Dalyell's fortunes;

She's the king's kinswoman, placed near the crown,
 A princess of the blood, and I a subject.

Hunt. Right; but a noble subject; put in that too.

Dal. I could add more; and in the rightest line,
 Derive my pedigree from Adam Mure,
 A Scottish knight; whose daughter was the mother
 To him who first begot the race of Jameses,
 That sway the sceptre to this very day.
 But kindreds are not ours, when once the date
 Of many years have swallow'd up the memory
 Of their originals; so pasture-fields,
 Neighbouring too near the ocean, are supp'd up
 And known no more: for stood I in my first
 And native greatness, if my princely mistress
 Vouchsafed me not her servant, 't were as good
 I were reduced to clownery, to nothing,
 As to a throne of wonder.

Hunt. Now, by Saint Andrew,
 A spark of metal! he has a brave fire in him.
 I would he had my daughter, so I knew 't not.
 But 't must not be so, must not.—[*Aside.*]—Well,
 young lord,

This will not do yet; if the girl be headstrong,
 And will not hearken to good counsel, steal her,
 And run away with her; dance¹ galliards, do,
 And frisk about the world to learn the languages:
 'T will be a thriving trade; you may set up by 't.

Dal. With pardon, noble Gordon, this disdain
 Suits not your daughter's virtue, or my constancy.

Hunt. You're angry—would he would beat me, I
 deserve it. [Aside.]

¹ A lively, leaping, nimble French dance; from *gaillard*, gay.—
 NARES'S GLOSSARY.

Dalyell, thy hand, we are friends: follow thy courtship,

Take thine own time and speak; if thou prevail'st
With passion, more than I can with my counsel,
She's thine; nay, she is thine: 't is a fair match,
Free and allow'd. I'll only use my tongue,
Without a father's power; use thou thine;
Self do, self have—no more words; 'win and wear
her.

Dal. You bless me; I am now too poor in thanks
To pay the debt I owe you.

Hunt. Nay, thou'rt poor enough.—
I love his spirit infinitely.—Look ye,
She comes: to her now, to her, to her!

Enter KATHERINE and JAMES.

Kath. The king commands your presence, sir.

Hunt. The gallant—
This, this, this lord, this servant, *Kate*, of yours,
Desires to be your master.

Kath. I acknowledge him
A worthy friend of mine.

Dal. Your humblest creature.

Hunt. So, so; the game's a-foot, I'm in cold hunting,
The hare and hounds are parties. [*Aside.*]

Dal. Princely lady,
How most unworthy I am to employ
My services, in honour of your virtues,
How hopeless my desires are to enjoy
Your fair opinion, and much more your love;
Are only matters of despair, unless
Your goodness gives large warrants to my boldness,
My feeble-wing'd ambition.

Hunt. This is scurvy. [*Aside.*]

Kath. My lord, I interrupt you not.

Hunt. Indeed!
Now on my life she'll court him.—[*Aside.*]
Nay, nay, on, sir.

Dal. Oft have I tuned the lesson of my sorrows

To sweeten discord, and enrich your pity,
 But all in vain : here had my comforts sunk
 And never ris'n again, to tell a story
 Of the despairing lover, had not now,
 Even now, the earl your father—

Hunt. He means me sure. [*Aside.*]

Dal. After some fit disputes of your condition,
 Your highness and my lowness, given a license
 Which did not more embolden, than encourage
 My faulting tongue.

Hunt. How, how ? how 's that ? embolden ?
 Encourage ? I encourage ye ! d' ye hear, sir ?
 A subtle trick, a quaint one.—Will you hear, man ?
 What did I say to you ? come, come, to the point.

Kath. It shall not need, my lord.

Hunt. Then hear me, Kate !—
 Keep you ~~on that~~ hand of her ; I on this.—
 Thou stand'st between a father and a suitor,
 Both striving for an interest in thy heart :
 He courts thee for affection, I for duty ;
 He as a servant pleads ; but by the privilege
 Of nature, though I might command, my care
 Shall only counsel what it shall not force.
 Thou canst but make one choice ; the ties of marriage
 Are tenures, not at will, but during life.
 Consider whose thou art, and who ; a princess,
 A princess of the royal blood of Scotland,
 In the full spring of youth, and fresh in beauty.
 The king that sits upon the throne is young,
 And yet unmarried, forward in attempts
 On any least occasion, to endanger
 His person ; wherefore, Kate, as I am confident
 Thou dar'st not wrong thy birth and education
 By yielding to a common servile rage
 Of female wantonness, so I am confident
 Thou wilt proportion all thy thoughts to side¹
 Thy equals, if not equal thy superiors.

¹ *i. e.* to equal, to stand in equal place with.

My lord of Dalyell, young in years, is old
 In honours, but nor eminent in titles
 [N]or in estate, that may support or add to
 The expectation of thy fortunes. Settle
 Thy will and reason by a strength of judgment,
 For, in a word, I give thee freedom; take it.
 If equal fates have not ordain'd to pitch
 Thy hopes above my height, let not thy passion
 Lead thee to sink mine honour in oblivion:
 Thou art thine own; I have done.¹

Dal. Oh! you are all oracle,
 The living stock and root of truth and wisdom.

Kath. My worthiest lord and father, the indulgence
 Of your sweet composition thus commands
 The lowest of obedience; you have granted
 A liberty so large, that I want skill
 To choose without direction of example:
 From which I daily learn, by how much more
 You take off from the roughness of a father,
 By so much more I am engaged to tender
 The duty of a daughter. For respects
 Of birth, degrees of title, and advancement,
 I nor admire nor slight them: all my studies
 Shall ever aim at this perfection only,
 To live and die so, that you may not blush
 In any course of mine to own me yours.

Hunt. Kate, Kate, thou grow'st upon my heart,
 like peace,
 Creating every other hour a jubilee.

Kath. To you, my lord of Dalyell, I address
 Some few remaining words: the general fame
 That speaks your merit, even in vulgar tongues,
 Proclaims it clear; but in the best, a precedent.

Hunt. Good wench, good girl, i' faith!

¹ *I have done.*] And done well too! What authority the poet had for the histrionic character of this nobleman I know not; but if the princely family of the Gordons ever numbered such a person as this among their ancestors let them be justly proud of him; for neither on the stage nor in the great drama of life will there be easily found a character to put in competition with him.—GIRFORD.

Kath. For my part, trust me,
 I value mine own worth at higher rate,
 'Cause you are pleas'd to prize it: if the stream
 Of your protested service (as you term it)
 Run in a constancy, more than a compliment,
 It shall be my delight, that worthy love
 Leads you to worthy actions; and these guide you
 Richly to wed an honourable name:
 So every virtuous praise, in after-ages,
 Shall be your heir, and I, in your brave mention,
 Be chronicled the mother of that issue,
 That glorious issue.

Hunt. Oh, that I were young again!
 She'd make me court proud danger, and suck spirit
 From reputation.

Kath. To the present motion,
 Here's all that I dare answer: when a ripeness
~~Of more~~ experience, and some use of time,
~~Resolves~~ to treat the freedom of my youth
~~Upon exchange~~ of troths, I shall desire
 No ~~sure~~ credit of a match with virtue
 Than such as lives in you; meantime, my hopes are
 Preserv'd secure, in having you a friend.

Dal. You are a blessed lady, and instruct
 Ambition not to soar a farther flight,
 Than in the perfum'd air of your soft voice.—
 My noble lord of Huntley, you have lent
 A full extent of bounty to this parley;
 And for it shall command your humblest servant.

Hunt. Enough: we are still friends, and will continue
 A hearty love.—Oh, Kate! thou art mine own.—
 No more; my lord of Crawford.

*Enter CRAWFORD.*¹

Craw. From the king

¹ *Enter Crawford.*] This is probably (for I speak with great hesitation on the subject) John, second son of David, fourth Earl of Crawford. If I am right in this conjecture, he stood in some kind of relation

I come, my lord of Huntley, who in council
Requires your present aid.

Hunt. Some weighty business?

Craw. A secretary from a duke of York,
The second son to the late English Edward,
Conceal'd, I know not where, these fourteen years;
Craves audience from our master; and 't is said
The duke himself is following to the court.

Hunt. Duke upon duke! 't is well, 't is well; here 's
bustling

For majesty;—my lord, I will along with you.

Craw. My service, noble lady.

Kath. Please you walk, sir?

Dal. "Times have their changes; sorrow makes
men wise;

The sun itself must set as well as rise;"

Then, why not I? Fair madam, I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London.—An Apartment in the Tower.

*Enter the Bishop of DURHAM, Sir ROBERT CLIFFORD,
and URSWICK.—Lights.*

Dur. You find, Sir Robert Clifford, how securely
King Henry, our great master, doth commit
His person to your loyalty; you taste
His bounty and his mercy even in this;
That at a time of night so late, a place
So private as his closet, he is pleas'd
To admit you to his favour: do not falter
In your discovery; but as you covet
A liberal grace, and pardon for your follies,
So labour to deserve it, by laying open
All plots, all persons, that contrive against it.

*ship to Huntley, his elder brother Alexander (dead at this period) having
married Lady Jane Gordon, the earl's second daughter.—Gifford.*

Urs. Remember not the witchcraft, or the magic,
The charms and incantations, which the sorceress
Of Burgundy hath cast upon your reason:
Sir Robert, be your own friend now, discharge
Your conscience freely; all of such as love you,
Stand sureties for your honesty and truth.
Take heed you do not dally with the king,
He is wise as he is gentle.

Clif. I am miserable,
If Henry be not merciful.

Urs. The king comes.

Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. Clifford!

Clif. [*Kneels.*] Let my weak knees rot on the
earth,

If I appear as lep'rous in my treacheries,
Before your royal eyes, as to my own
I seem a monster, by my breach of truth.

K. Hen. Clifford, stand up; for instance of thy
fidelity,
I offer thee my hand.

Clif. A sovereign balm
For my bruis'd soul; I kiss it with a greediness.
[*Kisses the King's hand, and rises.*]

Sir, you are a just master, but I—

K. Hen. Tell me,
Is every circumstance thou hast set down
With thine own hand, within this paper, true?
Is it a sure intelligence of all
The progress of our enemies' intents,
Without corruption?

Clif. True, as I wish heaven,
Or my infected honour white again.

K. Hen. We know all, Clifford, fully, since this
meteor,
This airy apparition first discreded
From Tournay into Portugal; and thence
Advanced his fiery blaze for adoration

To the superstitious Irish ; since the beard
 Of this wild comet, conjured into France,
 Sparkled in antic flames in Charles his court ;
 But shrunk again from thence, and, hid in darkness,
 Stole into Flanders, [there embark'd his followers,
 And made for England,] flourishing the rags¹
 Of painted power on the shore of Kent,
 Whence he was beaten back with shame and scorn,
 Contempt, and slaughter of some naked outlaws :
 But tell me, what new course now shapes duke
 Perkin ?

Clif. For Ireland, mighty Henry ; so instructed
 By Stephen Frion,² sometime secretary
 In the French tongue unto your sacred excellence,
 But Perkin's tutor now.

K. Hen. A subtle villain
 That Frion, Frion,—you, my lord of Durham,
 Knew well the man.

Dur. French, both in heart and actions.

K. Hen. Some Irish heads work in the mine of
 treason ;

Speak them.

Clif. Not any of the best ; your fortune
 Hath dull'd their spleens. Never had counterfeit
 Such a confused rabble of lost bankrupts
 For counsellors : first Heron a broken mercer,
 Then John a-Water, sometime mayor of Cork,
 Sketon a tailor, and a scrivener
 Call'd Astley : and whate'er these list to treat of,

¹ *Stole into Flanders, flourishing the rags, &c.*] In this expedition Perkin did not land, and those of his followers whom he sent on shore at Sandwich were defeated by the Kentish men. The prisoners, to the amount of 150 (mostly foreigners), were executed—"Hanged," as Lord Bacon says, "upon the seacoast of Kent, Sussex, and Norfolk, for sea-marks, or lighthouses, to warn Perkin's people to avoid the coast."—GIFFORD.

² *Stephen Frion.*] Frion had been seduced from Henry's service by the Dutchess of Burgundy ; and was a very active agent in the great drama which she was now preparing to bring forward. "He followed Perkin's fortunes for a long while," Bacon says, "and was indeed his principal counsellor and instrument in all his proceedings."—GIFFORD.

Perkin must hearken to; but Frion, cunning
Above these dull capacities, still prompts him
To fly to Scotland, to young James the Fourth;
And sue for aid to him; this is the latest
Of all their resolutions.

K. Hen. Still more Frion!

Pestilent adder, he will hiss out poison,
As dangerous as infectious—we must match 'em.
Clifford, thou hast spoke home, we give thee life;
But, Clifford, there are people of our own
Remain behind untold; who are they, Clifford?
Name those and we are friends, and will to rest;
'Tis thy last task.

Clif. Oh, sir, here I must break
A most unlawful oath to keep a just one.

K. Hen. Well, well, be brief, be brief.

Clif. The first in rank
Shall be John Ratcliffe, Lord Fitzwater, then
Sir Simon Mountford, and Sir Thomas Thwaites,
With William Dawbeney, Chessoner, Astwood,
Worsley, the dean of Paul's, two other friars,
And Robert Ratcliffe.¹

K. Hen. Churchmen are turn'd devils.
These are the principal?

Clif. One more remains
Unnam'd, whom I could willingly forget.

K. Hen. Ha, Clifford! one more?

Clif. Great sir, do not hear him;
For when Sir William Stanley, your lord chamberlain,
Shall come into the list, as he is chief,
I shall lose credit with you; yet this lord,
Last named, is first against you.

K. Hen. Urswick, the light!
View well my face, sirs; is there blood left in it?

Dur. You alter strangely, sir.

K. Hen. Alter, lord bishop!

¹ All these were seized, tried, and condemned for high-treason: most of them perished upon the scaffold. Worsley and the two Dominicans were spared.—Gifford.

Why, Clifford stabb'd me, or I dream'd he stabb'd me.
 Sirrah, it is a custom with the guilty
 To think they set their own stains off, by laying
 Aspersions on some nobler than themselves :
 Lies wait on treasons, as I find it here.
 Thy life again is forfeit ; I recall
 My word of mercy, for I know thou dar'st
 Repeat the name no more.

Clif. I dare, and once more,
 Upon my knowledge, name Sir William Stanley,
 Both in his counsel and his purse, the chief
 Assistant to the feigned duke of York.

Dur. Most strange !

Urs. Most wicked !

K. Hen. Yet again, once more.

Clif. Sir William Stanley is your secret enemy,
 And, if time fit, will openly profess it.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley ! Who ? Sir William
 Stanley !

My chamberlain, my counsellor, the love,
 The pleasure of my court, my bosom friend,
 The charge, and the controlment of my person ;
 The keys and secrets of my treasury ;
 The all of all I am ! I am unhappy.

Misery of confidence,—let me turn traitor
 To my own person, yield my sceptre up
 To Edward's sister and her bastard duke !

Dur. You lose your constant temper.

K. Hen. Sir William Stanley !

O do not blame me ; he, 't was only he,
 Who, having rescued me in Bosworth field
 From Richard's bloody sword, snatch'd from his head
 The kingly crown, and placed it first on mine.¹

¹ Shakspeare thus notices the circumstance :—

“ *Enter STANLEY bearing the Crown.*

“ *Stanley.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !
 Lo here, this long usurped royalty
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal ;
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.”—*Richard III.*

He never fail'd me ; what have I deserv'd
To lose this good man's heart, or he his own ?

Urs. The night doth waste, this passion ill becomes
you ;

Provide against your danger.

K. Hen. Let it be so.

Urswick, command straight Stanley to his chamber.

'Tis well we are i' th' Tower : set a guard on him.

Clifford, to bed ; you must lodge here to-night ;

We 'll talk with you to-morrow. My sad soul

Divines strange troubles.

Daw. [*within.*] Ho ! the king, the king !

I must have entrance.

K. Hen. Dawbeney's voice ; admit him.

What new combustions huddle next, to keep

Our eyes from rest ?—the news ?

Enter DAWBENEY.

Daw. Ten thousand Cornish,

Grudging to pay your subsidies, have gather'd

A head ; led by a blacksmith and a lawyer,

They make for London, and to them is join'd

Lord Audley : as they march, their number daily

Increases ; they are—

K. Hen. Rascals !—talk no more ;

Such are not worthy of my thoughts to-night.

To bed—and if I cannot sleep,—I 'll wake.—

When counsels fail, and there 's in man no trust,

Even then, an arm from heaven fights for the just.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Edinburgh.—The Presence-Chamber in the Palace.

Enter above, the Countess of CRAWFORD, Lady KATHERINE, JANE, and other Ladies.

Countess. Come, ladies, here's a solemn preparation

For entertainment of this English prince;
The king intends grace more than ordinary;
'T were pity now, if he should prove a counterfeit.

Kath. Bless the young man, our nation would be laugh'd at

For honest souls through Christendom! my father
Hath a weak stomach to the business, madam,
But that the king must not be cross'd.

Countess. He brings

A goodly troop, they say, of gallants with him:
But very modest people, for they strive not
To fame their names too much; their godfathers
May be beholding to them, but their fathers
Scarce owe them thanks: they are disguised princes,¹
Brought up, it seems, to honest trades; no matter,
'They will break forth in season.

Jane. Or break out:

For most of them are broken by report. [Music.
The king!

Kath. Let us observe them and be silent.

A Flourish.—Enter King JAMES, HUNTLEY, CRAWFORD, DALYELL, and other Noblemen.

K. Ja. The right of kings, my lords, extends not only

¹ ————*they are disguised princes, &c.*] The Countess is pleased to be facetious. It appears, however, from better authorities than those before us, that Perkin was very respectably, not to say honourably, attended on this occasion.—GIRFORD.

To the safe conservation of their own,
 But also to the aid of such allies,
 As change of time and state hath oftentimes
 Hurl'd down from careful crowns, to undergo
 An exercise of sufferance in both fortunes;
 So English Richard, surnam'd Cœur-de-Lion,
 So Robert Bruce our royal ancestor,
 Forced by the trial of the wrongs they felt,
 Both sought, and found, supplies from foreign
 kings,

To repossess their own; then grudge not, lords,
 A much-distressed prince; king Charles of France,
 And Maximilian of Bohemia, both
 Have ratified his credit by their letters;
 Shall we then be distrustful? No; compassion
 Is one rich jewel that shines in our crown;
 And we will have it shine there.

Hunt. Do your will, sir.

K. Ja. The young duke is at hand; Dalyell, from us
 First greet him, and conduct him on; then Crawford
 Shall meet him next, and Huntley, last of all,
 Present him to our arms.—[*Exit DAL.*—Sound
 • • sprightly music,
 While majesty encounters majesty. [*Flourish.*

*Re-enter DALYELL, with PERKIN WARBECK, followed at
 a distance by FRION, HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and
 JOHN A-WATER. CRAWFORD advances, and salutes
 PERKIN at the door, and afterward HUNTLEY, who
 presents him to the King; they embrace; the Noble-
 men slightly salute his followers.*

War. Most high, most mighty king!¹ that now
 there stands

¹ *War. Most high, most mighty king, &c.]* This speech is skilfully abridged from the historian. When it could be done with proper effect, the words are taken with no greater change than was necessary for the metrical arrangement; in other places the poet is content with clothing the sentiments in his own language; but always with the original in view.—GIFFORD.

Before your eyes, in presence of your peers,
A subject of the rarest kind of pity
That hath in any age touch'd noble hearts,
The vulgar story of a prince's ruin,
Hath made it too apparent : Europe knows,
And all the western world, what persecution
Hath raged in malice against us, sole heir
To the great throne of th' old Plantagenets.
How, from our nursery, we have been hurried
Unto the sanctuary, from the sanctuary
Forced to the prison, from the prison haled
By cruel hands, to the tormentor's fury,
Is register'd already in the volume
Of all men's tongues ; whose true relation draws
Compassion, melted into weeping eyes
And bleeding souls : but our misfortunes since
Have rang'd a larger progress thro' strange lands,
Protected in our innocence by Heaven.
Edward the Fifth, our brother, in his tragedy,
Quench'd their hot thirst of blood, whose hire to murder
Paid them their wages of despair and horror ;
The softness of my childhood smiled upon
The roughness of their task, and robb'd them farther
Of hearts to dare, or hands to execute.
Great king, *they* spared my life, the butchers spared
it !
Return'd the tyrant, my unnatural uncle,
A truth of my despatch ; I was convey'd
With secrecy and speed to Tournay ; foster'd
By obscure means, taught to unlearn myself :
But as I grew in years, I grew in sense
Of fear and of disdain ; fear of the tyrant
Whose power sway'd the throne then : when disdain
Of living so unknown, in such a servile
And abject lowness, prompted me to thoughts
Of recollecting who I was, I shook off
My bondage, and made haste to let my aunt
Of Burgundy acknowledge me her kinsman ;

Heir to the crown of England, snatch'd by Henry
From Richard's head; a thing scarce known i' th'
world.

K. Ja. My lord, it stands not with your counsel
now

To fly upon invectives; if you can
Make this apparent what you have discours'd
In every circumstance, we will not study
An answer, but are ready in your cause.

War. You are a wise and just king, by the powers
Above reserv'd, beyond all other aids,
To plant me in mine own inheritance:
To marry these two kingdoms in a love
Never to be divorced while time is time.
As for the manner, first of my escape,
Of my conveyance next, of my life since,
The means, and persons who were instruments,
Great sir, 'tis fit I over pass in silence;
Reserving the relation to the secrecy
Of your own princely ear, since it concerns
Some great ones living yet, and others dead,
Whose issue might be question'd. For your bounty,
Royal magnificence to him that seeks it,
We vow hereafter to demean ourself,
As if we were your own and natural brother;
Omitting no occasion in our person,
To express a gratitude beyond example.

K. Ja. He must be more than subject who can
utter

The language of a king, and such is thine.
Take this for answer; be whate'er thou art,
Thou never shalt repent that thou hast put
Thy cause and person into my protection.
Cousin of York, thus once more we embrace thee;
Welcome to James of Scotland! for thy safety,
Know, such as love thee not shall never wrong thee.
Come, we will taste a while our court-delights;
Dream hence afflictions past, and then proceed
To high attempts of honour. On, lead on!

Both thou and thine are ours, and we will guard you.
Lead on! [*Exeunt all but the ladies.*]

Countess. I have not seen a gentleman
Of a more brave aspect, or goodlier carriage;
His fortunes move not him.—Madam, you are passionate.¹

Kath. Beshrew me, but his words have touched
me home,
As if his cause concern'd me; I should pity him,
If he should prove another than he seems.

Enter CRAWFORD.

Craw. Ladies, the king commands your presence
instantly,
For entertainment of the duke.

Kath. "The duke"
Must then be entertain'd, the king obey'd;
It is our duty.

Countess. We will all wait on him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

London.—The Tower.

*A Flourish.—Enter King HENRY, OXFORD, DURHAM,
and SURREY.*

K. Hen. Have ye condemn'd my chamberlain?

Dur. His treasons
Condemn'd him, sir; which were as clear and manifest,

As foul and dangerous: besides, the guilt
Of his conspiracy press'd him so nearly,
That it drew from him free confession,
Without an importunity.

K. Hen. Oh, lord bishop,
This argued shame and sorrow for his folly,
And must not stand in evidence against

¹ *Madam, you are passionate,*] i. e. *distressed, deeply affected*: the Countess had observed Katherine weeping.—GIFFORD.

Our mercy, and the softness of our nature ;
 The rigour and extremity of law
 Is sometimes too, too bitter ; but we carry
 A chancery of pity in our bosom.
 I hope we may reprieve him from the sentence
 Of death ; I hope we may.

Dur. You may, you may ;
 And so persuade your subjects that the title
 Of York is better, nay, more just and lawful,
 Than yours of Lancaster ! so Stanley holds :
 Which, if it be not treason in the highest,
 Then we are traitors all, perjured and false,
 Who have took oath to Henry, and the justice
 Of Henry's title ; Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney,
 With all your other peers of state and church,
 Forsworn, and Stanley true alone to Heaven
 And England's lawful heir !

Oxf. By Vere's old honours,
 I'll cut his throat dares speak it.

Sur. 'Tis a quarrel
 To engage a soul in.

K. Hen. What a coil is here
 To keep my gratitude sincere and perfect !
 Stanley was once my friend,¹ and came in time
 To save my life ; yet, to say truth, my lords,
 The man staid long enough t' endanger it :—
 But I could see no more into his heart,
 Than what his outward actions did present ;
 And for them have rewarded him so fully,
 As that there wanted nothing in our gift
 To gratify his merit, as I thought,

¹ *Stanley was once my friend, &c.*] Much of this is from the noble historian. The king certainly holds a very different language from that which we had in a former page ; but it is characteristic of his close, cold, and selfish nature. "As a little leaven," Bacon says, "of new distaste doth commonly sour the whole lump of former merit, the king's wit began now to suggest unto his passion that Stanley at Bosworth-field, *though he came in time to save his life, yet he staid long enough to endanger it.*" After all, the writer hints, as broadly as he dared, that Stanley's main guilt lay in his vast accumulations, which Henry viewed with too greedy an eye.—GIFFORD.

Unless I should divide my crown with him,
And give him half; though now I well perceive
'T would scarce have serv'd his turn, without the
whole.

But I am charitable, lords; let justice
Proceed in execution, while I mourn
The loss of one whom I esteem'd a friend.

Dur. Sir, he is coming this way.

K. Hen. If he speak to me,
I could deny him nothing; to prevent it,
I must withdraw. Pray, lords, commend my favours
To his last peace, which, with him, I will pray for:
That done, it doth concern us to consult
Of other following troubles. [Exit.

Oxf. I am glad
He's gone; upon my life he would have pardon'd
The traitor, had he seen him.

Sur. 'T is a king
Composed of gentleness.

Dur. Rare and unheard of:
But every man is nearest to himself,
And that the king observes; 't is fit he should.

Enter STANLEY, Executioner, Confessor, URSWICK, and
DAWBENEY.

Stan. May I not speak with Clifford, ere I shake
This piece of frailty off?

Daw. You shall; he's sent for.

Stan. I must not see the king?

Dur. From him, Sir William,
These lords and I am sent; he bade us say
That he commends his mercy to your thoughts;
Wishing the laws of England could remit
The forfeit of your life, as willingly
As he would, in the sweetness of his nature,
Forget your trespass: but howe'er your body
Fall into dust, he vows, the king himself
Doth vow, to keep a requiem for your soul,
As for a friend, close treasured in his bosom.

Oxf. Without remembrance of your errors past,
I come to take my leave, and wish you heaven.

Sur. And I: good angels guard you!

Stan. Oh, the king,
Next to my soul, shall be the nearest subject
Of my last prayers. My grave lord of Durham,
My lords of Oxford, Surrey, Dawbeney, all,
Accept from a poor dying man a farewell.
I was, as you are, once great, and stood hopeful
Of many flourishing years; but fate and time
Have wheel'd about, to turn me into nothing. :

Enter CLIFFORD.

Daw. Sir Robert Clifford comes, the man, Sir
William,
You so desire to speak with.

Dur. Mark their meeting.

Clif. Sir William Stanley, I am glad your con-
science,
Before your end, hath emptied every burden
Which charg'd it, as that you can clearly witness,
How far I have proceeded in a duty
That both concern'd my truth, and the state's safety.

Stan. Mercy, how dear is life to such as hug it!
Come hither—by this token think on me!

*[Makes a cross on CLIFFORD'S face with his
finger.]*

Clif. This token? What! am I abus'd?

Stan. You are not.

I wet upon your cheeks a holy sign,
The cross, the Christian's badge, the traitor's infamy;
Wear, Clifford, to thy grave this painted emblem:
Water shall never wash it off; all eyes
That gaze upon thy face, shall read there written
A state-informer's character; more ugly,
Stamp'd on a noble name, than on a base.
The heavens forgive thee!—pray, my lords, no
change

Of words; this man and I have used too many.

Clif. Shall I be disgraced
Without reply?

Dur. Give losers leave to talk;
His loss is irrecoverable.

Stan. Once more,
To all a long farewell! The best of greatness
Preserve the king! my next suit is, my lords,
To be remember'd to my noble brother,
Derby, my much-griev'd brother:¹ Oh, persuade
him,

That I shall stand no blemish to his house,
In chronicles writ in another age.
My heart doth bleed for him and for his sighs: .
Tell him, he must not think the style of Derby,
Nor being husband to King Henry's mother,
The league with peers, the smiles of fortune, can
Secure his peace above the state of man.

I take my leave to travel to my dust;
Subjects deserve their deaths whose kings are just.
Come, confessor! . On with thy axe, friend, on.
[*He is led off to execution.*]

Clif. Was I call'd hither by a traitor's breath
To be upbraided? Lords, the king shall know it.

Re-enter King HENRY with a white staff.

K. Hen. The king doth know it, sir; the king hath
heard

What he or you could say. We have given credit
To every point of Clifford's information,
The only evidence 'gainst Stanley's head:
He dies for it: are you pleased?

Clif. I pleased, my lord?

K. Hen. No echoes: for your service, we dismiss
Your more attendance on the court; take ease,
And live at home; but, as you love your life,
Stir not from London without leave from us.
We'll think on your reward; away!

¹ See p. 239. Lord Stanley had been raised to the dignity of an Earl in October, 1485, a few weeks after the battle of Bosworth.—GUYTON.

Clif. I go, sir.

K. Hen. Die all our griefs with Stanley! *[Exit. Take*
this staff

Of office, Dawbeney;¹ henceforth be our chamberlain.

Daw. I am your humblest servant.

K. Hen. We are follow'd

By enemies at home, that will not cease
To seek their own confusion: 't is most true,
The Cornish under Audley are march'd on
As far as Winchester:—but let them come,
Our forces are in readiness; we'll catch them
In their own toils.

Daw. Your army, being muster'd,
Consists in all, of horse and foot, at least
In number, six-and-twenty thousand; men
Daring and able, resolute to fight,
And loyal in their truths.

K. Hen. We know it, Dawbeney:
For them we order thus; Oxford in chief,
Assisted by bold Essex and the earl
Of Suffolk, shall lead on the first battalia;
Be that your charge.

Oxf. I humbly thank your majesty.

K. Hen. The next division we assign to Dawbeney:

These must be men of action, for on those
The fortune of our fortunes must rely.
The last and main ourself commands in person;
As ready to restore the fight at all times,
As to consummate an assured victory.

Daw. The king is still oraculous.

K. Hen. But, Surrey,
We have employment of more toil for thee:

¹ *Dawbeney.*] "This person (Charles Lord D'Aubigny) was a person," Bacon says, "of great sufficiency and valour, the more because he was gentle and modest." Yet he always appears on the side of violent counsels; and more forward with his flattery than any of the courtiers in the king's confidence.—GIFFORD.

For our intelligence comes swiftly to us,
That James of Scotland late hath entertain'd
Perkin the counterfeit, with more than common
Grace and respect; nay, courts him with rare favours.
The Scot is young and forward, we must look for
A sudden storm to England from the north;
Which to withstand, Durham shall post to Norham,
To fortify the castle, and secure
The frontiers against an invasion there.
Surrey shall follow soon, with such an army
As may relieve the bishop, and encounter
On all occasions the death-daring Scots.
You know your charges all; 't is now a time
To execute, not talk; Heaven is our guard still.
War must breed peace, such is the fate of kings.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Edinburgh.—An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CRAWFORD and DALYELL.

Craw. 'T is more than strange; my reason cannot
answer

Such argument of fine imposture, couch'd
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen truth itself; this dukeling mushroom
Hath doubtless charm'd the king.

Dal. He courts the ladies,
As if his strength of language chain'd attention
By power of prerogative.

Craw. It maddened
My very soul to hear our master's motion;
What surety both of amity and honour
Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our nation,
And this brave prince, forsooth!

Dal. 'T will prove too fatal;

Wise Huntley fears the threat'ning. Bless the lady
From such a ruin!

Craw. How the council privy
Of this young Phaeton do screw their faces
Into a gravity, their trades, good people,
Were never guilty of! the meanest of them
Dreams of at least an office in the state.

Dal. Sure not the hangman's, 't is bespoke already
For service to their rogueships,—silence!

Enter King JAMES and HUNTLEY.

K. Ja. Do not
Argue against our will: we have descended
Somewhat (as we may term it) too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have;—
But find it short of duty!

Hunt. Break my heart,
Do, do, king! Have my services, my loyalty
(Heaven knows untainted ever) drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled,
My last, my long one? Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mix'd with mine,
By marriage of this girl¹ to a straggler!—
Take, take my head, sir; while my tongue can wag,
It cannot name him other.

K. Ja. Kings are counterfeits
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently
Set on their thrones, with sceptres in their fists!
But use your own detraction; 't is our pleasure
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The lady Katherine. Instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution.

¹ *By marriage of this girl.]* This word, it has been already observed,
is generally used as a dissyllable by our poet.

Hunt. Oh, 't is well,
Exceeding well!—none here
Dare speak one word of comfort?

Dal. Cruel misery!

Craw. The lady, gracious prince, maybe hath
settled

Affection on some former choice.

Dal. Enforcement

Would prove but tyranny.

Hunt. I thank thee heartily.

Let any yeoman of our nation challenge
An interest in the girl, then the king
May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
Worthy a free consent; now he pulls down
What old desert hath builded.

K. Ja. Cease persuasions.

I violate no pawns of faiths, intrude not
On private loves; that I have play'd the orator
For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant
Can justify, referring her contents
To our provision: the Welch Harry, henceforth,
Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
That not the painted idol of his policy
Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom.—
We are resolv'd.

Hunt. Some of thy subjects' hearts,
King James, will bleed for this!

K. Ja. Then shall their bloods
Be nobly spent: no more disputes; he is not
Our friend who contradicts us.

Hunt. Farewell, daughter!
My care by one is lessen'd, thank the king for 't!
I and my griefs will dance now.—

Enter WARBECK, complimenting with Lady KATHERINE; Countess of CRAWFORD, JANE DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, HERON, and SKETON.

Look, lords, look;
Here 's hand in hand already!

K. Ja. Peace, old phrensy !
Plantagenet undoubted !

Hunt. [*Aside.*] Ho, brave !—*Youth* ;
But no *Plantagenet*, by 'r lady, yet,
By red rose or by white.

War. A union this way
Settles possession in a monarchy
Establish'd rightly, as is my inheritance :
Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,
Your heart, fair princess,—and the hand of Providence

Shall crown you queen of me, and my best fortunes.

Kath. Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty,
Love owes true service.

War. Shall I ?

K. Ja. Cousin, yes,
Enjoy her ; from my hand accept your bride ;
[*He joins their hands.*]

And may they live at enmity with comfort,
Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths !
You are the prince's wife now.

Kath. By your gift, sir.

War. Thus, I take seizure of mine own.

Kath. I miss yet
A father's blessing. Let me find it ;—humbly
Upon my knees I seek it.

Hunt. I am Huntley,
Old Alexander Gordon,¹ a plain subject ;
Nor more nor less : and, lady, if you wish for
A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven ;
For Heaven did give me you. Alas, alas !
What would you have me say ? may all the happiness

My prayers ever sued to fall upon you,

¹ *Hunt.* *I am Huntley,*

Old Alexander Gordon.] This appears to be a mistake. The father of Katherine, as is said above, was *George Gordon*. His father, indeed, was named *Alexander*, and so was his son and successor ; but the latter did not obtain the title till many years after this period.—*GIRFORD.*

Preserve you in your virtues!—Prithee, Dalyell,
 Come with me; for I feel thy griefs as full
 As mine; let's steal away and cry together.

Dal. My hopes are in their ruins.

[*Exeunt HUNT. and DAL.*

K. Ja. Good, kind Huntley
 Is overjoy'd: a fit solemnity
 Shall perfect these delights; Crawford, attend
 Our order for the preparation.

[*Exeunt all but FRION, HER. SKET. J. A-WAT. and
 AST.*

Fri. Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not follow'd
 My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
 Into a certainty above a hope.

Her. Hopes are but hopes; I was ever confident,
 when I traded but in remnants, that my stars had re-
 served me to the title of a viscount at least: honour
 is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.¹

Sket. My brother Heron hath right wisely deliver'd
 his opinion; for he that threads his needle with the
 sharp eyes of industry, shall in time go thorough
 stitch with the new suit of preferment.

Ast. Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted brother
 Sketon; for as no indenture but has its counterpane;
 no *noverint* but his condition or defeisance; so no
 right but may have claim, no claim but may have
 possession, any act of parliament to the contrary
 notwithstanding.

Fri. You are all read in mysteries of state,
 And quick of apprehension, deep in judgment,
 Active in resolution; and 't is pity
 Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity.
 But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
 Stands the judicious mayor of Cork so silent?

¹ *Her. Honour is honour, though cut out of any stuffs.*] Ford has made the speakers express themselves characteristically. Heron, or Herne, as Lord Bacon calls him, was a mercer; Sketon, or rather Skelton, was a tailor, and Astley a scrivener; they were all men of broken fortunes, a circumstance to which the poet frequently alludes.—GIFFORD.

Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature.

J. a-Wat. If men may be credited in their mortality, which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may, or not be; presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth, of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other men's belief, more than other should rely on mine.

Fri. Pith of experience; those that have borne office

Weigh every word before it can drop from them.
But, noble counsellors, since now the present
Requires, in point of honour (pray mistake not),
Some service to our lord, 't is fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves,
At this so grand and eminent solemnity.

Sket. The Scots? the motion is defied; I had rather, for my part, without trial of my country, suffer persecution under the pressing-iron of reproach; or let my skin be punch'd full of eyelet-holes with the bodkin of derision.

Ast. I will sooner lose both my ears on the pillory of forgery.

Her. Let me first live a bankrupt, and die, in the hole, of hunger, without compounding for sixpence in the pound.

J. a-Wat. If men fail not in their expectations, there may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, master secretary Frion, or I am cozen'd; which is possible, I grant.

Fri. Resolv'd like men of knowledge! at this feast, then,

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some show, some mask, or some device,
Prefer their duties: now, it were uncomely,
That we be found less forward for our prince,
Than they are for their lady; and by how much
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with

A livelier applause. Great emperors
~~Have~~, for their recreations, undertook
 Such kind of pastimes; as for the conceit,
 Refer it to my study; the performance
 You all shall share a thanks in: 't will be grateful.

Her. The motion is allow'd; I have stole to a
 dancing-school when I was a 'prentice.

1st. There have been Irish-hubbubs,¹ when I have
 made one too.

Sket. For fashioning of shapes, and cutting a cross
 caper, turn me off to my trade again.

J. a-Wat. Surely, there is, if I be not deceived, a
 kind of gravity in merriment; as there is, or perhaps
 ought to be, respect of persons in the quality of car-
 riage, which is, as it is construed, either so, or so.

Fri. Still you come home to me; upon occasion,
 I find you relish courtship with discretion:
 And such are fit for statesmen of your merits.
 Pray ye wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him
 With this design; I'll follow and direct you.

Oh the toil [*Exeunt all but FRION.*

Of humouring this abject scum of mankind!
 Muddy-brain'd peasants! princes feel a misery
 Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes
 Must yield to such abettors:—yet² our tide
 Runs smoothly without adverse winds; run on,
 Flow to a full sea! time alone debates
 Quarrels forewritten in the book of fates. [*Exit.*

¹ *Irish-hubbubs.*] Tumultuous merry-meetings at wakes and fairs.—
 The speakers, it should be observed, are all from Ireland. Astley, as has
 been said, was a pettifogger; his presence at these hubbubs, therefore,
 is natural enough.—GIFFORD.

² i. e. as yet, hitherto, thus far, &c.; so p. 275, yet (i. e. thus far) we
 are safe.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster—The Palace.

Enter King HENRY, with his gorget on, his sword, plume of feathers, and leading-staff (truncheon), followed by URSWICK.

K. Hen. How runs the time of day?

Urs. Past ten, my lord.

K. Hen. A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' th' earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of Heaven.
Oxford, with Essex, and stout De la Pole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
And set them safe from fear.

Urs. They are all silent.

K. Hen. From their own battlements they may
behold

Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men;
Among whom our own royal standard threatens
Confusion to opposers: we must learn
To practise war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet;
Ha, Urrswick, must we not?

Urs. The powers who seated
King Henry on his lawful throne will ever
Rise up in his defence.

K. Hen. Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence; in Kent
Our Cornish rebels, cozen'd of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
George Abergenny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford,
And other loyal hearts; now, if Blackheath
Must be reserv'd the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-neck'd abjects, as with weary marches
Have travell'd from their homes, their wives, and
children,

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
 We may continue sovereign! Yet, Urswick,
 We'll not abate one penny, what in parliament
 Hath freely been contributed; we must not;
 Money gives soul to action. Our competitor,
 The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland,
 Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,

Without the food of fit supplies;—but, Urswick.
 I have a charm in secret, that shall loose
 The witchcraft, wherewith young King James is
 bound,
 And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed.

Urs. Your majesty's a wise king, sent from
 heaven,
 Protector of the just.

K. Hen. Let dinner cheerfully
 Be serv'd in; this day of the week is ours,
 Our day of providence; for Saturday
 Yet never fail'd, in all my undertakings,
 To yield me rest at night.¹—[*A Flourish.*]—What
 means this warning?
 Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

Enter DAWBENEY, OXFORD, and Attendants.

Daw. Live the king,
 Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies!

Oxf. The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
 The body hew'd in pieces.

K. Hen. Dawbeney, Oxford,
 Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
 The comfort of your wishes?

Daw. Briefly thus:

¹ ————— for Saturday

Yet never fail'd me, &c.] The king's predilection for *Saturday* is noticed by Lord Bacon. Henry had taken great pains to induce the insurgents to believe that he intended to put off the action till the succeeding Monday: they fell into the snare, and were accordingly unprepared for the attack, which took place on Saturday, the 22d of June.—*Gifford.*

The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
 Of flatter'd expectation, from the Kentish
 (Your majesty's right trusty liegemen) flew,
 Feather'd by rage, and hearten'd by presumption,
 To take the field even at your palace-gates,
 And face you in your chamber-royal: arrogance
 Improv'd their ignorance; for they, supposing,
 Misled by rumour, that the day of battle
 Should fall on Monday, rather brav'd your forces,
 Than doubted any onset; yet this morning,
 When in the dawning, I, by your direction,
 Strove to get Deptford-Strand bridge, there I found
 Such a resistance, as might show what strength
 Could make: here arrows hail'd in showers upon
 us,

A full yard long at least; but we prevail'd.
 My lord of Oxford, with his fellow-peers,
 Environing the hill, fell fiercely on them
 On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir
 (Pardon the oversight), eager of doing
 Some memorable act, I was engaged
 Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
 As sensible of danger: now the fight
 Began in heat, which, quenched in the blood of
 Two thousand rebels, and as many more
 Reserv'd to try your mercy, have return'd
 A victory with safety.

K. Hen. Have we lost
 An equal number with them?

Oxf. In the total
 Scarcely four hundred. Audley, Flammock, Jo-
 seph,
 The ringleaders of this commotion,¹

¹ ————— *Audley, Flammock, Joseph,*

The ringleaders, &c.] Lord Audley had been for some time in communication with the leaders of the Cornish men, but did not join them till they reached Wells, in Somersetshire. "He was," the historian says, "of an ancient family, but unquiet and popular, and aspiring to ruin. He was immediately, and with great cries of joy, accepted as *their general*; they being proud to be led by a nobleman." Thomas

Railed in ropes,¹ fit ornaments for traitors,
Wait your determinations.

K. Hen. We must pay
Our thanks where they are only due : Oh, lords !
Here is no victory, nor shall our people
Conceive that we can triumph in their falls.
Alas, poor souls ! let such as are escaped
Steal to the country back without pursuit :
There's not a drop of blood spill'd, but hath drawn
(As much of mine ; their swords could have wrought
wonders

On their king's part, who faintly were unsheath'd
Against their prince, but wounded their own
breasts.

Lords, we are debtors to your care ; our payment
Shall be both sure, and fitting your deserts.

Daw. Sir, will you please to see those rebels,
heads
Of this wild monster multitude ?

K. Hen. Dear friend,
My faithful Dawbeney, no ; on them our justice
Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe
An eye of pity to them : let false Audley
Be drawn upon a hurdle from the Newgate
To Tower-hill in his own coat-of-arms²
Painted on paper, with the arms revers'd,
Defaced, and torn ; there let him lose his head.
The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hang'd,
Quarter'd, their quarters into Cornwall sent,
Examples to the rest, whom we are pleas'd

Flammock, a common name in Cornwall, was a lawyer, who by various artifices had obtained great sway among them ; and Michael Joseph, a blacksmith or farrier, of Bodmin, "a notable talking fellow, and no less desirous to be talked of."

It should be added, that Ford is indebted to Lord Bacon for most of the incidents in Dawbeney's narrative.—GIFFORD.

¹ Railed in ropes.] "They were brought to London, all railed in ropes, like a team of horses in a cart."—BACON.

² "The Lord Audley was led from Newgate to Tower-hill, in a paper coat, painted with his own arms, the arms reversed, the coat torn, and there beheaded."—BACON.

To pardon, and dismiss from further quest.
My lord of Oxford, see it done.

Oxf. I shall, sir.

K. Hen. Urswick!

Urs. My lord?

K. Hen. To Dinham, our high-treasurer,
Say, we command commissions be new granted,
For the collection of our subsidies
Through all the west, and that [right] speedily.
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services.

Daw. Your soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted
Their several duties.

K. Hen. For it, we will throw
A largess free among them, which shall hearten
And cherish up their loyalties. More yet
Remains of like employment; not a man
Can be dismiss'd, till enemies abroad,
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our arms. Oh, happy kings,
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Edinburgh.—The Palace.

Enter HUNTLEY and DALYELL.

Hunt. Now, sir, a modest word with you, sad
gentleman;
Is not this fine, I trow, to see the gambols,
To hear the jigs, observe the frisks, be enchanted
With the rare discord of bells, pipes, and tabours,
Hodge-podge of Scotch and Irish twingle-twangles,
Like to so many choristers of Bedlam
Trowling a catch! The feasts, the manly sto-
machs,

The healths in usquebaugh, and bonnyclabber,
 The ale in dishes never fetch'd from China,
 The hundred thousand knacks not to be spoken of,
 And all this for King Oberon and Queen Mab,
 Should put a soul into you. Look ye, good man,
 How youthful I am grown! but, by your leave,
 This new queen-bride must henceforth be no more
 My daughter; no, by 'r lady, 't is unfit!
 And yet you see how I do bear this change;
 Methinks courageously: then shake off care
 In such a time of jollity.

Dal. Alas, sir,

How can you cast a mist upon your griefs?
 Which howsoe'er you shadow, but present
 To [any] judging eye, the perfect substance
 Of which mine are but counterfeits.

Hunt. Foh, Dalzell!

Thou interrupt'st the part I bear in music
 To this rare bridal-feast: let us be merry,
 While flattering calms secure us against storms:
 Tempests, when they begin to roar, put out
 The light of peace, and cloud the sun's bright eye
 In darkness of despair; yet² we are safe.

Dal. I wish you could as easily forget
 The justice of your sorrows, as my hopes
 Can yield to destiny.

Hunt. Pish! then I see

Thou dost not know the flexible condition
 Of my [tough] nature! I can laugh, laugh heartily,
 When the gout cramps my joints; let but the
 stone

Stop in my bladder, I am straight a-singing;
 The quartan fever shrinking every limb,
 Sets me a-capering straight; do [but] betray me,
 And bind me a friend ever: what! I trust

¹ *The healths in bonnyclabber.*] A common name, in ~~our~~ old writers, for curds and whey, or sour buttermilk. It appears to have been a favourite drink both with the Scotch and Irish.—Gifford.

² i. e. as yet, hitherto.

The losing of a daughter, though I doted
 On every hair that grew to trim her head,
 Admits not any pain like one of these.—
 Come, thou 'rt deceived in me ; give me a blow,
 A sound blow on the face, I 'll thank thee for 't ;
 I love my wrongs : still thou 'rt deceiv'd in me.

Dal. Deceiv'd ! Oh, noble Huntley, my few
 years

Have learn'd experience of too ripe an age,
 To forfeit fit credulity ; forgive
 My rudeness, I am bold.

Hunt. Forgive me first

A madness of ambition ; by example
 Teach me humility, for patience scorns
 Lectures, which schoolmen use to read to boys
 Incapable of injuries : though old,
 I could grow tough in fury, and disclaim
 Allegiance to my king, could fall at odds
 With all my fellow-peers, that durst not stand
 Defendants 'gainst the rapè done on mine honour :
 But kings are earthly gods, there is no meddling
 With their anointed bodies ; for their actions
 They only are accountable to Heaven.
 Yet in the puzzle of my troubled brain,
 One antidote 's reserv'd against the poison
 Of my distractions ; 't is in thee to apply it.

Dal. Name it ; Oh, name it quickly, sir !

Hunt. A pardon

For my most foolish slighting thy deserts ;
 I have cull'd out this time to beg it : prithee,
 Be gentle : had I been so, thou hadst own'd
 A happy bride, but now a castaway,
 And never child of mine more.

Dal. Say not so, sir ;
 It is not fault in her.

Hunt. The world would prate
 How she was handsome ; young I know she was,
 Tender, and sweet in her obedience ;
 But, lost now ; what a bankrupt am I made

Of a full stock of blessings!—must I hope
A mercy from thy heart?

Dal. A love, a service,
A friendship to posterity.

Hunt. Good angels
Reward thy charity! I have no more
But prayers left me now.

Dal. I'll lend you mirth, sir,
If you will be in consort.

Hunt. Thank you truly:
I must, yes, yes, I must:—here's yet some ease,
A partner in affliction: look not angry.

Dal. Good, noble sir! [Music.]

Hunt. Oh, hark! we may be quiet,
The king, and all the others, come: a meeting
Of gaudy sights: this day's the last of revels;
To-morrow sounds of war; then, new exchange,
Fiddles must turn to swords.—Unhappy marriage!

A Flourish.—*Enter King JAMES, WARBECK leading KATHERINE, CRAWFORD and his Countess; JANE DOUGLAS, and other Ladies. HUNTLEY and DALYELL fall among them.*

K. Ja. Cousin of York, you and your princely
bride
Have liberally enjoy'd such soft delights
As a new-married couple could forethink;
Nor has our bounty shortened expectation:
But after all those pleasures of repose,
Or amorous safety, we must rouse the ease
Of dalliance, with achievements of more glory
Than sloth and sleep can furnish: yet, for farewell,
Gladly we entertain a truce with time,
To grace the joint endeavours of our servants.

War. My royal cousin, in your princely favour,
The extent of bounty hath been so unlimited,
As only an acknowledgment in words
Would breed suspicion in our state and quality.
When we shall, in the fulness of our fate,

Sit on our own throne ; then our arms, laid open
To gratitude, in sacred memory
Of these large benefits, shall twine them close,
Even to our thoughts and heart, without distinction.

Then James and Richard, being in effect
One person, shall unite and rule one people,
Divisible in titles only.

K. Ja. Seat you.

Are the presenters ready?

Craw. All are entering.

Enter at one door four Scotch Antics, accordingly¹ habited ; at another WARBECK's followers, disguised as four wild Irish in trousers,² long-haired, and accordingly habited.—Music.—A dance by the Maskers.

K. Ja. To all a general thanks !

War. In the next room

Take your own shapes³ again ; you shall receive
Particular acknowledgment. [*Exeunt the Maskers.*]

K. Ja. Enough

Of merriments. Crawford, how far's our army
Upon the march ?

Craw. At Hedon-hall, great king ;
Twelve thousand, well prepared.

K. Ja. Crawford, to-night

Post thither. We, in person, with the prince,
By four o'clock to-morrow after dinner,
Will be wi' you ; speed away !

Craw. I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Ja. Our business grows to head now ; where's
your secretary,
That he attends you not to serve ?

¹ i. e. *characteristically*.

² The *trosses*, or *trosses*, of the "wild Irish," were drawers closely fitted to the shape ; and which, together with the long shaggy hair of these people, are often made the subject of mirth by our old dramatists.
—GIFFORD.

³ *Take your own shapes*,] i. e. resume your ordinary dress.—GIFFORD.

War. With Marchmont,
Your herald.

K. Ja. Good : the proclamation's ready ;
By that it will appear how the English stand
Affected to your title. Huntley, comfort
Your daughter in her husband's absence ! fight
With prayers at home for us, who, for your honours,
Must toil in fight abroad,

Hunt. Prayers are the weapons
Which men so near their graves as I do use ;
I've little else to do.

K. Ja. To rest, young beauties !
We must be early stirring ; quickly part :
A kingdom's rescue craves both speed and art.
Cousins, good night. *[A flourish.]*

War. Rest to our cousin king.

Kath. Your blessing, sir.

Hunt. Fair blessings on your highness ! sure you
need them.

[Exeunt all but WAR. KATH. and JANE.]

War. Jane, set the lights down, and from us return
To those in the next room this little purse ;
Say, we'll deserve their loves.

Jane. It shall be done, sir. *[Exit.]*

War. Now, dearest, ere sweet sleep shall seal those
eyes,

Love's precious tapers, give me leave to use
A parting ceremony ; for to-morrow
It would be sacrilege to intrude upon
The temple of thy peace : swift as the morning,
Must I break from the down of thy embraces,
To put on steel, and trace the paths which lead
Through various hazards to a careful throne.

Kath. My lord, I'd fain go with you ; there's small
fortune

In staying here behind.

War. The churlish brow
Of war, fair dearest, is a sight of horror
For ladies' entertainment : if thou hear'st

A truth of my sad ending by the hand
Of some unnatural subject, thou withal
Shalt hear how I died worthy of my right,
By falling like a king; and in the close,
Which my last breath shall sound, thy name, thou
 fairest,

Shall sing a requiem to my soul, unwilling
Only of greater glory, 'cause divided
From such a heaven on earth, as life with thee.
But these are chimes for funerals; my business
Attends on fortune of a sprightlier triumph;
For love and majesty are reconcil'd,
And vow to crown thee Empress of the West.

Kath. You have a noble language, sir; your right
In me is without question, and however
Events of time may shorten my deserts
In others' pity, yet it shall not stagger
Or constancy or duty in a wife.
You must be king of me; and my poor heart
Is all I can call mine.

War. But we will live,
Live, beauteous virtue, by the lively test
Of our own blood, to let the *counterfeit*
Be known the world's contempt.

Kath. Pray do not use
That word, it carries fate in't: the first suit
I ever made, I trust your love will grant.

War. Without denial, dearest.

Kath. That hereafter,
If you return with safety, no adventure
May sever us in tasting any fortune:
I ne'er can stay behind again.

War. You are lady
Of your desires, and shall command your will;
Yet 't is too hard a promise.

Kath. What our destinies
Have ruled out in their books, we must not search,
But kneel to.

War. Then to fear when hope is fruitless,

Were to be desperately miserable ;
 Which poverty our greatness dares not dream of,
 And much more scorns to stoop to : some few minutes
 Remain yet, let 's be thrifty in our hopes. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Palace at Westminster.

Enter King HENRY, HIALAS, and URSWICK.

K. Hen. Your name is Pedro Hialas,¹ a Spaniard ?

Hial. Sir, a Castilian born.

K. Hen. King Ferdinand,
 With wise queen Isabel his royal consort,
 Write you a man of worthy trust and candour.
 Princes are dear to heaven, who meet with subjects
 Sincere in their employments ; such I find
 Your commendation, sir. Let me deliver
 How joyful I repute the amity,
 With your most fortunate master, who almost
 Comes near a miracle in his success
 Against the Moors, who had devour'd his country,
 Entire now to his sceptre. We, for our part,
 Will imitate his providence, in hope
 Of partage in the use on 't : we repute
 The privacy of his advisement to us
 By you, intended an ambassador
 To Scotland, for a peace between our kingdoms,
 A policy of love, which well becomes
 His wisdom and our care.

Hial. Your majesty
 Doth understand him rightly.

¹ *Your name is Pedro Hialas, &c.]* " Amidst these troubles came into England from Spain, Peter *Hialas*, some call him *Elias*, surely he was the *forerunner* of the good hap that we enjoy at this day : for his embassy set the truce between England and Scotland ; the truce drew on the peace, the peace the marriage, the union of the kingdoms ; a man of great wisdom, and, as those times went, not unlearned."—BACON.

K. Hen. Else

Your knowledge can instruct me ; wherein, sir,
To fall on ceremony, would seem useless,
Which shall not need ; for I will be as studious
Of your concealment in our conference,
As any council shall advise.

Hial. Then, sir,

My chief request is, that on notice given
At my despatch in Scotland, you will send
Some learned man of power and experience
To join entreaty with me.

K. Hen. I shall do it,

Being that way well provided by a servant
Which may attend you ever.

Hial. If king James,

By any indirection, should perceive
My coming near your court, I doubt the issue
Of my employment.

K. Hen. Be not your own herald :

I learn sometimes without a teacher.

Hial. Good days

Guard all your princely thoughts !

K. Hen. Urswick, no farther

Than the next open gallery attend him—
A hearty love go with you !

Hial. Your vow'd beadsman.¹

[*Exeunt* URS. and HIAL.]

K. Hen. King Ferdinand is not so much a fox,

But that a cunning huntsman may in time
Fall on the scent ; in honourable actions
Safe imitation best deserves a praise.

Re-enter URSWICK.

What, the Castilian's pass'd away ?

Urs. He is,

¹ *Your vow'd beadsman.*] One bound to *pray* for you ; from *bede*, the old English word for *prayer* : at this time, however, the expression was sufficiently familiar, and meant little more than the common language of civility—your vowed or devoted servant.—GIFFORD.

And undiscovered ; the two hundred marks
Your majesty convey'd, he gently purs'd
With a right modest gravity.

K. Hen. What was't

He muttered in the earnest of his wisdom ?

He spoke not to be heard ; 't was about—

Urs. Warbeck ;

* How if king Henry were but sure of subjects,
Such a wild runagate might soon be caged,
No great ado withstanding."

K. Hen. Nay, nay : something
About my son prince Arthur's match.

Urs. Right, right, sir.

He humm'd it out, how that king Ferdinand
Swore, that the marriage 'twixt the lady Katherine,
His daughter, and the prince of Wales, your son,
Should never be consummated, as long
As any earl of Warwick lived in England
Except by new creation.

K. Hen. I remember,

'T was so indeed : the king his master swore it ?

Urs. Directly, as he said.

K. Hen. An earl of Warwick !

Provide a messenger for letters instantly
To bishop Fox. Our news from Scotland creeps ;
It comes too slow ; we must have airy spirits ;
Our time requires despatch.—The earl of Warwick !
Let him be son to Clarence,¹ younger brother
To Edward ! Edward's daughter is, I think,
Mother to our prince Arthur.—[*Aside.*]—Get a mes-
senger. [Exeunt.]

¹ *Let him be son to Clarence, &c.*] These are ominous musings of the king, who eagerly caught at the words of Ferdinand, as given above, and sought to "export the odium of this innocent prince's execution out of the land, and lay it upon his new ally."

SCENE IV.

Before the Castle of Norham.

Enter King JAMES, WARBECK, CRAWFORD, DALYELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-WATER, SKETON, and Soldiers.

K. Ja. We trifle time against these castle-walls;
The English prelate will not yield; once more
Give him a summons! [*A parley is sounded.*]

Enter on the walls the Bishop of DURHAM, armed, a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers.

War. See, the jolly clerk
Appears, trimm'd like a ruffian.

K. Ja. Bishop, yet
Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
And he will take thee to his grace; else Tweed
Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
And wash the sand that cements those hard stones
From their foundation.

Dur. Warlike king of Scotland,
Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
To lay his book aside and clap on arms,
Unsuitable to my age or my profession.
Courageous prince, consider on what grounds
You rend the face of peace, and break a league
With a confederate king that courts your amity;
For whom, too? For a vagabond, a straggler,
Not noted in the world by birth or name,
An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
Loos'd from his chains to set great kings at strife.
What nobleman, what common man of note,
What ordinary subject hath come in,
Since first you footed on our territories,
To only feign a welcome? Children laugh at

Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
So great a potentate's abuse, by one
Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
Of an instructed compliment; such spoils,
Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
Already have committed, is enough
To show your zeal in a conceited justice.
Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's vengeance;
But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails!
I and my fellow-subjects are resolv'd,
If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
Till our last blood drop from us.

War. O, sir, lend
No ear to this traducer of my honour!—
What shall I call thee, thou gray-bearded scandal,
That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
Thou owest allegiance?—Treason is bold-faced,
And eloquent in mischief. Sacred king,
Be deaf to his known malice.

Dur. Rather yield
Unto those holy motions which inspire
The sacred heart of an anointed body!
It is the surest policy in princes
To govern well their own, than seek encroachment
Upon another's right.

Craw. The king is serious,
Deep in his meditation[s].

Dat. Lift them up
To heaven, his better genius!

War. Can you study
While such a devil raves? Oh, sir!

K. Ja. Well, bishop,
You'll not be drawn to mercy?

Dur. Construe me
In like case by a subject of your own.
My resolution's fix'd; king James, be counsell'd,
A greater fate waits on thee.

[*Exeunt DURHAM and Soldiers from the walls.*]

K. Ja. Forage through
The country; spare no prey of life or goods.

War. Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to nature.

I am most miserable; had I been
Born what this clergyman would, by defame,
Baffle belief with, I had never sought
The truth of mine inheritance with rapes
Of women, or of infants murder'd, virgins
Deflower'd, old men butcher'd, dwellings fired,
My land depopulated, and my people
Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation.
Show more remorse, great king, or I shall never
Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes.
Spare, spare my dear, dear England!

K. Ja. You fool your piety,
Ridiculously careful of an interest
Another man possesseth. Where's your faction?
Shrewdly the bishop guess'd of your adherents,
When not a petty burgess of some town,
No, not a villager hath yet appear'd
In your assistance; *that*¹ should make you whine,
And not your country's sufferance, as you term it.

Dal. The king is angry.

Craw. And the passionate duke
Effeminately dolent.²

War. The experience
In former trials, sir, both of mine own
Or other princes cast out of their thrones,
Hath so acquainted me how misery
Is destitute of friends or of relief,
That I can easily submit to taste
Lowest reproof, without contempt or words.

¹ It appears from Bacon that this was said "half in sport" by James.

² *And the passionate duke*

Effeminately dolent.] "It is said that Perkin, acting the part of a prince handsomely, when he saw the Scotch fall to waste his country, came to the king in a *passionate* (plaintive, tearful) manner, making great lamentation," &c.—BACON.

Enter FRION.

K. Ja. An humble-minded man!—Now, what intelligence

Speaks master secretary Frion.

Fri. Henry

Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
The armies who opposed him in the right
Of this young prince.

K. Ja. His subsidies you mean.—
More, if you have it?

Fri. Howard, Earl of Surrey,
Back'd by twelve earls and barons of the north,
A hundred knights and gentlemen of name,
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege. Brooke, with a goodly navy,
Is admiral at sea; and Dawbeney follows
With an unbroken army for a second.

War. 'Tis false! they come to side with us.

K. Ja. Retreat;
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with.
Yet, duke of York (for such thou sayst thou art),
I'll try thy fortune to the height; to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
For single combat. Once a king will venture
His person to an earl,¹ with condition
Of spilling lesser blood. Surrey is bold,
And James resolv'd.

War. Oh, rather, gracious sir,
Create me to this glory, since my cause
Doth interest this fair quarrel; valued least,
I am his equal.

K. Ja. I will be the man.
March softly off; where victory can reap
A harvest crown'd with triumph, toil is cheap. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *His person to an earl.*] Here *earl* is used as a dissyllable. It is necessary to notice this, as Ford occasionally varies in the measure of this and similar words in the course of the same speech. For an example, see Marchmont the herald's speech, p. 299, where *carl* occurs both as a monosyllable and a dissyllable.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The English Camp near Ayton, on the Borders.

Enter SURREY, DURHAM, Soldiers with drums and colours.

Sur. Are all our braving enemies shrunk back,
Hid in the fogs of their distemper'd climate,
Not daring to behold our colours wave
In spite of this infected air? Can they
Look on the strength of Cundrestine defaced?
The glory of Heydon-hall devastated? that
Of Edington cast down? the pile of Fulden
O'erthrown? and this, the strongest of their forts,
Old Ayton-Castle,¹ yielded and demolish'd,
And yet not peep abroad? The Scots are bold,
Hardy in battle; but it seems the cause
They undertake, considered, appears
Unjointed in the frame on 't.

Dur. Noble Surrey,
Our royal master's wisdom is at all times
His fortune's harbinger; for when he draws
His sword to threaten war, his providence
Settles on peace, the crowning of an empire.

[A trumpet without.]

Sur. Rank all in order: 't is a herald's sound;
Some message from king James. Keep a fix'd station.

¹ ———and this, the strongest of their forts,

Old Ayton-Castle.] The castle of Ayton, Bacon' says, was then esteemed one of the strongest places between Berwick and Edinburgh. With the capture of this place the struggle terminated, little to the honour, and less to the advantage, of either side. The noble historian says nothing of the main business of this scene, which must, I believe, be placed entirely to the account of the poet; though it is in some measure justified by the chivalrous and romantic character of James IV.—
Gifford.

Enter MARCHMONT and another, in heralds' coats.

March. From Scotland's awful majesty we come
Unto the English general.

Sur. To me?

Say on.

March. Thus, then; the waste and prodigal
Effusion of so much guiltless blood,
As in two potent armies, of necessity,
Must glut the earth's dry womb, his sweet compassion
Hath studied to prevent; for which to thee,
Great earl of Surrey, in a single fight,
He offers his own royal person: fairly
Proposing these conditions only,—that
If victory conclude our master's right,
The earl shall deliver for his ransom
The town of Berwick to him, with the Fishgarths;
If Surrey shall prevail, the king will pay
A thousand pounds down present for his freedom,
And silence further arms: so speaks king James.

Sur. So speaks king James! so like a king he
speaks.

Heralds, the English general returns
A sensible devotion from his heart,
His very soul, to this unfellow'd grace:
For let the king know, gentle heralds, truly,
How his descent from his great throne, to honour
A stranger subject with so high a title
As his compeer in arms, hath conquer'd more
Than any sword could do; for which (my loyalty
Respected) I will serve his virtues ever
In all humility: but Berwick, say,
Is none of mine to part with. In affairs
Of princes, subjects cannot traffic rights
Inherent to the crown. My life is mine,
That I dare freely hazard; and (with pardon
To some unbribed vainglory) if his majesty
Shall taste a change of fate, his liberty
Shall meet no articles. If I fall, falling

So bravely, I refer me to his pleasure
Without condition ; and for this dear favour,
Say, if not countermanded, I will cease
Hostility, unless provoked.

March. This answer
We shall repeat impartially.

Dur. With favour,
Pray have a little patience.—[*Apart to SURREY.*—Sir,
you find

By these gay flourishes, how wearied travail
Inclines to willing rest ; here's but a prologue,
However confidently utter'd, meant
For some ensuing acts of peace : consider
The time of year, unseasonableness of weather,
Charge, barrenness of profit ; and occasion
Presents itself for honourable treaty,
Which we may make good use of ; I will back,
As sent from you, in point of noble gratitude
Unto king James, with these his heralds ; you
Shall shortly hear from me, my lord, for order
Of breathing or proceeding ; and king Henry,
Doubt not, will thank the service.

Sur. To your wisdom,
Lord bishop, I refer it.

Dur. Be it so then.

Sur. Heralds, accept this chain, and these few
crowns.

March. Our duty, noble general.

Dur. In part
Of retribution for such princely love,
My lord the general is pleased to show
The king your master his sincerest zeal,
By further treaty, by no common man ;
I will myself return with you.

Sur. You oblige
My faithfullest affections to you, lord bishop !

March. All happiness attend your lordship !

Sur. Come, friends
And fellow-soldiers ; we, I doubt, shall meet

No enemies but woods and hills, to fight with ;
Then 't were as good to feed and sleep at home :
We may be free from danger, not secure. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Scottish Camp.

Enter WARBECK and FRION.

War. Frion, oh Frion, all my hopes of glory
Are at a stand ! the Scottish king grows dull,
Frosty, and wayward, since this Spanish agent
Hath mix'd discourses with him ; they are private,
I am not call'd to council now :—confusion
On all his crafty shrugs ! I feel the fabric
Of my designs is tottering.

Fri. Henry's policies
Stir with too many engines.

War. Let his mines,
Shaped in the bowels of the earth, blow up
Works rais'd for my defence, yet can they never
Toss into air the freedom of my birth,
Or disavow my blood Plantagenet's !
I am my father's son still. But, oh Frion,
When I bring into count with my disasters,
My wife's companionship, my Kate's, my life's,
Then, then my frailty feels an earthquake. Mischief
Damn Henry's plots ! I will be England's king,
Or let my aunt of Burgundy report
My fall in the attempt deserv'd our ancestors !

Fri. You grow too wild in passion ; if you will
Appear a prince indeed, confine your will
To moderation.

War. What a saucy rudeness
Prompts this distrust ? If ? If I *will appear* ?
Appear a prince ? death throttle such deceits
Even in their birth of utterance ! cursed cozenage
Of trust ! You make me mad ; 't were best, it seems,

That I should turn impostor to myself,
Be mine own counterfeit, belie the truth
Of my dear mother's womb, the sacred bed
Of a prince murther'd, and a living baffled!

Fri. Nay, if you have no ears to hear, I have
No breath to spend in vain.

War. Sir, sir, take heed!
Gold and the promise of promotion rarely
Fail in temptation.

Fri. Why to me this?

War. Nothing.

Speak what you will; we are not sunk so low
But your advice may piece again the heart
Which many cares have broken; you were wont
In all extremities to talk of comfort:
Have you none left now? I'll not interrupt you.
Good, bear with my distractions! If king James
Deny us dwelling here, next, whither must I?
I prithee be not angry.

Fri. Sir, I told you
Of letters come from Ireland; how the Cornish
Stomach their last defeat, and humbly sue,
That with such forces as you could partake,
You would in person land in Cornwall, where
Thousands will entertain your title gladly.

War. Let me embrace thee, hug thee; thou'st re-
viv'd
My comforts: if my cousin king will fail,
Our cause will never—

Enter JOHN A-WATER, HERON, ASTLEY, SKETON.
Welcome, my tried friends;
You keep your brains awake in our defence.
Frion, advise with them of these affairs,
In which be wondrous secret; I will listen
What else concerns us here: be quick and wary.

[Exit

Ast. Ah, sweet young prince! Secretary, my fel-
low-counsellors and I have consulted, and jump all

in one opinion directly; and if these Scotch garboils¹ do not fadge to our minds, we will pell-mell run among the Cornish choughs presently, and in a trice.

Sket. 'Tis but going to sea and leaping ashore, cut ten or twelve thousand unnecessary throats, fire seven or eight towns, take half a dozen cities, get into the market-place, crown him Richard the Fourth, and the business is finished.

J. a-Wat. I grant you, quoth I, so far forth, as men may do, no more than men may do; for it is good to consider, when consideration may be to the purpose, otherwise—still you shall pardon me—"little said is soon amended."

Fri. Then you conclude the Cornish action surest?

Her. We do so, and doubt not but to thrive abundantly. Ho, my masters, had we known of the commotion when we set sail out of Ireland, the land had been ours ere this time.

Sket. Pish, pish! 't is but forbearing being an earl or a duke a month or two longer. I say, and say it again, if the work go not on apace, let me never see new fashion more. I warrant you, I warrant you; we will have it so, and so it shall be.

Ast. This is but a cold, phlegmatic country; not stirring enough for men of spirit. Give me the heart of England for my money.

Sket. A man may batten there in a week only with hot loaves and butter,² and a lusty cup of muscadine and sugar at breakfast, though he make never a meal all the month after.

J. a-Wat. Surely, when I bore office, I found by experience, that to be much troublesome was to be much wise and busy. I have observed how filching and bragging has been the best service in these last

¹ i. e. if these Scotch tumults, commotions, do not suit, fit to our minds, &c.

² With hot loaves and butter.] Our ancestors must have found something peculiarly amusing in a tailor's breakfast to justify the comic writers in these eternal references to it.—GIFFORD.

wars; and therefore conclude peremptorily on the design in England. If things and things may fall out, as who can tell what or how—but the end will show it.

Fri. Resolv'd like men of judgment! Here to linger
More time is but to lose it; cheer the prince,
And haste him on to this; on this depends
Fame in success, or glory in our ends. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the same.

Enter King JAMES, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

Hial. France, Spain, and Germany combine a league
Of amity with England; nothing wants
For settling peace through Christendom but love
Between the British monarchs, James and Henry.

Dur. The English merchants, sir, have been receiv'd
With general procession into Antwerp;
The emperor confirms the combination.

Hial. The king of Spain resolves a marriage
For Katherine, his daughter, with prince Arthur.

Dur. France courts this holy contract.

Hial. What can hinder
A quietness in England?

Dur. But your suffrage
To such a silly creature, mighty sir,
As is but in effect an apparition,
A shadow, a mere trifle?

Hial. To this union
The good of both the church and commonwealth
Invite you.

Dur. To this unity, a mystery
Of providence points out a greater blessing

For both these nations than our human reason
Can search into. King Henry hath a daughter,
The princess Margaret; I need not urge
What honour, what felicity can follow
On such affinity 'twixt two Christian kings
Inleagued by ties of blood; but sure I am,
If you, sir, ratify the peace propos'd,
I dare both motion and effect this marriage
For weal of both the kingdoms.

K. Ja. Dar'st thou, lord bishop?

Dur. Put it to trial, royal James, by sending
Some noble personage to the English court,
By way of embassy.

Hial. Part of the business
Shall suit my mediation.

K. Ja. Well, what Heaven
Hath pointed out to be, must be; you two
Are ministers, I hope, of blessed fate.
But herein only I will stand acquitted:
No blood of innocents shall buy my peace.
For Warbeck, as you nick him, came to me,
Commended by the states of Christendom,
A prince, though in distress; his fair demeanour,
Lovely behaviour, unappalled spirit,
Spoke him not base in blood, however clouded.
The brute beasts have their rocks and caves to fly to,
And men the altars of the church; to us
He came for refuge. "Kings come near in nature
Unto the gods in being touch'd with pity."
Yet, noble friends, his mixture with our blood,
Even with our own, shall no way interrupt
A general peace; only I will dismiss him
From my protection, throughout my dominions;
In safety; but not ever to return.

Hial. You are a just king.

Dur. Wise, and herein happy.

K. Ja. Nor will we dally in affairs of weight:
Huntley, lord bishop, shall with you to England
Ambassador from us; we will throw down

Our weapons ; peace on all sides ! now, repair
Unto our council ; we will soon be with you.

Hial. Delay shall question no despatch ; Heaven
crown it ! [*Exeunt DURHAM and HIALAS.*

K. Ja. A league with Ferdinand ! a marriage
With English Margaret ! a free release
From restitution for the late affronts !
Cessation from hostility, and all
For Warbeck, not deliver'd, but dismiss'd !
We could not wish it better.—Dalyell !

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. Here, sir.

K. Ja. Are Huntley and his daughter sent for ?

Dal. Sent for,
And come, my lord.

K. Ja. Say to the English prince,
We want his company.

Dal. He is at hand, sir.

*Enter WARBECK, KATHERINE, JANE, FRION, HERON,
SKETON, JOHN A-WATER, and ASTLEY.*

K. Ja. Cousin, our bounty, favours, gentleness,
Our benefits, the hazard of our person,
Our people's lives, our land, hath evidenced
How much we have engaged on your behalf :
How trivial, and how dangerous our hopes
Appear, how fruitless our attempts in war,
How windy, rather smoky, your assurance
Of party, shows, we might in vain repeat :
But now, obedience to the mother church,
A father's care upon his country's weal,
The dignity of state directs our wisdom
To seal an oath of peace through Christendom ;
To which we are sworn already. It is you
Must only seek new fortunes in the world,
And find a harbour elsewhere. As I promis'd
*On your arrival, you have met no usage
Deserves repentance in your being here ;*

But yet I must live master of mine own.
However, what is necessary for you
At your departure, I am well content
You be accommodated with; provided,
Delay prove not my enemy.

War. It shall not,
Most glorious prince. The fame of my designs
Soars higher than report of ease and sloth
Can aim at; I acknowledge all your favours
Boundless and singular; am only wretched
In words as well as means, to thank the grace
That flow'd so liberally. Two empires firmly
You are lord of—Scotland and duke Richard's heart.
My claim to mine inheritance shall sooner
Fail, than my life to serve you, best of kings;
And, witness Edward's blood in me! I am
More loath to part with such a great example
Of virtue than all other mere respects.
But, sir, my last suit is, you will not force
From me what you have given, this chaste lady,
Resolv'd on all extremes.

Kath. I am your wife,
No human power can or shall divorce
My faith from duty.

War. Such another treasure
The earth is bankrupt of.

K. Ja. I gave her, cousin,
And must avow the gift; will add withal
A furniture becoming her high birth
And unsuspected constancy; provide
For your attendance: we will part good friends.

[*Exit with DALYELL.*]

War. The Tudor hath been cunning in his plots;
His Fox of Durham would not fail at last.
But what! our cause and courage are our own:
Be men, my friends, and let our cousin king
See how we follow fate as willingly
As malice follows us. You are all resolv'd
For the west parts of England?

All. Cornwall, Cornwall!

Fri. The inhabitants expect you daily.

War. Cheerfully

Draw all our ships out of the harbour, friends;
Our time of stay doth seem too long; we must
Prevent intelligence; about it suddenly.

All. A prince, a prince, a prince!

[*Exeunt* HERON, SKETON, ASTLEY, and
JOHN A-WATER.

War. Dearest, admit not into thy pure thoughts
The least of scruples, which may charge their soft-
ness

With burthen of distrust. Should I prove wanting
To noble courage now, here were the trial:
But I am perfect, sweet; I fear no change
More than thy being partner in my sufferance.

Kath. My fortunes, sir, have arm'd me to en-
counter

What chance soe'er they meet with.—Jane, 't is fit
Thou stay behind, for whither wilt thou wander?

Jane. Never till death will I forsake my mis-
tress,

Nor then in wishing to die with you gladly.

Kath. Alas, good soul!

Fri. Sir, to your aunt of Burgundy
I will relate your present undertakings;
From her expect, on all occasions, welcome.
You cannot find me idle in your services.

War. Go, Frion, go! wise men know how to sooth
Adversity, not serve it; thou hast waited
Too long on expectation. Never yet
Was any nation read of so besotted
In reason as to adore the setting sun.
Fly to the archduke's court; say to the dutchess,
Her nephew, with fair Katherine, his wife,
Are on their expectation to begin
The raising of an empire. If they fail,
Yet the report will never. Farewell, Frion!

[*Exit* FRION.]

This man, Kate, has been true, though now of late,
I fear, too much familiar with the Fox.¹

Re-enter DALYELL with HUNTLEY.

Hunt. I come to take my leave; you need not
doubt

My interest in this sometime child of mine;
She's all yours now, good sir.—Oh, poor, lost creature!

Heaven guard thee with much patience; if thou canst
Forget thy title to old Huntley's family,
As much of peace will settle in thy mind
As thou canst wish to taste, but in thy grave.
Accept my tears yet, prithee; they are tokens
Of charity, as true as of affection.

Kath. This is the cruell'st farewell!

Hunt. Love, young gentleman;
This model of my griefs; she calls you husband:
Then be not jealous of a parting kiss.
It is a father's, not a lover's offering;
Take it, my last.—[*Kisses her.*]—I am too much a child.
Exchange of passion is to little use,
So I should grow too foolish: goodness guide thee!
[*Exit.*]

Kath. Most miserable daughter!—Have you aught
To add, sir, to our sorrows?

Dal. I resolve,
Fair lady, with your leave, to wait on all
Your fortunes in my person, if your lord
Vouchsafe me entertainment.

War. We will be bosom friends, most noble
Dalyell;
For I accept this tender of your love

¹ *The Fox,*] i. e. the Bishop of Durham, lord privy-seal, whom Bacon calls "a wise man, and one that could see through the present to the future." He stood deservedly high in Henry's confidence and favour. With respect to Frion, Warbeck was right. The defection of James showed the secretary but too clearly that the fortunes of his master were on the ebb; he therefore withdrew from him previously to the Cornish expedition, and returned no more.—Gifford.

Beyond ability of thanks to speak it.—

Clear thy drown'd eyes, my fairest; time and industry

Will show us better days, or end the worst. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The Palace at Westminster.

Enter OXFORD and DAWBENEY.

Oxf. No news from Scotland yet, my lord?

Daw. Not any

But what king Henry knows himself: I thought
Our armies should have march'd that way; his mind,
It seems, is alter'd.

Oxf. Victory attends
His standard every where.

Daw. Wise princes, Oxford,
Fight not alone with forces. Providence
Directs and tutors strength; else elephants
And barbed horses might as well prevail
As the most subtle stratagems of war.

Oxf. The Scottish king show'd more than common
bravery,
In proffer of a combat hand to hand
With Surrey.

Daw. And but show'd it. Northern bloods
Are gallant, being fired; but the cold climate,
Without good store of fuel, quickly freezeth
The glowing flames.

Oxf. Surrey, upon my life,
Would not have shrunk a hair's breadth.

Daw. May he forfeit
The honour of an English name and nature,
Who would not have embraced it with a greediness
As violent as hunger runs to food!
'T was an addition any worthy spirit
Would covet, next to immortality,

Above all joys of life ; we all miss'd shares
In that great opportunity.

Enter King HENRY in close conversation with
URSWICK.

Oxf. The king !
See, he comes smiling.

Daw. Oh, the game runs smooth
On his side, then, believe it ; cards, well shuffled
And dealt with cunning, bring some gamester thrift ;
But others must rise losers.

K. Hen. The train takes ?

Urs. Most prosperously.

K. Hen. I knew it could not miss.
He¹ fondly angles who will hurl his bait
Into the water, 'cause the fish at first
Plays round about the line and dares not bite.—
Lords, we may reign your king yet ; Dawbeney, Ox-
ford,

Urswick, must Perkin wear the crown ?

Daw. A slave !

Oxf. A vagabond !

Urs. A glowworm !

K. Hen. Now, if Frion,
His practis'd politician, wear a brain
Of proof, king Perkin will in progress ride
Through all his large dominions ; let us meet him,
And tender homage : ha, sirs ! liegemen ought
To pay their fealty.

Daw. Would the rascal were,
With all his rabble, within twenty miles
Of London !

K. Hen. Farther off is near enough
To lodge him in his home ; I 'll wager odds,
Surrey and all his men are either idle
Or hasting back ; they have not work, I doubt,
To keep them busy.

¹ i.e. he is a foolish angler who, &c.

Daw. 'T is a strange conceit, sir.

K. Hen. Such voluntary favours as our people
In duty aid us with we never scatter'd
On cobweb parasites, or lavish'd out
In riot or a needless hospitality;
No undeserving favourite doth boast
His issues from our treasury; our charge
Flows through all Europe, proving us but steward
Of every contribution which provides
Against the creeping canker of disturbance.
Is it not rare, then, in this toil of state
Wherein we are embark'd, with breach of sleep,
Cares, and the noise of trouble, that our mercy
Returns nor thanks nor comfort? Still the West
Murmur and threaten innovation,
Whisper our government tyrannical,
Deny us what is ours, nay, spurn their lives,
Of which they are but owners by our gift;
It must not be.

Oxf. It must not, should not.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. So then—

To whom?

Mess. This packet to your sacred majesty.

K. Hen. Sirrah, attend without. [*Exit Mess.*]

Oxf. News from the North, upon my life.

Daw. Wise Henry

Divines aforehand of events; with him
Attempts and execution are one act.

K. Hen. Urswick, thine ear; Frion is caught! the
man

Of cunning is outreach'd; we must be safe.
Should reverend Morton, our archbishop, move
To a translation higher yet,¹ I tell thee,
My Durham owns a brain deserves that see.

¹ To a translation higher yet,] i. e. to heaven. Morton was at this time Archbishop of Canterbury. He died about three years after this

He 's nimble in his industry, and mounting—
Thou hear'st me ?

Urs. And conceive your highness fitly.

K. Hen. Dawbeney and Oxford, since our army
stands

Entire, it were a weakness to admit
The rust of laziness to eat among them :
Set forward towards Salisbury ; the plains
Are most commodious for their exercise ;
Ourself will take a muster of them there,
And, or disband them with reward, or else
Dispose as best concerns us.

Daw. Salisbury !

Sir, all is peace at Salisbury.

K. Hen. Dear friend—

The charge must be our own ; we would a little
Partake the pleasure with our subjects' ease.
Shall I entreat your loves ?

Oxf. Command our lives.

K. Hen. You are men know how to do, not to fore-
think.

My bishop is a jewel tried and perfect :
A jewel, lords. The post who brought these letters
Must speed another to the mayor of Exeter.
Urswick, dismiss him not.

Urs. He waits your pleasure.

K. Hen. Perkin a king ? a king !

Urs. My gracious lord—

K. Hen. Thoughts, busied in the sphere of royalty,
Fix not on creeping worms, without their stings
Mere excrements of earth. The use of time

period, at the great age of ninety.* The king seems to have changed his opinion with respect to Fox, who was removed on the archbishop's death, not to Canterbury, but to Winchester, in which see he died. Moreton and Fox were fast friends ; they rank high among our prelates, and were, in fact, both very eminent men.—GIFFORD.

* It was by a chaplain of this reverend prelate that one of the most ancient, if not the oldest, of our printed moralities was compiled. It bears the following title :—" Nature.—A Goodly Interlude of Nature, compyled by Maister Henry Medwall, Chapleyn to the Right Reverend Father in God Johan Morton, sometyme Cardynal and Archebysshop of Canterbury." The interlude appears to have been played before Morton himself.

Is thriving safety, and a wise prevention
Of ills expected.—We are resolv'd for Salisbury.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Coast of Cornwall.

*A general shout within.—Enter WARBECK, DALYELL,
KATHERINE, and JANE.*

War. After so many storms as wind and seas
Have threaten'd to our weatherbeaten ships,
At last, sweet fairest, we are safe arrived
On our dear mother earth, ungrateful only
To heaven and us in yielding sustenance
To sly usurpers of our throne and right.
These general acclamations are an omen
Of happy process to their welcome lord:
They flock in troops, and from all parts, with wings
Of duty fly, to lay their hearts before us.
Unequall'd pattern of a matchless wife,
How fares my dearest yet?

Kath. Confirm'd in health;
By which I may the better undergo
The roughest face of change; but I shall learn
Patience to hope, since silence courts affliction,
For comforts to this truly noble gentleman,
(Rare unexampled pattern of a friend!)
And my beloved Jane, the willing follower
Of all misfortunes.

Dal. Lady, I return
But barren crops of early protestations,
Frostbitten in the spring of fruitless hopes.

Jane. I wait but as the shadow to the body;
For, madam, without you let me be nothing.

War. None talk of sadness, we are on the way
Which leads to victory: keep cowards thoughts
With desperate sullenness! The lion faints not
Lock'd in a grate, but, loose, disdains all force

Which bars his prey (and we are lion-hearted);
Or else no king of beasts.—[*Another general shout within.*]—Hark, how they shout!
Triumphant in our cause! bold confidence
Marches on bravely, cannot quake at danger.

Enter SKETON.

Sket. Save king Richard the Fourth! save thee,
king of hearts! The Cornish blades are men of
mettle; have proclaimed through Bodnam and the
whole country my sweet prince monarch of England.
Four thousand tall yeomen, with bow and sword,
already vow to live and die at the foot of king
Richard.

Enter ASTLEY.

Ast. The mayor, our fellow-counsellor, is servant
for an emperor. Exeter is appointed for the rendez-
vous, and nothing wants to victory but courage and
resolution.

War. To Exeter! to Exeter, march on:
Commend us to our people; we in person
Will lend them double spirits; tell them so.

Sket. and Ast. King Richard, king Richard!

[*Exeunt SKET. and AST.*

War. A thousand blessings guard our lawful
arms!

A thousand horrors pierce our enemies' souls!
Pale fear unedge their weapons' sharpest points,
And when they draw their arrows to the head,
Numbness shall strike their sinews! such advan-
tage

Hath majesty in its pursuit of justice,
That on the proppers up of Truth's old throne,
It both enlightens counsel, and gives heart
To execution; while the throats of traitors
Lie bare before our mercy. O divinity
Of royal birth! how it strikes dumb the tongues
Whose prodigality of breath is bribed

By trains to greatness! Princes are but men,
 Distinguish'd in the fineness of their frailty;
 Yet not so gross in beauty of the mind;
 For there's a fire more sacred, purifies
 The dross of mixture. Herein stand the odds,
 Subjects are men on earth, kings men and gods.
 [Exit.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall.*¹

Enter KATHERINE and JANE, in riding-suits, with one Servant.

Kath. It is decreed; and we must yield to fate,
 Whose angry justice, though it threaten ruin,
 Contempt, and poverty, is all but trial
 Of a weak woman's constancy in suffering.
 Here in a stranger's, and an enemy's land,
 Forsaken and unfurnish'd of all hopes,
 But such as wait on misery, I range
 To meet affliction wheresoe'er I tread.
 My train, and pomp of servants, is reduced
 To one kind gentlewoman, and this groom.
 Sweet Jane, now whither must we?

Jane. To your ships,
 Dear lady, and turn home.

Kath. Home! I have none.
 Fly thou to Scotland; thou hast friends will weep
 For joy to bid thee welcome; but, oh Jane,
 My Jane! my friends are desperate of comfort,
 As I must be of them: the common charity,
 Good people's alms, and prayers of the gentle,
 Is the revenue must support my state.

¹ *St. Michael's Mount.*] It appears that when Perkin marched on his ill-fated expedition, Lady Katherine was left at this place, from which she was now preparing to withdraw, on some rumours of her husband's want of success.—GIFFORD.

As for my native country, since it once
Saw me a princess in the height of greatness
My birth allow'd me; here I make a vow,
Scotland shall never see me, being fallen,
Or lessen'd in my fortunes. Never, Jane,
Never to Scotland more will I return.

Alas, why dost thou weep? and that poor creature
Wipe his wet cheeks too! let me feel alone
Extremities, who know to give them harbour
Nor thou nor he has cause: you may live safely.

Jane. There is no safety while your dangers,
madam,
Are every way apparent.

Serv. Pardon, lady;
I cannot choose but show my honest heart;
You were ever my good lady.

Kath. Oh, dear souls,
Your shares in grief are too, too much.

Enter DALYELL.

Dal. I bring,
Fair princess, news of further sadness yet,
Than your sweet youth hath been acquainted with.

Kath. Not more, my lord, than I can welcome;
speak it,
The worst, the worst I look for.

Dal. All the Cornish
At Exeter were by the citizens
Repulsed, encounter'd by the earl of Devonshire,
And other worthy gentlemen of the country.
Your husband march'd to Taunton, and was there
Affronted by king Henry's chamberlain;¹

¹ Affronted by king Henry's chamberlain,] i. e. met directly in front by Dawbeney. It is sufficiently clear from the exulting language of this wily monarch in the scene with Urswick, p. 301, that he had made himself sure of the overthrow of Warbeck, whom he had, by this time, environed with his agents; hence the disgraceful flight of the pretender, the recourse to the sanctuary of Bewley, and subsequent surrender. Bacon shrewdly observes, on this occasion, that the king was grown to be such a partner with Fortune, as nobody could tell what actions the

The king himself in person, with his army
 Advancing nearer, to renew the fight
 On all occasions: but the night before
 The battles were to join, your husband privately,
 Accompanied with some few horse, departed
 From out the camp, and posted none knows whi-
 ther.

Kath. Fled without battle given?

Dal. Fled, but follow'd

By Dawbeney; all his parties¹ left to taste
 King Henry's mercy, for to that they yielded;
 Victorious without bloodshed.

Kath. Oh, my sorrows!

If both our lives had proved the sacrifice
 To Henry's tyranny, we had fall'n like princes,
 And robb'd him of the glory of his pride.

Dal. Impute it not to faintness or to weakness
 Of noble courage, lady, but [to] foresight;
 For by some secret friend he had intelligence
 Of being bought and sold by his base followers.
 Worse yet remains untold.

Kath. No, no, it cannot.

Dal. I fear you are betray'd: the earl of Oxford
 Runs hot in your pursuit.²

one, and what the other owned. It was generally believed, he adds, that Perkin "was betrayed, and that the king led him, at the time of his flight, in a line;" a fact to which he does not seem disposed to give credit.—GIFFORD.

¹ i. e. *partisans*.

² ———— *the earl of Oxford*

Runs hot in your pursuit.] "There were also sent," Lord Bacon says, "with all speed, some horse to St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, where the Lady Catharine Gordon was left by her husband, whom in all fortunes she entirely loved, adding the virtues of a wife to the virtues of her sex."

The reader, in whose breast the extraordinary merits of this high-born lady can scarcely fail to have created some degree of interest, will not be displeased, perhaps, with the brief recital of her subsequent fortunes, as given by Sir R. Gordon, whom Douglas calls the historian of the family. After quoting the preceding passage from Bacon, Sir Robert adds, "shoe was brought from St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, and delivered to King Henrie the Seaventh, who intertayned her honorable, and for her better maintenance, according to her birth and vertue, did assigne vnto her good lands and rents for all the dayes of her lyff. After

Kath. He shall not need ;
We'll run as hot in resolution, gladly,
To make the earl our jailer.

Jane. Madam, madam,
They come, they come !

Enter OXFORD, with his followers.

Dal. Keep back, or he who dares
Rudely to violate the law of honour,
Runs on my sword.

Kath. Most noble sir, forbear !
What reason draws you hither, gentlemen ?
Whom seek ye ?

Oxf. All stand off. With favour, lady,
From Henry, England's king, I would present,
Unto the beauteous princess, Katherine Gordon,
The tender of a gracious entertainment.

Kath. We are that princess; whom your master
king
Pursues with reaching arms, to draw into
His power: let him use his tyranny,
We shall not be his subjects.

Oxf. My commission
Extends no further, excellentest lady,
Than to a service; 't is king Henry's pleasure,
That you, and all that have relation to you,
Be guarded as becomes your birth and greatness:
For, rest assured, sweet princess, that not aught
Of what you do call yours, shall find disturbance,
Or any welcome, other than what suits
Your high condition.

the death of her husband Richard, shoo married Sir Mathie Cradock (a man of great power at that tyme in Clamorganshyre, in Wales), of the which mariage is descended this William, Earle of Pembroke, by his grandmother, and had some lands by inheritance from the Cradockes. Lady Katheren Gordon died in Wales, and was buried in a chappell at one of the Earle of Pembrok his dwelling-places in that cuntrey. The Engleish histories doe much commend her for her beauty, comliness, and chastetie."—GIFFORD.

Kath. By what title, sir,
May I acknowledge you?

Oxf. Your servant, lady,
Descended from the line of Oxford's earls,
Inherits what his ancestors before him
Were owners of.

Kath. Your king is herein royal,
That by a peer so ancient in desert,
As well as blood, commands us to his presence.

Oxf. Invites you, princess, not commands.

Kath. Pray use
Your own phrase as you list; to your protection,
Both I and mine submit.

Oxf. There's in your number
A nobleman, whom fame hath bravely spoken.
To him the king my master bade me say
How willingly he courts his friendship; far
From an enforcement, more than what in terms
Of courtesy, so great a prince may hope for.

Dal. My name is Dalyell.

Oxf. 'Tis a name hath won
Both thanks and wonder, from report, my lord;
The court of England emulates your merit,
And covets to embrace you.

Dal. I must wait on
The princess in her fortunes.

Oxf. Will you please,
Great lady, to set forward?

Kath. Being driven
By fate, it were in vain to strive with Heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Salisbury.

Enter King HENRY, SURREY, URSWICK, and a Guard of Soldiers.

K. Hen. The counterfeit king Perkin is escaped: Escape! so let him: he is hedged too fast Within the circuit of our English pale, To steal out of our ports, or leap the walls Which guard our land; the seas are rough, and wider Than his weak arms can tug with. Surrey, henceforth Your king may reign in quiet; turmoils past, Like some unquiet dream, have rather busied Our fancy, than affrighted rest of state.— But, Surrey,¹ why, in articling a peace With James of Scotland, was not restitution Of losses, which our subjects did sustain By the Scotch inroads, question'd?

Sur. Both demanded And urged, my lord; to which the king replied, In modest merriment, but smiling earnest, How that our master, Henry, was much abler To bear the detriments, than he repay them.

K. Hen. The young man, I believe, spake honest truth: He studies to be wise betimes. Have, Urswick, Sir Rice ap Thomas, and Lord Brook, our steward, Return'd the western gentlemen full thanks, From us, for their tried loyalties?

¹ *But, Surrey, why, &c.]* Henry seems to have taken an odd time to question Surrey on this point. Perhaps the poet here, as in a former scene, intended to characterize the eager cupidity of the king, always alive to his pecuniary interests. The passage stands thus in Bacon. "The bishop (Fox) demanded restitution of the spoils taken by the Scottish, as damages for the same. But the Scottish commissioners answered, that that was but as water spilt upon the ground, which could not be gotten up again; and that the king's people were better able to bear the loss, than their master to repair it."—GIFFORD.

Urs. They have ;
Which, as if life and health had reign'd among them,
With open hearts they joyfully received.

K. Hen. Young Buckingham is a fair-natured prince,
Lovely in hopes, and worthy of his father ;
Attended by a hundred knights and squires
Of special name, he tender'd humble service,
Which we must ne'er forget ; and Devonshire's
wounds,
Though slight, shall find sound cure in our respect.

*Enter DAWBENEY, with a guard, leading in WARBECK,
HERON, JOHN A-WATER, ASTLEY, and SKETON,
chained.*

Daw. Life to the king, and safety fix his throne !
I here present you, royal sir, a shadow
Of majesty, but, in effect, a substance
Of pity, a young man, in nothing grown
To ripeness, but the ambition of your mercy :
Perkin, the Christian world's strange wonder.

K. Hen. Dawbeney,
We observe no wonder ; I behold, 't is true,
An ornament of nature, fine and polish'd,
A handsome youth indeed, but not admire him.
How came he to thy hands ?

Daw. From sanctuary
At Bewley, near Southampton ; register'd
With these few followers, for persons privileged.

K. Hen. I must not thank you, sir ! you were to
blame
To infringe the liberty of houses sacred :
Dare we be irreligious ?

Daw. Gracious lord,
They voluntarily resign'd themselves,
Without compulsion.

K. Hen. So ? 't was very well ;
'T was very, very well !—turn now thine eyes,
Young man, upon thyself and thy past actions.
What revels in combustion through our kingdom,

A phrensy of aspiring youth hath danced,
Till, wanting breath, thy feet of pride have slipp'd
To break thy neck !

War. But not my heart ! my heart
Will mount, till every drop of blood be frozen
By death's perpetual winter : if the sun
Of majesty be darken'd, let the sun
Of life be hid from me, in an eclipse
Lasting and universal ! Sir, remember
There was a shooting in of light, when Richmond,
Not aiming at a crown, retired, and gladly,
For comfort, to the duke of Bretaine's court.
Richard, who sway'd the sceptre, was reputed
A tyrant then : yet then, a dawning glimmer'd
To some few wand'ring remnants, promising day
When first they ventur'd on a frightful shore,
At Milford Haven—

Daw. Whither speeds his boldness ?
Check his rude tongue, great sir.

K. Hen. O, let him range :
The player's on the stage still, 't is his part ;
He does but act. What follow'd ?

War. Bosworth Field !
Where, at an instant, to the world's amazement,
A morn to Richmond, and a night to Richard,
Appear'd at once : the tale is soon applied ;
Fate which crown'd these attempts when least assured,
Might have befriended others, like resolv'd.

K. Hen. A pretty gallant ! thus your aunt of Bur-
gundy,
Your dutchess aunt, inform'd her nephew ; so
The lesson prompted, and well conn'd, was moulded
Into familiar dialogue, oft rehearsed,
Till, learn'd by heart, 't is now received for truth.

War. Truth, in her pure simplicity, wants art
To put a feigned blush on : scorn wears only
Such fashion as commends to gazers' eyes
Sad ulcerated novelty, far beneath
The sphere of majesty ; in such a court

Wisdom and gravity are proper robes,
By which the sovereign is best distinguish'd
From zanies to his greatness.

K. Hen. Sirrah, shift
Your antic pageantry, and now appear
In your own nature, or you'll taste the danger
Of fooling out of season.

War. I expect
No less than what severity calls justice,
And politicians safety; let such beg
As feed on alms: but, if there can be mercy
In a protested enemy, then may it
Descend to these poor creatures, whose engage-
ments,
To the bettering of their fortunes, have incurr'd
A loss of all; to them, if any charity
Flow from some noble orator, in death,
I owe the fee of thankfulness.

K. Hen. So brave!
What a bold knave is this! Which of these rebels
Has been the mayor of Cork?

Daw. This wise formality:
Kneel to the king, ye rascals! [They kneel.]

K. Hen. Canst thou hope
A pardon, where thy guilt is so apparent?

J. a-Wat. Under your good favours, as men are
men, they may err; for I confess, respectively, in
taking great parts, the one side prevailing, the other
side must go down: herein the point is clear, if the
proverb hold, that hanging goes by destiny, that it is
to little purpose to say, this thing, or that, shall be
thus, or thus; for, as the fates will have it, so it must
be; and who can help it?

Daw. O blockhead! thou a privy-counsellor?
Beg life, and cry aloud, "Heaven save king Henry!"

J. a-Wat. Every man knows what is best, as it
happens; for my own part, I believe it is true, if I be
not deceived, that kings must be kings, and subjects
subjects: but which is which, you shall pardon me

for that;—whether we speak or hold our peace, all are mortal, no man knows his end.

K. Hen. We trifle time with follies.

All. Mercy, mercy!

K. Hen. Urswick, commend the dukeling and these fellows [They rise.

To Digby, the lieutenant of the Tower:

With safety let them be convey'd to London.

It is our pleasure no uncivil outrage,

Taunts, or abuse be suffered to their persons;

They shall meet fairer law than they deserve.

Time may restore their wits, whom vain ambition

Hath many years distracted.

War. Noble thoughts

Meet freedom in captivity: the Tower!

Our childhood's dreadful nursery.

K. Hen. No more!

Urs. Come, come, you shall have leisure to bethink you.

[Exit *URS.* with *PERKIN* and his followers, guarded.

K. Hen. Was ever so much impudence in forgery?

The custom sure of being styled a king,

Hath fastened in his thought that he is such;

But we shall teach the lad another language:

'Tis good we have him fast.

Daw. The hangman's physic

Will purge this saucy humour.

K. Hen. Very likely:

Yet we could temper mercy with extremity,

Being not too far provoked.

Enter OXFORD, KATHERINE in her richest attire, DALYELL, JANE, and Attendants.

Oxf. Great sir, be pleased,

With your accustomed grace, to entertain

The princess Katherine Gordon.

K. Hen. Oxford, herein

We must beshrew thy knowledge of our nature.

A lady of her birth and virtues could not
Have found us so unfurnish'd of good manners,
As not, on notice given, to have met her
Half-way in point of love. Excuse, fair cousin,
The oversight! oh fy! you may not kneel;
'Tis most unfitting: first, vouchsafe this welcome,
A welcome to your own; for you shall find us
But guardian to your fortune and your honours.

Kath. My fortunes and mine honours are weak
champions,
As both are now befriended, sir; however,
Both bow before your clemency.

K. Hen. Our arms
Shall circle them from malice—a sweet lady!
Beauty incomparable!—here lives majesty
At league with love.

Kath. Oh sir, I have a husband.

K. Hen. We'll prove your father, husband, friend,
and servant;
Prove what you wish to grant us. Lords, be careful
A patent presently be drawn, for issuing
A thousand pounds from our exchequer yearly,
During our cousin's life; our queen shall be
Your chief companion, our own court your home,
Our subjects all your servants.

Kath. But my husband?

K. Hen. By all descriptions, you are noble Dalyell,
Whose generous truth hath famed a rare observance.
We thank you; 't is a goodness gives addition
To every title boasted from your ancestry,
In all most worthy.

Dal. Worthier than your praises,
Right princely sir, I need not glory in.

K. Hen. Embrace him, lords.—Whoever calls you
mistress
Is lifted in our charge:—a goodlier beauty
Mine eyes yet ne'er encounter'd.

Kath. Cruel misery
Of fate! what rests to hope for?

K. Hen. Forward, lords,
To London. Fair, ere long, I shall present you
With a glad object, peace, and Huntley's blessing.
[*Exeunt.*¹

SCENE III.

London.—The Tower-hill.

Enter Constable and Officers, WARBECK, URSWICK, and LAMBERT SIMNEL as a falconer, followed by the rabble.

Const. Make room there! keep off, I require you; and none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure. Bring forward the malefactors.—Friend, you must to this geer, no remedy.—Open the hole, and in with the legs, just in the middle hole; there, that hole. Keep off, or I'll commit you all! shall not a man in authority be obeyed? So, so, there; 't is as it should be:—[*WARBECK is put in the stocks.*—put on the padlock, and give me the key. Off, I say; keep off!

Urs. Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience: thou hast tasted
King Henry's mercy liberally; the law
Has forfeited thy life; an equal jury
Have doomed thee to the gallows. Twice most wickedly,
Most desperately hast thou escaped the Tower;
Inveigling to thy party, with thy witchcraft,
Young Edward, earl of Warwick, son to Clarence;
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt;

¹ Here, at all events, it might have been thought that this drama would have concluded; but such was not the nature of a Chronicle-history; and, after all, Ford's expanse of subject is but trivial compared with that of some of his predecessors. In the dedication of "*Promos and Cassandra*" (1578) its author (Whetstone), observing on the offences which some of his contemporaries committed against probability, says, "In this quality the Englishman is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order: he first grounds his work on impossibilities, then in three howers ronnes he throwe the worlde, marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters, &c. &c."

Poor gentleman!—unhappy in his fate,—
And ruin'd by thy cunning! so a mongrel
May pluck the true stag down. Yet, yet, confess
Thy parentage; for yet the king has mercy.

Simn. You would be Dick the Fourth, very likely!
Your pedigree is publish'd;¹ you are known
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
A land-loper; your father was a Jew,
Turn'd Christian merely to repair his miseries:
Where 's now your kingship?

War. Baited to my death!
Intolerable cruelty! I laugh at
The duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes;
Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds.

Simn. You will not know who I am?

Urs. Lambert Simnel,
Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar:
But, on submission, not alone received
To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service.

Simn. I would be earl of Warwick, toil'd and ruffled
Against my master, leap'd to catch the moon,
Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do;
An earl forsooth! whenas in truth I was,
As you are, a mere rascal; yet his majesty,
A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect
him!—

Forgave me all my villanies, reprieved
The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
My surety of obedience to his service,
And I am now his falconer; live plenteously,

¹ *Your pedigree is publish'd, &c.*] “Thus it was. There was a townsman of Tournay, whose name was John Osbeck, a convert Jew, married to Catherine de Faro, whose business drew him to live, for a time, with his wife at London, in King Edward the IV.'s days. During which time he had a son by her; and being known in court, the king did him the honour to stand godfather to his child, and named him *Peter*. But afterward proving a dainty and effeminate youth, he was commonly called by the diminutive of his name, *Peterkin* or *Perkin*.”—*Bacon*. The term land-loper, applied to him by Simnel, is also from the historian. “He (*Perkin*) had been from his childhood such a *wanderer*, or, as the king called him, such a *land-loper*, as it was extreme hard to hunt out his nest.”

Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
Of liberty and favour; sleep securely:
And is not this, now, better than to buffet
The hangman's clutches? or to brave the cordage
Of a tough halter, which will break your neck?
So, then, the gallant totters!—prithee, Perkin,
Let my example lead thee; be no longer
A counterfeit; confess, and hope for pardon.

War. For pardon? hold my heartstrings, while
contempt

Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language! Thou poor vermin,
How dar'st thou creep so near me? thou an earl!
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all the swing of slight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle,
By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base beadle's whip, crown'd all thy hopes:
But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou wouldst not change condition, to be second
In England's state, without the crown itself!
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
But let the world, as all to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to time deliver,
And, by tradition, fix posterity,
Without another chronicle than truth,
How constantly my resolution suffer'd
A martyrdom of majesty!

Simn. He's past
Recovery; a bedlam cannot cure him.

Urs. Away, inform the king of his behaviour.

Simn. Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's
coming. [Exit.

Urs. If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
Pity thy soul!

Enter KATHERINE, JANE, DALYELL, and OXFORD.

Jane. Dear lady!

Oxf. Whither will you,
Without respect of shame?

Kath. Forbear me, sir,
And trouble not the current of my duty!—
Oh my lov'd lord! can any scorn be yours
In which I have no interest? some kind hand
Lend me assistance, that I may partake
Th' infliction of this penance. My life's dearest,
Forgive me; I have staid too long from tend'ring
Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome.

War. Great miracle of constancy! my miseries
Were never bankrupt of their confidence
In worst afflictions, till this—now, I feel them.
Report and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,
Might to eternity have stood a pattern
For every virtuous wife, without this conquest.
Thou hast outdone belief; yet may their ruin
In after-marriages be never pitied,
To whom thy story shall appear a fable!
Why wouldst thou prove so much unkind to greatness,
To glorify thy vows by such a servitude?
I cannot weep; but trust me, dear, my heart
Is liberal of passion; Harry Richmond,
A woman's faith hath robb'd thy fame of triumph!

Oxf. Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up
The devil that ranges in your tongue.

Urs. Thus witches,
Possess'd, even [to] their deaths deluded, say,
They have been wolves and dogs, and sail'd in egg-
shells

Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons;
Pass'd in the air more than a thousand miles,
All in a night:—the enemy of mankind
Is powerful, but false; and falsehood's confident.

Oxf. Remember, lady, who you are; come from
That impudent impostor.

Kath. You abuse us:

For when the holy churchman join'd our hands,
Our vows were real then ; the ceremony
Was not in apparition, but in act.

Be what these people term thee, I am certain
Thou art my husband, no divorce in heaven
Has been sued out between us ; 't is injustice
For any earthly power to divide us.
Or we will live, or let us die together.
There is a cruel mercy.

War. Spite of tyranny
We reign in our affections, blessed woman !
Read in my destiny the wreck of honour ;
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory,
Some miserable happiness ; since, herein,
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
Of one chaste wife's troth, pure and uncorrupted.
Fair angel of perfection, immortality
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration,
Court every rich opinion of true merit,
And saint it in the calendar of virtue,
When I am turn'd into the self-same dust
Of which I was first form'd.

Oxf. The lord ambassador,
Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on
Your strange subjection, in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
Unleft, for entertainment to such sorrow.

Kath. Why art thou angry, Oxford ? I must be
More peremptory in my duty.—Sir,
Impute it not unto immodesty,
That I presume to press you to a legacy,
Before we part for ever.

War. Let it be then
My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes.

Kath. Confirm it with a kiss, pray.

War. Oh ! with that
I wish to breathe my last ; upon thy lips,
| Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal
The testament of honourable vows : [*Kisses her.*

Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
In this world's just applause, not more desertful !

Kath. By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear
To die a faithful widow to thy bed ;
Not to be forced or won : oh, never, never !¹

Enter SURREY, DAWBENEY, HUNTLEY, and CRAWFORD.

Daw. Free the condemned person ; quickly free him !
What has he yet confess'd ?

[WARBECK is taken out of the stocks.]

Urs. Nothing to purpose ;
But still he will be king.

Sur. Prepare your journey
To a new kingdom then,—unhappy madman,
Wilfully foolish !—See, my lord ambassador,
Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
In this disgrace of fate.

Hunt. I never 'pointed
Thy marriage, girl ; but yet, being married,
Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely ;
Thy griefs are mine. I glory in thy constancy :
And must not say, I wish that I had miss'd
Some partage in these trials of a patience.

Kath. You will forgive me, noble sir ?

Hunt. Yes, yes ;
In every duty of a wife and daughter,
I dare not disavow thee.—To your husband
(For such you are, sir), I impart a farewell
Of manly pity ; what your life has pass'd through,
The dangers of your end will make apparent ;
And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,
No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station.—We are parted.

¹ The better genius of Ford, which had so admirably served him hitherto, appears to have *left his side* at this moment ; he would not else have permitted Katherine to injure herself by a speech for which there was not the slightest occasion, and which is so much at variance with the known fact that Warbeck's widow *did* marry again. She should have had nothing in common with the *player queen*, no, not even an oath.—GIFFORD.

War. We are. A crown of peace renew thy age,
Most honourable Huntley! worthy Crawford!
We may embrace; I never thought thee injury.

Craw. Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thought; I take my leave,
sir.

War. To you, lord Dalyell,—what? accept a sigh,
'T is hearty and in earnest.

Dal. I want utterance;
My silence is my farewell.

Kath. Oh!—oh!

Jane. Sweet madam,
What do you mean?—my lord, your hand. [*To DAL.*

Dal. Dear lady,
Be pleased that I may wait you to your lodgings.

[*Exeunt DALYELL and JANE, supporting
KATHERINE.*

Enter Sheriff and Officers, with SKETON, ASTLEY, HERON, and JOHN A-WATER, with halters about their necks.

Oxf. Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death.

War. Why, peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously; I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy), conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears;¹ and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines²
In this last issue male; Heaven be obey'd!

¹ *Our ends, and Warwick's head—conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears.*] This poor prince, as Lord Bacon calls him, was
undoubtedly sacrificed to the barbarous policy of the king. He was
brought to trial almost immediately after Warbeck's death, condemned,
and executed for conspiring with the former to raise sedition! He made
no defence, and probably quitted, without much regret, a life that had
never known one happy day.—GIFFORD.

² *i. e. ends, is finished.*

Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,
 And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
 As prodigal to nature in our debts.
 Death? pish! 't is but a sound; a name of air;
 A minute's storm, or not so much; to tumble
 From bed to bed, be massacred alive
 By some physicians, for a month or two,
 In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
 Might stagger manhood; here the pain is past
 Ere sensibly 't is felt. Be men of spirit!
 Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
 Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners.]

Daw. Away—impostor beyond precedent!
 No chronicle records his fellow.

Hunt. I have
 Not thoughts left: 't is sufficient in such cases
 Just laws ought to proceed.

Enter King HENRY, DURHAM, and HIALAS.

K. Hen. We are resolv'd.
 Your business, noble lords, shall find success,
 Such as your king importunes.

Hunt. You are gracious.

K. Hen. Perkin, we are inform'd, is arm'd to die;
 In that we'll honour him. Our lords shall follow
 To see the execution; and from hence
 We gather this fit use;¹—that public states,
 As our particular bodies, taste most good
 In health, when purged of corrupted blood. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ *We gather this fit use.*] The poet seems to apply this word in the Puritanical sense (then sufficiently familiar) of doctrinal or practical deduction.—GIFFORD.

Harper's Stereotype Edition.

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
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WITH
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AND
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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE SECOND VOLUME.

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THE LADY'S TRIAL.

1*

THE LADY'S TRIAL.] This play was licensed by the master of the revels, and performed at the Cockpit, May 3d, 1638. It was printed in the following year, and apparently with so little care, that from many passages it is now scarcely possible to extract any sense.

Auria, a noble Genoese, among whose hairs "some messengers of time had took up lodgings," had wedded a lady whose only dowry was her youth, her beauty, and her virtues. Whatever this union might do for the happiness, it did little for the fortunes of Auria. Rich banquetings and revels contributed to embarrass his circumstances, and he proposes to retrieve his fortunes by an expedition against the Turkish pirates. In a scene of great tenderness he commits his young wife, Spinella, to the joint care of his uncle Trelcatio and her sister Castanna, while with his faithful but suspicious friend Aurelio, he deposits a sum of money to be disposed of as the occasions of Spinella may require.

Strong contrasts are the glory of dramatic writing : and if our old dramatists had not learned the secret from nature herself, they would have been taught it by their predecessors, the compilers of interludes and moralities, with whom nothing is more frequent than exhibitions of the strong contrasts between the good and evil appetites existing in the mind of man. Accordingly from this beautiful scene of conjugal tenderness the reader is presently transplanted to one of a very different nature ; but which, though drawn up with infinite spirit, will hardly be understood at the first perusal without a little previous explanation. Levidolche, niece of Martino, a Genoese citizen, had married far below her condition in life, by giving her hand, while almost a mere girl, to one Benatzi, servant to a young lord of Genoa, by name Adurni. Disagreements soon occur between these unequal yoke-fellows ; and Levidolche, divorced from Benatzi, gives herself up entirely to the arms of her late husband's young master, between whom and herself there appears to have been a previous intimacy. Not content with this substitute for her late lawful enjoyments, this warm specimen of a southern sun soon courts a newer pleasure ; and a letter, descriptive of her inclinations, is pre-

ently despatched to the object of them. But Malfato, the person thus sought, had already a deep-rooted and nobler attachment of his own, of which the only outward signs were estrangement from society and a deep melancholy; and bitter scorn and reproof are the only returns which these proffers of lighter love win from this gloomy but virtuous Genoese. The schemes of vengeance projected by the mortified Levidolche, as hot in anger as in love—the hand by which she endeavours to accomplish her purposes—and the unexpected results in which they terminate—belong to that part of the plot in which it would be unwise to forestall the reader's gratification. The letter which conveyed the tender of Levidolche's new loves had for its bearer Futelli, a dependant of Adurni, to whom he recites its contents, as well as the passionate terms in which it had been intrusted to him; but as a newer project was now labouring in that young lord's brain, these proofs of his mistress's inconstancy seem to excite little else in him than a feeling of curiosity as to the manner in which they will be received by his unwilling rival, Malfato. The scheme which now occupied the young Adurni's brain was a design upon the affections of the wife of the absent Auria; and accordingly one of the next scenes exhibits Spinella and her sister as the guests of the too susceptible Adurni. A rich banquet, soft music, whatever could gratify the senses had been prepared for the occasion—Adurni pours forth his protestations of love; but the answers of the gentle, pure-minded Spinella must soon have convinced him of the utter uselessness of continuing his pursuit, had not a stronger interruption occurred to awaken him to a sense of his criminal purpose. Auria, though absent, had left behind him a friend, as watchful to perceive any intended injury to his honour, as resolute and prompt to frustrate its accomplishment. This colloquy is accordingly broken in upon very suddenly by Aurelio, who upbraids Adurni with his treacherous hospitality, accuses Spinella of "loss to every brave respect," announces the return of Auria to Genoa, and threatens them both with the consequences of their supposed guilt. Spinella, though conscious of innocence, breaks away, and becomes a fugitive none knows where.

The announcement of Aurelio was in one respect at least correct. Auria, with Ford's usual disregard to any thing

like the unities of time and place, had returned home, a conqueror in the highest sense of the word; and a profusion of honours and rewards waits upon his brilliant services. He is appointed admiral of Genoa, a thousand ducats are presented to him from the public treasury, the government of Corsica (a month's stay being allowed before he proceeded to his office) is conferred upon him, and his name is solemnly enrolled among the worthies of his country. But these honours and rewards come too late. The star which had shed light and happiness on the more straitened fortunes of Auria had disappeared; his home is desolate, and in the phrensied anguish of the moment his sword is almost drawn upon the friend to whose giddy zeal and rash indiscretion he considers himself indebted for the awkward situation in which he finds himself placed—his suspicions raised, but not so certified as to justify him in calling Adurni to account. Spinella, meantime, had taken refuge in the house of her cousin Malfato, that cousin who had long sighed for her in secret, but who, considering their nearness of blood as an inseparable bar to their union, had never told his tale of love, till the wrongs of Spinella and her present situation wring it from him, in language so delicately reserved, that even a woman's quick sense hardly perceives its meaning, till the narrative draws towards a close.—The justice finally done to the “pure and unflawed” virtues of Spinella—the means by which all “crooked surmises” on the part of Aurelio are removed—the dignified repentance exhibited by Adurni, contrasting strongly as it does with his former levity and rashness—and the development of Auria's character, so new in an Italian husband, will be best learned from the drama itself.

The under-plot of the “Lady's Trial” consists in the amusement derived from the fantastic imagination of Amoretta, daughter of the Genoese citizen Trelcatio. With more pride than fortune (“since she herself, with all her father's store, can hardly weigh above 400 ducats”) this lipping beauty discards a train of worthy suitors “only for that they are not dukes or counts.” To work the silly maiden's reformation, two pretended lovers are, with her father's connivance, provided to play upon her feelings and propensities—Guzman, a solemn bombastic Spaniard, whose whole wealth appears to lie in his language, which certainly

is rich enough, and Fulgoso, a livelier coxcomb, whom the late Flemish wars had lifted from a sutler's hut into opulence, and into such gentility as opulence can confer. It is to be hoped that we may attribute to design, rather than to accident, that the humbler characters of the "Lady's Trial" are at all events inoffensive. This was probably Ford's last play, and leads us to hope with Mr. Gifford, "that its author had at last suspected his want of genuine humour, and recollected, before he closed his theatrical career, that a dull medley of extravagance and impurity was ill calculated to supply the defect."

PROLOGUE.

LANGUAGE and matter, with a fit of mirth,
That sharply savours more of air than earth,
Like midwives, bring a play to timely birth.

But where 's now such a'one, in which these three,
Are handsomely contriv'd ? or, if they be,
Are understood by all who hear or see ?

Wit, wit 's the word in fashion, that alone
Cries up the poet, which, though neatly shown,
Is rather censured, oftentimes, than known.

He who will venture on a jest, that can
Rail on another's pain, or idly scan
Affairs of state, oh ! he 's the only man !

A goodly approbation, which must bring
Fame with contempt, by such a deadly sting !
The Muses chatter, who were wont to sing.

Your favours in what we present to-day ;
Our fearless author boldly bids me say,
He tenders you no satire, but a play ;

In which, if so he have not hit all right,
For wit, words, mirth, and matter as he might,
He wishes yet he had, for your delight.

MASTER BIRD.¹

¹ See the Dedication to the *Sun's Darling*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AURIA, *a noble Genoese.*

ADURNI, *a young lord.*

AURELIO, *friend to AURIA.*

MALFATO, *a discontented lover.*

TRELCATIO, } *citizens of Genoa.*

MARTINO, }

PIERO, } *dependants on ADURNI.*

FUTELLI, }

GUZMAN, *a braggadocio Spaniard.*

FULGOSO, *an upstart gallant.*

BENATZI, *husband to LEVIDOLCHE.*

SPINELLA, *wife to AURIA.*

CASTANNA, *her sister.*

AMORETTA, *a fantastic maid.*

LEVIDOLCHE, *a wanton.*

SCENE, Genoa.

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of AURIA.

Enter PIERO and FUTELLI, at opposite doors.

Piero. ACCOMPLISHED man of fashion!

Fut. 'The times' wonder!

Gallant of gallants, Genoa's Piero!

Piero. Italy's darling, Europe's joy, and so forth!
The newest news? unvamp'd?¹

Fut. I am no footpost,
No pedler of avisos, no monopolist
Of forged corantos, monger of gazettes.

Piero. But, in pure earnest now, my fine Futelli,
How trowls the common noise?

Fut. Auria, who lately
Wedded and bedded to the fair Spinella,
Tired with the enjoyments of delights, is hasting
To cuff the Turkish pirates, in the service
Of the great duke of Florence.

Piero. Blockhead!
To run from such an armful of pleasures,
For gaining—what?—a bloody nose of honour.
Most sottish and abominable!

Fut. Wicked,
Shameful, and cowardly, I will maintain.

¹ *The newest news? unvamp'd?]* i. e. fresh, genuine, not patched up.
—GIFFORD.

Piero. Is all my signor's hospitality,
Huge banquetings, deep revels, costly trappings,
Shrunk to a cabin, and a single welcome
To beverage and biscuit?

Fut. Hold thy peace, man;
It makes for us:—he comes, let's part demurely.
[*They take different sides.*]

Enter ADURNI and AURIA.

Adur. We wish thee, honour'd Auria, life and
safety;
Return crown'd with a victory, whose wreath
Of triumph may advance thy country's glory,
Worthy your name and ancestors!

Aur. My lord,
I shall not live to thrive in any action
Deserving memory, when I forget
Adurni's love and favour.

Piero. I present you
My service for a farewell; let few words
Excuse all arts of compliment.

Fut. For my own part,
Kill or be kill'd (for there's the short and long on't),
Call me your shadow's hench-boy.¹

Aur. Gentlemen,
My business, urging on a present haste,
Enforceth short reply.

Adur. We dare not hinder
Your resolution wing'd with thoughts so constant.
All happiness!

Piero and Fut. Contents!

[*Exeunt ADURNI, PIERO, and FUTELLI.*]

Aur. So leave the winter'd people of the north,
The minutes of their summer, when the sun
Departing leaves them in cold robes of ice,
As I leave Genoa.—

¹ *Call me your shadow's hench-boy.*] A common expression in our old writers for a page; a state attendant on court or municipal officers.
—GIFFORD.

Enter TRELATIO, SPINELLA, and CASTANNA.

Now appears the object
Of my apprenticed heart: thou bring'st, Spinella,
A welcome in a farewell—souls and bodies
Are sever'd for a time, a span of time,
To join again, without all separation,
In a confirmed unity for ever:
Such will our next embraces be, for life;
And then to take the wreck of our divisions,¹
Will sweeten the remembrance of past dangers,
Will fasten love in perpetuity,
Will force our sleeps to steal upon our stories.
These days must come, and shall, without a cloud,
Or night of fear, or envy. To your charge,
Trelcatio, our good uncle, and the comfort
Of my Spinella's sister, fair Castanna,
I do intrust this treasure.

Trel. I dare promise
My husbanding that trust with truth and care.

Cast. My sister shall to me stand an example,
Of pouring free devotions for your safety.

Aur. Gentle Castanna, thou'rt a branch of goodness
Grown on the self-same stock with my Spinella.—
But why, my dear, hast thou lock'd up thy speech
[*To Spin.*

In so much silent sadness? Oh! at parting,
Belike one private whisper must be sigh'd.—
Uncle, the best of peace enrich your family!
I take my leave.

Trel. Blessings and health preserve you! [*Exit.*

Aur. Nay, nay, Castanna, you may hear our
counsels;
A while you are design'd your sister's husband.
Give me thy hand, Spinella: you did promise
To send me from you with more cheerful looks,
Without a grudge or tear; 'deed, love, you did.

¹ *And then to take the wreck of our divisions,*] i. e. to enjoy the remnant of time which our separations have left us.—GIFFORD.

Spi. What friend have I left in your absence?

Aur. Many:

Thy virtues are such friends they cannot fail thee;

Faith, purity of thoughts, and such a meekness
As would force scandal to a blush.

Spi. Admit, sir,

The patent of your life should be call'd in:

How am I then left to account with griefs,

More slav'd to pity than a broken heart?

Auria! soul of my comforts, I let fall

No eye on breach of fortune; I condemn

No entertainment to divided hopes,

I urge no pressures by the scorn of change;

And yet, my Auria, when I but conceive

How easy 't is (without impossibility)

Never to see thee more, forgive me then,

If I conclude I may be miserable,

Most miserable.

Cast. And such conclusion, sister,

Argues effects of a distrust more voluntary,

Than cause by likelihood.

Aur. 'T is truth, Castanna.

Spi. I grant it truth; yet, Auria, I'm a woman,

And therefore apt to fear: to show my duty,

And not to take heart from you, I'll walk from
you

At your command, and not so much as trouble

Your thought with one poor looking back.

Aur. I thank thee,

My worthy wife! Before we kiss, receive

This caution from thine Auria: first—Castanna,

Let us bid farewell.

[*CAST. walks aside.*]

Spi. Speak, good, speak.

Aur. The steps

Young ladies tread, left to their own discretion,

However wisely printed, are observed,

And construed as the lookers-on presume:

Point out thy ways then in such even paths,

As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
 May not intrude a guilt, though undeserv'd.
 Admit of visits as of physic forced,
 Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
 Against a growing sickness ; in thy use
 Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
 As no remembrance may impeach thy rest.
 Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
 The gazer's eye, or holla, to report
 Some¹ widowed neglect of handsome value :
 In recreations be both wise and free ;
 Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
 Enrich'd with noble company ; remember,
 A woman's virtue, in her lifetime, writes
 The epitaph all covet on their tombs :
 In short, I know thou never wilt forget
 Whose wife thou art, or how upon thy lips
 Thy husband at his parting seal'd this kiss.—
 No more. [Kisses her.

Spi. Dear heaven ! go, sister, go.

[*Exeunt* SPINELLA and CASTANNA.

Aur. Done bravely,
 And like the choice of glory, to know mine—
 One of earth's best I have forgone—

Enter AURELIO.

See, see!

Yet in another I am rich, a friend,
 A perfect one, Aurelio.

Aurel. Had I been
 No stranger to your bosom, sir, ere now,
 You might have sorted me in your resolves,
 Companion of your fortunes.

Aur. So the wrongs
 I should have ventured on against thy fate

¹ In plainer language—"Do not appear abroad so particularly dressed as to invite attention, and prompt the gazer's eye, or voice (clamorous voice, if the reader pleases) to report (to prattle of) a handsome woman apparently neglected by her husband."—Gifford.

Must have denied all pardon. Not to hold
Dispute with reputations, why, before
This present instant, I conceal'd the stealth
Of my adventures from thy counsels,—know,
My wants do drive me hence.

Aurel. Wants! so you said,
And 't was not friendly spoken.

Aur. Hear me further.

Aurel. Auria, take heed the covert of a folly
Willing to range, be not, without excuse,
Discover'd in the coinage of untruths;
I use no harder language. Thou art near
Already on a shipwreck, in forsaking
The holy land of friendship, [and forbearing]
To talk your wants.—Fy!

Aur. By that sacred thing
Last issued from the temple where it dwelt,
I mean our friendship, I am sunk so low
In my estate, that, bid me live in Genoa
But six months longer, I survive the remnant
Of all my store.

Aurel. Umph!

Aur. In my country, friend,
Where I have sided my superior, friend,
Sway'd opposition, friend; friend, here to fall
Subject to scorn, or rarely-found compassion,
Were more than man that hath a soul could bear,
A soul not stoop'd to servitude.

Aurel. You show
Nor certainty, nor weak assurance yet
Of reparation in this course, in case
Command be proffer'd.

Aur. He who cannot merit
Preferment by employments, let him bare
His throat unto the Turkish cruelty,
Or die, or live a slave without redemption!

Aurel. For that, so! but you have a wife, a young,
A fair wife; she, though she could never claim
Right in prosperity, was never tempted

By trial of extremes ; to youth and beauty
Baits for dishonour, and a perish'd fame.

Aur. Show me the man that lives, and to my face
Dares speak, scarce think, such tyranny against
Spinella's constancy, except Aurelio—
He is my friend.

Aurel. There lives not then a friend
Dares love you like Aurelio ; that Aurelio,
Who, late and early, often said, and truly,
Your marriage with Spinella would entangle
As much the opinion due to your discretion,
As your estate ; it hath done so to both.

Aur. I find it hath.

Aurel. He who prescribes no law,
No limits of condition to the objects
Of his affection, but will merely wed
A face, because 't is round, or limn'd by nature
In purest red and white ; or, at the best,
For that his mistress owes' an excellence
Of qualities, knows when and how to speak,
Where to keep silence, with fit reasons why ;
Whose virtues are her only dower (else [none,]
In either kind), ought of himself to master
Such fortunes as add fuel to their loves ;
For otherwise—but herein I am idle,
Have fool'd to little purpose.

Aur. She's my wife.

Aurel. And being so, it is not manly done
To leave her to the trial of her wits,
Her modesty, her innocence, her vows :
This is the way that points her out an art
Of wanton life.

Aur. Sir, said ye ?

Aurel. You form reasons,
Just ones, for your abandoning the storms
Which threaten your own ruin ; but propose
No shelter for her honour : what my tongue

Hath utter'd, Auria, is but honest doubt,
And you are wise enough in the construction.

Aur. Necessity must arm my confidence,
Which, if I live to triumph over, friend,
And e'er come back in plenty, I pronounce
Aurelio heir of what I can bequeath;
Some fit deduction for a worthy widow
Allow'd, with caution she be like to prove so.

Aurel. Who? I your heir! your wife being yet so
young,
In every probability so forward
To make you a father? leave such thoughts.

Aur. Believe it,
Without replies, Aurelio: keep this note,
A warrant for receiving from Martino
Two hundred ducats: as you find occasion
Dispose them in my absence to Spinella:
I would not trust her uncle, he, good man,
Is at an ebb himself; another hundred
I left with her, a fourth I carry with me.
Am I not poor, Aurelio, now? Exchange
Of more debates between us would undo
My resolution; walk a little, prithee,
Friends we are, and will embrace; but let's not speak
Another word.

Aurel. I'll follow you to your horse. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of ADURNI.

Enter ADURNI, and FUTELLI, with a letter, which he presents to ADURNI.

Adur. With her own hand?

Fut. She never used, my lord,
A second means, but kiss'd the letter first,
O'erlook'd the superscription; then let fall
Some amorous drops, kiss'd it again, talk'd to it

Twenty times over, set it to her mouth,
Then gave it me, then snatch'd it back again,
Then cried, "Oh, my poor heart!" and, in an instant,
"Commend my truth and secrecy." Such medley
Of passion yet I never saw in woman.

Adur. In woman? thou'rt deceiv'd; but that we
both

Had mothers, I could say how women are,
In their own natures, models of mere change;
Of change of what is naught to what is worse.—
She feed you liberally?

Fut. Twenty ducats

She forced on me; vow'd, by the precious love
She bore the best of men (I use, my lord,
Her very words), the miracle of men,
Malfato,—then she sigh'd,—this mite of gold
Was only entrance to a farther bounty:
'Tis meant, my lord, belike press-money.

Adur. Devil!

How durst she tempt thee [thus,] Futelli, knowing
Thy love to me?

Fut. There lies, my lord, her cunning,
Rather her craft; first she began, what pity
It was that men should differ in estates
Without proportion; some so strangely rich,
Others so miserable poor; "and yet,"
Quoth she, "since 'tis [in] very deed unfit
All should be equals, so I must confess,
It were good justice that the properest men
Should be prefer'd to fortune, such as nature
Had mark'd with fair abilities; of which
Genoa, for aught I know, hath wondrous few,
Not two to boast of."

I answer'd, she was happy then, whose choice
In you, my lord, was singular.

Adur. Well urg'd.

Fut. She smiled, and said, it might be so; and
yet—

There stopp'd: then I closed with her, and concluded

The title of a lord was not enough,
For absolute perfection ; I had seen
Persons of meaner quality, much more
Exact in fair endowments—but your lordship
Will pardon me, I hope.

Adur. And love thee for it.

Fut. “ Phew ! let that pass,” quoth she, “ and now
we prattle

Of handsome gentlemen, in my opinion,
Malfato is a very pretty fellow ;
Is he not, pray, sir ?” I had then the truth
Of what I roved at, and with more than praise
Approv'd her judgment in so high a strain,
Without comparison, my honour'd lord,
That soon we both concluded of the man,
The match and business.

Adur. For delivering
A letter to Malfato ?

Fut. Whereto I
No sooner had consented, with protests—
(I did protest, my lord)—of secrecy
And service, but she kiss'd me, as I live,
Of her own free accord,—I trust your lordship
Conceives not me amiss—pray rip the seal,
My lord, you 'll find sweet stuff, I dare believe.

Adur. [*reads.*] *Present to the most accomplished
of men, Malfato, with this love a service.*

Kind superscription ! prithee, find him out,
Deliver it with compliment ; observe
How ceremoniously he does receive it.

Fut. Will not your lordship peruse the contents ?

Adur. Enough, I know too much ; be just and
cunning.

Much newer project labours in my brain.

Enter PIERO.

Your friend ! here 's now the Gemini of wit :
What odd conceit is next on foot ? some cast
Of neat invention, ha, sirs ?

Piero. Very fine,
I do protest, my lord.

Fut. Your lordship's ear
Shall share i' the plot.

Adur. As how?

Piero. You know, my lord,
Young Amoretta, old Trelcatio's daughter ;
An honest man, but poor.

Fut. And, my good lord,
He that is honest must be poor, my lord ;
It is a common rule.

Adur. Well,—Amoretta.—
Pray, one at once—my knowledge is not much
Of her, instruct me.

Piero. Speak, Futelli.

Fut. Spare me.

Piero has the tongue more pregnant.

Piero. Nay, nay.

Adur. Well, keep your mirth, my dainty honeys ;
agree

Some two days hence, till when—

Piero. By any means,
Partake the sport, my lord ; this thing of youth—

Fut. Handsome enough, good face, quick eye, well
bred.

Piero. Is yet possess'd so strangely—

Fut. With a humour
Of thinking she deserves—

Piero. A duke, a count,
At least a viscount, for her husband, that—

Fut. She scorns all mention of a match be-
neath

One of the foresaid nobles ; will not ride
In a caroch without eight horses.

Piero. Six
She may be drawn to ; four—

Fut. Are for the poor :
But for two horses in a coach—

Piero. She says,

They're not for creatures of Heaven's making;
fitter—

Fut. Fitter for litters to convey hounds in,
Than people Christian: yet herself—

Piero. Herself
Walks evermore a-foot, and knows not whether
A coach doth trot or amble—

Fut. But by hearsay.

Adur. Stop, gentlemen, you run a gallop both;
Are out of breath sure: 'tis a kind of compli-
ment

Scarce enter'd to the times; but certainly
You coin a humour; let me understand
Deliberately your fancy.

Piero. In plain troth,
My lord, the she whom we describe is such,
And lives here, here in Genoa, this city,
This very city, now, the very now.

Adur. Trelcatio's daughter?

Fut. Has refused suitors
Of worthy rank, substantial and free parts,
Only for that they are not dukes, or counts;
Yet she herself, with all her father's store,
Can hardly weigh above four hundred ducats.

Adur. Now, your design for sport?

Piero. Without prevention:
Guzman, the Spaniard late cashier'd, most gravely
Observes the full punctilios of his nation;
And him have we beleaguer'd to accost
This she-piece, under a pretence of being
Grandee of Spain, and cousin to twelve princes.

Fut. For rival unto whom we have engaged
Fulgoso, the rich coxcomb lately started
A gentleman out of a sutler's hut,
In the late Flemish wars; we have resolv'd
him

He is descended from Pantagruel,
Of famous memory, by the father's side,
And by the mother from dame Fusti-Bunga.

Adur. You must abuse the maid,¹
Beyond amends.

Fut. But countenance the course,
My lord, and it may chance, besides the mirth,
To work a reformation on the maiden :
Her father's leave is granted, and thanks promised ;
Our ends are harmless trials.

Adur. I betray
No secrets of such use.

Piero and Fut. Your lordship's humblest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in Malfato's House.

Enter AURELIO and MALFATO.

Aurel. A melancholy, grounded, and resolv'd,
Received into a habit, argues love,
Or deep impression of strong discontents.
In cases of these rarities a friend,
Upon whose faith and confidence we may
Vent with security our grief, becomes
Ofttimes the best physician ; for, admit
We find no remedy, we cannot miss
Advice instead of comfort ; and believe,
It is an ease, Malfato, to disburthen
Our souls of secret clogs, where they may find
A rest in pity, though not in redress.

Mal. Let all this sense be yielded to.

Aurel. Perhaps
You measure what I say the common nature
Of an officious curiosity.

Mal. Not I, sir.

¹ *You must abuse the maid.*] If *must* be not an error of the press for *much*, it is used here in the sense of—it cannot be but you abuse the maid beyond, &c.—GIFFORD.

Aurel. Or that other private ends
Sift your retirements.

Mal. Neither.

Enter FUTELLI.

Fut. Under favour,
Signor Malfato, I am sent to crave
Your leisure, for a word or two in private.

Mal. To me!—Your mind.

Fut. This letter will inform ye.

[Gives him the letter.]

Mal. Letter? how's this? what's here?

Fut. Speak you to me, sir?

Mal. Brave riddle! I'll endeavour to unfold it:

Aurel. How fares the lord Adurni?

Fut. Sure in health, sir.

Aurel. He is a noble gentleman, withal
Happy in his endeavours: the general voice
Sounds him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
And every fair demeanour, an example;
Titles of honour add not to his worth,
Who is himself an honour to his titles.

Mal. You know from whence this comes?

Fut. I do.

Mal. D'ye laugh!

But that I must consider such as spaniels
To those who feed and clothe them, I would print
Upon thy forehead thy foul errand:—there!

[Throws him the letter.]

Bear back that paper to the hell from whence
It gave thee thy directions! tell this lord,
He ventured on a foolish policy,
In aiming at the scandal of my blood;
The trick is childish, base,—say base.

Fut. You wrong him.

Aurel. Be wise, Malfato.

Mal. Say, I know this false one.
She who sent this temptation was wife
To his abused servant; and divorced

From poor Benatzi, senseless of the wrongs,
That madam Levidolche and Adurni
Might revel in their sports without control,
Secure, uncheck'd.

Aurel. You range too wildly now,
Are too much inconsiderate.

Mal. I am
A gentleman free born, I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals; I never crouch'd
Unto the offal of an office promised
(Reward for long attendance), and then miss'd.
I read no difference between this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I am sure more ancient.

Aurel. Let me tell you, then,
You are too bitter, talk you know not what.
Make all men equals, and confound all course
Of order, and of nature! this is madness.

Mal. 'T is so; and I have reason to be mad,
Reason, Aurelio, by my truth and hopes.
This wit Futelli brings a suit of love
From Levidolche, one, however mask'd
In colourable privacy, is famed
The lord Adurni's pensioner, at least.
Am I a husband pick'd out for a strumpet?
For a cast suit of harlotry? Aurelio,
You are as I am,¹ you could ill digest
The trial of a patience so unfit.—
Begone, Futelli, do not mince one syllable
Of what you hear; another fetch like this
May tempt a peace to rage: so say; begone!

Fut. I shall report your answer.

[*Exit.*

1 ——— Aurelio,

You are as I am, &c.] This expression, which is not uncommon in our old writers, means, "suppose you were,"—or rather, "put yourself—in my place," &c.—GIFFORD.

Mal. What have I
Deserv'd to be so used! In colder blood,
I do confess nobility requires
Duty and love; it is a badge of virtue,
By action first acquired, and next in rank
Unto anointed royalty.—Wherein
Have I neglected distance, or forgot
Observance to superiors? sure, my name
Was in the note mistook.

Aurel. We will consider
The meaning of this mystery.

Mal. Not so;
Let them fear bondage who are slaves to fear,
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter FUTELLI and GUZMAN.

Fut. Dexterity and sufferance, brave don,
Are engines the pure politic must work with.

Guz. We understand.

Fut. In subtleties of war,—
I talk t' ye now in your own occupation,
Your trade, or what you please,—unto a soldier,
Surprisal of an enemy by stratagem,
Or downright cutting throats, is all one thing.

Guz. Most certain: on, proceed.

Fut. By way of parallel;
You drill or exercise your company
(No matter which, for terms), before you draw
Into the field; so in feats of courtship,
First, choice is made of thoughts, behaviour, words,
The set of looks, the posture of the beard,
Beso las manos, cringes of the knee,
The very hums and ha's, thumps, and ah me's!

Guz. We understand all these: advance.

Fut. Then next,
 Your enemy in face,—your mistress, mark it!—
 Now you consult either to skirmish slightly,—
 That's careless amours,—or to enter battle;
 Then fall to open treaty, or to work
 By secret spies or gold: here you corrupt
 The chambermaid, a fatal engine; or
 Place there an ambuscado,—that's contract
 With some of her near friends for half her portion;—
 Or offer truce, and in the interim,
 Run upon slaughter, 't is a noble treachery,—
 That's swear and lie; steal her away, and to her
 Cast caps, and cry *victoria!* the field's
 Thine own, my don, she's thine.

Guz. We do vouchsafe her.

Fut. Hold her then fast.

Guz. As fast as can the arms
 Of strong imagination hold her.

Fut. No,
 She has skipp'd your hold; my imagination's eyes
 Perceive, she not endures the touch or scent
 Of your war overworn habiliments,
 Which I forgot in my instructions
 To warn you of: therefore, my warlike don,
 Apparel speedily your imaginations
 With a more courtly outside.

Guz. 'T is soon done.

Fut. As soon as said;—in all the clothes thou
 hast,
 More than that walking wardrobe on thy back.

[*Aside.*

Guz. Imagine first our rich mockado¹ doublet,
 With our cut cloth-of-gold sleeves, and our quellio,
 Our diamond-button'd callamanco hose,
 Our plume of ostrich, with the embroider'd scarf,
 The dutchess Infantasgo roll'd our arm in.

¹ Our rich mockado doublet,] i. e. an inferior kind of velvet, *velveret*:
quellio, which occurs in the following line, is a *ruff*.—GIFFORD.

Fut. Ay, this is brave indeed !

Guz. Our cloak, whose cape is
Larded with pearls, which the Indian cacique
Presented to our countryman De Cortez,
For ransom of his life ; rated in value
At thirteen thousand pistolets ; the guerdon
Of our achievement, when we rescued
The infanta from the boar, in single duel,
Near to the Austrian forest, with this rapier,
This only, very, naked, single rapier.

Fut. Top and top-gallant brave !

Guz. We will appear,
Before our Amoretta, like the issue
Of our progenitors.

Fut. Imagine so,
And that this rich suit of imagination
Is on already now :—heré stands your Amoretta,
Make your approach and court her.

Guz. Lustre of beauty,
Not to affright your tender soul with horror,
We may descend to tales of peace and love,
Soft whispers fitting ladies' closets ; for
Thunder of cannon, roaring smoke and fire,
As if hell's maw had vomited confusion,
The clash of steel, the neighs of barbed steeds,
Wounds spouting blood, towns capering in the air,
Castles push'd down, and cities plough'd with
swords,

Become great Guzman's oratory best,
Who, though victorious (and during life
Must be), yet now grants parley to thy smiles.

Fut. 'Sfoot, don, you talk too big, you make her
tremble ;
Do you not see 't imaginarily ?
I do, as plainly as you saw the death
Of the Austrian boar ; she rather hears
Of feasting than of fighting ; take her that way.

Guz. Yes, we will feast ;—my queen, my empress,
saint,

Shalt taste no delicates but what are dress'd
With costlier spices than the Arabian bird
Sweetens her funeral bed with; we will riot
With every change of meats, which may renew
Our blood unto a spring, so pure, so high,
That from our pleasures shall proceed a race
Of sceptre-bearing princes, who at once
Must reign in every quarter of the globe.

Fut. Can more be said by one that feeds on her-
ring

And garlic constantly?

[*Aside.*

Guz. Yes, we will feast—

Fut. Enough! she's taken, and will love you now,
As well in buff, as your imagined bravery.
Your dainty ten-times dress'd buff, with this language,
Bold man of arms, shall win upon her, doubt not,
Beyond all silken puppetry. Think no more
Of your "mockadoes, callamancoes, quellios,
Pearl-larded capes, and diamond-button'd breeches;"
Leave such poor outside helps to puling lovers,
Such as Fulgoso, your weak rival, is,
That starveling-brain'd companion; appear you,
At first at least, in your own warlike fashion:
I pray be ruled, and change not a thread about you.

Guz. The humour takes; for I, sir, am a man
Affects not shifts: I will adventure thus.

Fut. Why, so! you carry her from all the world.
I'm proud my stars design'd me out an instrument
In such a high employment.

Guz. Gravely spoken;
You may be proud on't.

Enter, on the opposite side, FULGOSO and PIERO.

Ful. What is lost is lost,
Money is trash, and ladies are *et ceteras*,
Play's play, luck's luck, fortune's an—I know what;
You see the worst of me, and what's all this now?

Piero. A very spark, I vow; you will be stiled
Fulgoso the invincible. But did

The fair Spinella lose an equal part ?
How much in all d' you say ?

Ful. Bare threescore ducats,
Thirty apiece, we need not care who know it.
She play'd; I went her half, walk'd by, and
whistled—

After my usual manner thus—unmoved, [*Whistles.*
As no such thing had ever been, as it were,
Although I saw the winners share my money :
His lordship and an honest gentleman
Purs'd it, but not so merrily as I
Whistled it off.

Piero. A noble confidence !

Fut. D' you note your rival ?

Guz. With contempt I do.

Ful. I can forego things nearer than my gold,
Allied to my affections, and my blood ;
Yea, honour, as it were, with the same kind
Of careless confidence, and come off fairly
Too, as it were.

Piero. But not your love, *Fulgoso.*

Ful. No, she 's inherent, and mine own past losing.

Piero. It tickles me to think with how much state,
You, as it were, did run at tilt in love,
Before your Amoretta.

Ful. Broke my lance.

Piero. Of wit, of wit !

Ful. I mean so, as it were,
And laid, flat on her back, both horse and woman.

Piero. Right, as it were.

Ful. What else, man, as it were ?

Guz. [*crossing over to FUL.*] Did you do this to
her ? dare you to vaunt
Your triumph, we being present ? *um, ha, um.*

[*Fulgoso whistles the Spanish Pavin.*

Fut. What think you, don, of this brave man ?

Guz. A man !

It is some truss of reeds, or empty cask,
In which the wind with whistling sports itself.

Fut. Bear up, sir, he's your rival, budge not from him

An inch; your grounds are honour

Piero. Stouilly ventured,

Don, hold him to 't.

Ful. 'Protest, a fine conceit,

A very fine conceit; and thus I told her,

That for mine own part, if she liked me, so!

If not, not; for "my duck, or doe," said I,

"It is no fault of mine that I am noble:

Grant it; another may be noble, too,

And then we're both one noble;" better still!—

Hab-nab's good; wink and choose; if one must have her,

The other goes without her,—best of all!—

My spirit is too high to fight for woman,

I am too full of mercy to be angry;

A foolish generous quality, from which

No might of man can beat me, I'm resolv'd.

Guz. Hast thou a spirit then, ha? speaks thy weapon

Toledo language, Bilboa, or dull Pisa?

If an Italian blade, or Spanish metal,

Be brief, we challenge answer.

Fut. Famous don.

Ful. What does he talk? my weapon speaks no language,

'Tis a Dutch iron truncheon.

Guz. Dutch!

Fut. And, if need be,

'T will maul one's hide, in spite of who says nay.

Guz. Dutch to a Spaniard! hold me.

Ful. Hold me too,

Sirrah, if thou'rt my friend, for I love no fighting;

Yet hold me, lest in pity I fly off:

If I must fight, I must; in a scurvy quarrel

I defy he's and she's: twit me with Dutch!

Hang Dutch and French, hang Spanish and Italians,

Christians and Turks. Pew-waw, all's one to me!

THE LADY'S TRIAL.

Now what's what, I know upon which side
bread is butter'd.

Guz. Butter'd? Dutch again!

Do you come not with intention to affront us?

Ful. Front me no fronts; if thou be'st angry,
squabble—

Here's my defence, and thy destruction.

[*Whistles a charge.*]

If friends, shake hands, and go with me to dinner.

Guz. We will embrace the motion, it doth relish.
The cavaliero treats on terms of honour;
Peace is not to be balk'd on fair conditions.

Fut. Still don is don the great.

Piero. He shows the greatness
Of his vast stomach in the quick embracement
Of th' other's dinner.

Fut. 'T was the ready means
To catch his friendship.

Piero. You're a pair of worthies,
That make the Nine¹ no wonder.

Fut. Now, since fate
Ordains that one of two must be the man,
The man of men which must enjoy alone
Love's darling, Amoretta; both take liberty
To show himself before her, without cross

¹ The nine worthies, to whom so much allusion is made in our old writers, from the author of *Ralph Roister Doister* to the *Ralpho* of *Butler's Hudibras*, are generally reckoned up as follows:

- | | | |
|---------------------|---|---------------------------------|
| Three Gentiles | { | 1. Hector, son of Priam. |
| | { | 2. Alexander the Great. |
| | { | 3. Julius Cæsar. |
| Three Jews | { | 4. Joshua, conqueror of Canaan. |
| | { | 5. David, king of Israel. |
| | { | 6. Judas Maccabæus. |
| Three Christians .. | { | 7. Arthur, king of Britain. |
| | { | 8. Charlemagne. |
| | { | 9. Godfrey of Bouillon. |

The citizens of London, it seems, had also their nine worthies, among whom the lovers of literature will excuse us for mentioning the name of Sir Thomas White, the munificent founder of Merchant-Tailors' School, London, and of St. John's College, Oxford.

Of interruption, one of th' other: he
Whose sacred mystery of earthly blessings
Crowns the pursuit, be happy.

Piero. And, till then,
Live brothers in society.

Guz. We are fast.

Ful. I vow a match; I'll feast the don to-day,
And fast with him to-morrow.

Guz. Fair conditions.

ADURNI, SPINELLA, AMORETTA, and CASTANNA *pass*
over the stage.

Adur. Futelli and Piero, follow speedily.

Piero. My lord, we wait you.

Fut. We shall soon return.

[*Exeunt all but FUL. and Guz.*

Ful. What's that I saw?—a sound.

Guz. A voice for certain.

Ful. It named a lord.

Guz. Here are lords too, we take it;
We carry blood about us, rich and haughty
As any o' the twelve Cesars.

Ful. Gulls, or Moguls,
Tág, rag, or other, hogen-mogen, vanden,
Skip-jacks, or chouses.¹ Whoo! the brace are
flinch'd,

The pair of shavers are sneak'd from us, don:
Why, what are we!

Guz. The valiant will stand to't.

Ful. So say I; we will eat, and drink, and
squander,
Till all do split again.

Guz. March on with greediness.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Skip-jacks, or chouses.*] Turkish officers, *sanjiaks* and *chiouses*; the last term we have naturalized. As a verb, it means to cheat, to defraud; as a substantive, a dexterous rogue, a swindler.—GIRROD.

SCENE II.

A Room in the House of MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO and LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. You cannot answer what a general tongue
Objects against your folly ; I may curse
The interest you lay claim to in my blood.
Your mother, my dear niece, did die, I thought,
Too soon, but she is happy ; had she lived
Till now, and known the vanities your life
Hath dealt in, she had wish'd herself a grave
Before a timely hour.

Lev. Sir, consider
My sex ; were I mankind,¹ my sword should quit
A wounded honour, and relieve a name
From injury, by printing on their bosoms
Some deadly character, whose drunken surfeits
Put forth such base aspersions : as I am,
Scorn and contempt is virtue : my desert
Stands far above their malice.

Mart. Levidolche,
Hypocrisy puts on a holy robe,
Yet never changeth nature ; call to mind
How, in your girl's days, you fell, forsooth,
In love, and married,—married (hark ye !) whom ?
A trencher-waiter ; shrewd preferment ! but
Your childhood then excused that fault.

Lev. Pray let not me be bandied, sir and baffled,
By your intelligence.

Mart. So touch'd to the quick !
Fine mistress, I will then rip up at length
The progress of your infamy : in colour
Of disagreement, you must be divorced ;
Were so, and I must countenance the reasons ;

¹ i. e. *masculine, mannish*. The expression occurs continually in our old dramatists.

On better hopes I did, nay, took you home,
Provided you my care, nay, justified
Your alteration; joy'd to entertain
Such visitants of worth and rank as tender'd
Civil respects: but then, even then—

Lev. What then?

Sweet uncle, do not spare:—whose strumpet am I?
For that's your plainest meaning.

Mart. Were you modest,
The word you utter'd last would force a blush.
Adurni is a bounteous lord, 't is said;
He parts with gold and jewels like a free
And liberal purchaser! he wriggles in
To ladies' pleasures by a right of pension:
But you know none of this! you are grown a tavern-
talk,

Matters for fiddlers' songs. I toil to build
The credit of my family, and you
To pluck up the foundation: even this morning,
Before the common-council, young Malfato—
(Convented for some lands he held, supposed
Belong'd to certain orphans)—as I question'd
His tenure in particulars, he answer'd,
My worship needed not to flaw his right;
For if the humour held him, he could make
A jointure to my over-loving niece,
Without oppression; bade me tell her too,
She was a kind young soul, and might in time
Be sued to by a loving man: no doubt,
Here was a jolly breakfast!

Lev. Uncles are privileged
More than our parents; some wise man in state
Hath rectified, no doubt, your knowledge, sir.
While all the policy for public business
Was spent,—for want of matter, I by chance
Fell into grave discourse; but, by your leave,
I from a stranger's table rather wish
To earn my bread, than from a friend's by gift,
Be daily subject to unfit reproofs.

Mart. Come, come, to the point.

Lev. All the curses
Due to a ravisher of sober truth,
Dam up their graceless mouths!

Mart. Now you turn rampant,
Just in the wenches' trim and garb: these prayers
~~Speak~~ your devotions purely.

~~Lev.~~ Sir, alas!

[Weeps.]

What would you have me do? I have no orators,
More than my tears, to plead my innocence,
Since you forsake me, and are pleas'd to lend
An open ear against my honest fame.
Would all their spite could harry¹ my contents
Unto a desperate ruin! Oh, dear goodness!
There is a right for wrongs.

Mart. There is; but first
Sit in commission on your own defects,
Accuse yourself; be your own jury, judge,
And executioner; I make no sport
Of my vexation.

Lev. All the short remains
Of undesired life shall only speak
The extremity of penance; your opinion
Enjoins it too.

Mart. Enough; thy tears prevail
Against credulity.

Lev. My miseries,
As in a glass, present me the rent face
Of an unguided youth.

Mart. No more.—

Enter TRELATIO with an open letter.

Trelcatio!

Some business speeds you hither.

Trel. Happy news—
Signor Martino, pray your ear; my nephew,
Auria, hath done brave service: and I hear—

¹ Could harry my contents,] i. e. worry, torment, drive by violence,
&c.—GIFFORD.

Let 's be exceeding private—is return'd
 High in the duke of Florence's respects;
 'T is said,—but make no words—that he has fir'd
 And mumbled the rogue Turks.

Mart. Why would you have
 His merits so unknown?

Trel. I am not yet
 Confirm'd at full:—withdraw, and you shall
 All what this paper talks.

Mart. So!—Levidolche,
 You know our mind, be cheerful.—Come, Trelca-
 tio,—

Causes of joy or grief do seldom happen
 Without companions near; thy resolutions
 Have given another birth to my contents.

[*Exeunt MART. and TREL.*

Lev. Even so, wise uncle! much good do ye.—
 Discover'd!

I could fly out, mix vengeance with my love—
 Unworthy man, Malfato!—my good lord,
 My hot in blood, rare lord, grows cold too! well,
 Rise dotage into rage, and sleep no longer;
 Affection turn'd to hatred threatens mischief. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in ADURNI'S House.

Enter PIERO, AMORETTA, FUTELLI, and CASTANNA.

Piero. In the next gallery you may behold
 Such living pictures, lady, such rich pieces,
 Of kings, and queens, and princes, that you'd
 think

They breathe and smile upon you.

Amor. Ha they crownths,
 Great crownths oth gold upon their headths?

Piero. Pure gold;
 Drawn all in state.

Amor. How many horthes, pray,
Are ith their chariots?

Piero. Sixteen, some twenty.

Cast. My sister! wherefore left we her alone?
Where stays she, gentlemen?

Fut. Viewing the rooms;
'Tis like you 'll meet her in the gallery:
This house is full of curiosities,
Most fit for ladies' sights.

Amor. Yeth, yeth, the thigh
Of printhethes ith a fine thigh.

Cast. Good, let us find her.

Piero. Sweet ladies, this way; see the doors sure.

[*Aside to Fut.*

Fut. Doubt not.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.—A Banquet set out.

Enter ADURNI and SPINELLA.—A Song within.

*Pleasures, beauty, youth attend ye,
While the spring of nature lasteth;
Love and melting thoughts [befriend] ye,
Use the time, ere winter hasteth.
Active blood, and free delight,
Place and privacy invite.
Do, do! be kind as fair.
Lose not opportunity for air.*

Adur. Plead not, fair creature, without sense of
pity,
So incompassionately 'gainst a service,
In nothing faulty more than pure obedience:
My honours and my fortunes are led captives
In triumph, by your all-commanding beauty;
And if you ever felt the power of love,
The rigour of an uncontrolled passion,

The tyranny of thoughts, consider mine,
In some proportion, by the strength of yours;
Thus may you yield and conquer.

Spin. Do not study,
My lord, to apparel folly in the weed
Of costly colours; henceforth ~~cast~~ ^{set} off far,
Far from your noblest nature, ~~the~~ contempt
Of goodness, and be gentler to your fame,
By purchase of a life to grace your story.

Adur. Dear, how sweetly
Reproof drops from that balmy spring your breath!
Now could I read a lecture of my griefs,
Unearth a mine of jewels at your foot,
Command a golden shower to reign down,
Impoverish every kingdom of the East,
Which traffics richest clothes and silks, would
you

Vouchsafe one unspleen'd chiding to my riot;
Else such a sacrifice can but beget
Suspicion of returns to my devotion,
In mercenary blessings; for that saint
To whom I vow myself, must never want
Fit offerings to her altar.

Spin. Auria, Auria,
Fight not for name abroad; but come, my husband,
Fight for thy wife at home!

Adur. Oh, never rank,
Dear cruelty, one that is sworn your creature,
Among your country's enemies; I use
No force, but humble words, deliver'd from
A tongue that 's secretary to my heart.

Spin. How poorly some, tame to their wild desires,
Fawn on abuse of virtue! pray, my lord,
Make not your house my prison.

Adur. Grant a freedom
To him who is the bondman to your beauty.—

[A noise within, and the door is forced.

Enter AURELIO, followed by CASTANNA, AMORETTA, FUTELLI and PIERO.

Aurel. Keep back, ye close contrivers of false pleasures,
Or I shall force ye back.—Can it be possible?
Lock'd up and singly too! chaste hospitality!
A banquet in a bedchamber! Adurni,
Dishonourable man!

Adur. What sees this rudeness
That can broach scandal here?

Aurel. For you hereafter.—
Oh, woman, lost to every brave report,
Thy wronged Auria is come home with glory!
Prepare a welcome to uncrown the greatness
Of his prevailing fates.

Spin. Whiles you, belike,
Are furnished with some news for entertainment,
Which must become your friendship, to be knit
More fast betwixt your souls, by my removal,
Both from his heart and memory!

Adur. Rich conquest,
To triumph on a lady's injured fame,
Without a proof or warrant!

Fut. Have I life, sir?
Faith? Christianity?

Piero. Put me on the rack,
The wheel, or the galleys, if—

Aurel. Peace, factors
In merchandise of scorn! your sounds are deadly.
Castanna, I could pity your consent
To such ignoble practice: but I find
Coarse fortunes easily seduced, and herein
All claim to goodness ceases.

Cast. Use your tyranny.

Spin. What rests behind for me? out with it!

Aurel. Horror,
Becoming such a forfeit of obedience;
Hope not that any falsity in friendship
Can palliate a broken faith, it dares not.

Leave, in thy prayers, fair, vow-breaking wanton,
To dress thy soul anew, whose purer whiteness
Is sullied by thy change from truth to folly.
A fearful storm is hovering, it will fall ;
No shelter can avoid it : let the guilty
Sink under their own ruin. [Exit.

Spin. How unmanly !
His anger threatens mischief !

Amor. Whom, I prethee,
Doth the man speak to ?

Adur. Lady, be not mov'd ;
I will stand champion for your honour, hazard
All what is dearest to me.

Spin. Mercy, heaven !
Champion for me, and Auria living ! Auria !
He lives ; and, for my guard, my innocence,
As free as are my husband's clearest thoughts,
Shall keep off vain constructions. I must beg
Your charities ; sweet sister, yours to leave me ;
I need no followers now : let me appear,
Or mine own lawyer, or, in open court.
(Like some forsaken client), in my suit
Be cast for want of honest plea—oh, misery ! [Exit.

Adur. Her resolution's violent ;—quickly follow.

Cast. By no means, sir : you've followed her
already,

I fear, with too much ill success, in trial
Of unbecoming courtesies, your welcome
Ends in so sad a farewell.

Adur. I will stand
The roughness of the encounter, like a gentleman,
And wait ye to your homes, whate'er befall me.
[Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before MARTINO'S House.

Enter FULGOSO and GUZMAN.

Ful. I say, don, brother mine, win her and wear her.

And so will I; if't be my luck to lose her,
I lose a pretty wench, and there 's the worst on 't.

Guz. Wench, said ye? most mechanically, faugh!
Sir brother, he who names my queen of love
Without his bonnet veil'd, or saying grace,
As at some paranympthal feast, is rude,
Nor vers'd in literature. Dame Amoretta,
Lo, I am sworn thy champion!

Ful. So am I too,—

Can as occasion serves, if she turns scurvy,
Unswear myself again, and ne'er change colours.
Pish, man! the best, though call 'em ladies, madams,
Fairs, fines, and honeys, are but flesh and blood.

Guz. Our choler must advance.

Ful. Dost long for a beating?

Shall's try a slash? here 's that shall do't; I'll tap
[*Draws.*

A gallon of thy brains, and fill thy hogshead
With two of wine for 't.

Guz. Not in friendship, brother.

Ful. Or whistle thee into an ague: hang it,
Be sociable; drink till we roar and scratch;
Then drink ourselves asleep again:—the fashion!
Thou dost not know the fashion.

Guz. Her fair eyes,
Like to a pair of pointed beams drawn from
The sun's most glorious orb, do dazzle sight,
Audacious to gaze there; then over those
A several bow of jet securely twines
In semicircles; under them two banks

Of roses red and white, divided by
 An arch of polish'd ivory, surveying
 A temple from whence oracles proceed
 More gracious than Apollo's, more desired
 Than amorous songs of poets, softly tuned.

Ful. Hey-day ! what 's he ?—[*seeing BENATZI.*]

Enter BENATZI, as an outlaw,¹ LEVIDOLCHE at a window above.

Ben. Death of reputation, the wheel, strappado, galleys, rack, are ridiculous fopperies ; goblins to fright babies. Poor lean-soul'd rogues ! they will swoon at the scar of a pin.

Ful. Bless us ! a monster, patch'd of dagger-bombast,

His eyes like copper-basins ; he has chang'd
 Hair with 'a shag-dog.

Guz. Let us then avoid him,
 Or stand upon our guard ; the foe approaches.

Ben. Cutthroats by the score abroad, come home, and rot in fripperies. Honourable cuts are but badges for a fool to vaunt ; the raw-ribb'd apothecary poisons *cum privilegio*, and is paid. Oh, the commonwealth of beasts is most politicly ordered !

Guz. Brother we'll keep aloof, there is no valour
 In tugging with a man-fiend.

Ful. I defy him.

It gabbles like I know not what ;—believe it,
 The fellow 's a shrewd fellow at a pink.²

Ben. Look else : the lion roars, and the spaniel fawns ; down, cur ; the badger bribes the unicorn, that a jury may not pass upon his pillage ; here the bear fees the wolf, for he will not howl gratis ;—beasts call pleading howling.—So then ! there ~~the~~

¹ By this term nothing more seems meant than a disbanded soldier in rags, as in our author's age was too commonly the case, formidable from arms, and desperate from necessity.—GIFFORD.

² *The fellow 's a shrewd fellow at a pink,*] i. e. *at fighting*, at a duel.—He judges from the rugged appearance of Benatzi, and his fierce strutting language:—GIFFORD.

horse complains of the ape's rank riding ; the jockey makes mouths, but is fined for it ; the stag is not jeer'd by the monkey for his horns ; the ass by the hare for his burthen ; the ox by the leopard for his yoke ; nor the goat by the ram for his beard : only the fox wraps himself warm in beaver, bids the cat mouse, the elephant toil, the boar gather acorns ; while he grins, feeds fat, tells tales, laughs at all, and sleeps safe at the lion's feet. Save ye, people.

Ful. Why, save thee too, if thou be'st of Heaven's making ;

What art ?—fear nothing, don, we have our blades,
Are metal men ourselves, try us who dare.

Guz. Our brother speaks our mind, think what you please on 't.

Ben. A match ; observe well this switch ; with this only switch have I pash'd out the brains of thirteen Turks to the dozen, for a breakfast.

Ful. What, man, thirteen ! is 't possible thou liest not ?

Ben. I was once a scholar, then I begg'd¹ without pity ; from thence I practised law, there a scruple of conscience popp'd me over the bar : a soldier I turn'd a while, but could not procure the letter of preferment. Merchant I would be, and a glut of land-rats gnawed me to the bones ; would have bought an office, but the places with reversions were catch'd up ; offer'd to pass into the court, and wanted trust for clothes ; was lastly, for my good parts, pressed into the galleys, took prisoner, redeemed among other slaves by your gay great man, they call him Auria ; and am now I know not who, where, or what. How d'ye like me ?—say.

¹ The "needy *Latinist*" and begging scholar is a character not unfrequently alluded to in our earlier dramas. In the "*Return from Parnassus*," the universities are described, in no very delicate terms, as discharging twice in the year no small number of destitute graduates upon the town. The dramatists, too often specimens in their own persons of this mortifying truth, took their revenge by contrasting the "poor scholar" and the "rich fool," and showing where the real advantage lay (more particularly in the eyes of the fairer sex), as in the pleasant comedy of "*Wily Beguiled*."

Ful. A shaver of all trades! What course of life

Dost mean to follow next? ha! speak thy mind.

Guz. Nor be thou daunted, fellow; we ourselves
Have felt the frowns of fortune in our days.

Ben. I want extremely, exceedingly, hideously.

Lev. [*above.*] Take that, enjoy it freely, wisely use
it, [to]

Th' advantage of thy fate, and know the giver.

[*Throws him a purse, and draws back.*]

Ful. Hey-day! a purse in troth, who dropp'd?—
stay, stay:

Umph, have we gipsies here? oh, mine is safe;
It's your purse, brother don?

Guz. Not mine; I seldom
Wear such unfashionable trash about me.

Ful. Has it any money in it, honest blade?
A bots on empty purses.

Guz. We defy them.

Ben. Stand from about me as you are mortal!
You are dull clod-pated lumps of mire and garbish.
This is the land of fairies.—Imperial queen of elves,
I do crouch to thee, vow my services, my blood, my
sinews to thee, sweet sovereign of largess and
liberality.—A French tailor—neat!—Persian cook—
dainty!—Greek wines—rich!—Flanders' mares—
stately!—Spanish sallads—poignant!—Sirs, I am
fitted.

Ful. Prate sense and do n't be mad; I like thy hu-
mour,

'T is pretty, odd, and so—as one might say,

I care not greatly if I entertain thee:

Dost want a master? if thou dost, I am for thee;

Else choose, and sneck up!¹ pish, I scorn to flinch, ~~again~~.

Ben. Excellent! what place shall I be admitted
to? chamber, wardrobe, cellar, or stable?

¹ In most passages of our old plays where the expression *sneck-up* or *snick-up* occurs, it seems equivalent to "go and be hanged," or "hang yourself."

Ful. Why, one and all; thou 'rt welcome, let's shake hands on't.

Thy name?

Ben. Parado, sir.

Ful. The great affairs

I shall employ thee most in, will be news,
And telling what's o'clock, for aught I know yet.

Ben. It is, sir, to speak punctually, some hour and half, eight three-thirds of two seconds of one minute over at most, sir.

Ful. I do not ask thee now, or if I did
We are not much the wiser; and for news—

Ben. Auria, the fortunate, is this day to be received with great solemnity at the city council-house; the streets are already throng'd with lookers-on.

Ful. That's well remember'd; brother don, let's trudge,
Or we shall come too late.

Guz. By no means, brother.

Ful. Wait close, my ragged new-come.

Ben. As your shadows [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Hall in the House of AURIA.

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, MARTINO, TRELCAIO, AURELIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

Aur. Your favours, with these honours, speak your bounties;
And though the low deserts of my success
Appear, in your constructions, fair and goodly,
Yet I attribute to a nobler cause,
Not my abilities, the thanks due to them.
The duke of Florence hath too highly prized
My duty in my service, by example,
Rather to cherish and encourage virtue,
In spirits of action, than to crown the issue

Of feeble undertakings. While my life
Can stand in use, I shall no longer rate it
In value, than it stirs to pay that debt
I owe my country for my birth and fortunes.

Mart. Which to make good, our state of Genoa,
Not willing that a native of her own,
So able for her safety, should take pension
From any other prince, hath cast upon you
The government of Corsica.

Trel. Adds thereto,
Besides th' allowance yearly due, for ever,
To you and to your heirs, the full revenue
Belonging to Savona, with the office
Of admiral of Genoa.

Adur. Presenting
By my hands, from their public treasury,
A thousand ducats.

Mart. But they limit only
One month of stay for your despatch; no more.

Fut. In all your great attempts, may you grow
thrifty,
Secure and prosperous!

Piero. If you please to rank,
Among the humblest, one that shall attend
Instructions under your command, I am
Ready to wait the charge.

Aur. Oh, still the state
Engageth me her creature, with the burthen
Unequal for my weakness: to you, gentlemen,
I will prove friendly honest; of all mindful.

Adur. In memory, my LORD (such is your style
now),
Of your late fortunate exploits, the council,
Among their general acts, have register'd
'The great duke's letters, witness of your merit,
To stand in characters upon record.

Aur. Load upon load! let not my want of
modesty
Trespass against good manners; I must study

Retirement to compose this weighty business,
And moderately digest so large a plenty,
For fear it swell into a surfeit.

Adur. May I

Be bold to press a visit?

Aur. At your pleasure:

Good time of day, and peace!

All. Health to your lordship!

[*Exeunt all but ADUR. and FUT.*]

Adur. What of Spinella yet?

Fut. Quite lost; no prints,

Or any tongue of tracing her. However
Matters are huddled up, I doubt, my lord,
Her husband carries little peace about him.

Adur. Fall danger what fall can, she is a good-
ness

Above temptation; more to be adored
Than sifted; I'm to blame, sure.

Fut. Levidolche,

For her part too, laugh'd at Malfato's phrensy
(Just so she term'd it); but for you, my lord,
She said she thank'd your charity, which lent
Her crooked soul, before it left her body,
Some respite, wherein it might learn again
The means of growing straight.

Adur. She has found mercy;
Which I will seek, and sue for.

Fut. You are happy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Another Room in the same.

Enter AURIA and AURELIO.

Aur. Count of Savona! Genoa's admiral!
Lord governor of Corsica! enroll'd
A worthy of my country! sought and sued to,
Praised, courted, flatter'd! sure this bulk of mine

Tails in the size ! a tympany of greatness
Puffs up too monstrously my narrow chest.
How surely dost thou malice these extremes,¹
Uncomfortable man ! When I was needy,
Cast naked on the flats of barren pity,
Abated to an ebb so low, that boys
A-cockhorse frisk'd about me without plunge,
You could chat gravely then, in formal tones,
Reason most paradoxically ; now,
Contempt and wilful grudge at my uprising
Becalms your learned noise.

Aurel. Such flourish, Auria,
Flies with so swift a gale, as it will waft
Thy sudden joys into a faithless harbour.

Aur. Canst mutter mischief ? I observ'd your
dulness,
While the whole ging²-crow'd to me. Hark ! my
triumphs
Are echo'd under every roof ; the air
Is straiten'd with the sound, there is not room
Enough to brace them in ; but not a thought
Doth pierce into the grief that cabins here :
Here, through a creek, a little inlet, crawls
A flake, no bigger than a spider's thread,
Which sets the region of my heart a-fire.
I had a kingdom once, but am deposed
From all that royalty of blest content,
By a confederacy 'twixt love and frailty.

Aurel. Glories in public view but add to misery,
Which travels in unrest at home.

Aur. At home !
That home Aurelio speaks of I have lost,
And, which is worse, when I have roll'd about,
Toil'd like a pilgrim round this globe of earth,
Wearied with care, and overworn with age,
Lodged in the grave, I am not yet at home ;

¹ *How surely dost thou malice these extremes,*] i. e. view with ill-will,
bear malice to, &c.

² i. e. gang or company.

There rots but half of me, the other part
Sleeps, heaven knows where : would she and I—my
wife

I mean,—but what, alas ! talk I of wife ?—
The woman—would we had together fed
On any outcast parings, coarse and mouldy,
Not lived divided thus ! I could have begg'd
For both ; for 't had been pity she should ever
Have felt so much extremity.

Aurel. This is not
Patience required in wrongs of such vile nature :
You pity her ; think rather on revenge.

Aur. Revenge ! for what, uncharitable friend ?
On whom ? let's speak a little, pray, with reason.
You found Spinella in Adurni's house ;
'T is like he gave her welcome—very likely ;
Her sister and another with her ; so !
Invited, nobly done ; but he with her
Privately chamber'd :—he deserves no wife
Of worthy quality, who dares not trust
Her virtue in the proofs of any danger.

Aurel. But I broke ope the doors upon them.

Aur. Marry,
It was a slovenly presumption,
And punishable by a sharp rebuke.
I tell you, sir, I, in my younger growth,
Have by the stealth of privacy enjoy'd
A lady's closet, where to have profaned
That shrine of chastity and innocence,
With one unhallow'd word, would have exiled
The freedom of such favour into scorn.
Had any he alive then ventured there,
With foul construction, I had stamp'd the justice
Of my unguilty truth upon his heart.

Aurel. Adurni might have done the like ; but that
The conscience of his fault, in coward blood,
Blush'd at the quick surprisal.

Aur. O fy, fy !
How ill some argue, in their sour reproof,

Against a party liable to law !
 For had that lord offended with that creature,
 Her presence would have doubled every strength
 Of man in him, and justified the forfeit
 Of noble shame ; else 't was enough in both
 With a smile only to correct your rudeness.

Aurel. 'T is well you make such use of neighbours'
 courtesy :

Some kind of beasts are tame, and hug their in-
 juries :

Such way leads to fame too !

Aur. Not uncivilly,
 Though violently, friend.¹

Aurel. Wherefore, then, think you,
 Can she absent herself, if she be blameless ?
 You grant, of course, your triumphs are pro-
 claim'd ;

And I in person told her your return :
 Where lies she hid the while ?

Aur. That rests for answer
 In you ; now I come to you : we have exchanged
 Bosoms, Aurelio, from our years of childhood ;
 Let me acknowledge with what pride I own
 A man so faithful, honest, fast, my friend ;
 He who, if I speak fully, never fail'd,
 By teaching trust to me, to learn of mine :
 I wish'd myself thine equal ; if I aim'd
 Awrong, 't was in an envy of thy goodness ;
 So dearly (witness with me my integrity)
 I laid thee up to heart, that, from my love,
 My wife was but distinguish'd in her sex :
 Give back that holy signature of friendship,
 Cancell'd, defaced, pluck'd off, or I shall urge
 Accounts, scored on the tally of my vengeance,
 Without all former compliments.

Aurel. D' you imagine

¹ *Not uncivilly,*

Though violently, friend,] i. e. do not use rude language, however
 warm you may be.—GIFFORD.

I fawn upon your fortunes, or intrude
Upon the hope of bettering my estate,
That you cashier me at a minute's warning?
No, Auria, I dare vie with your respects;
Put both into the balance, and the poise
Shall make a settled stand: perhaps the proffer,
• So frankly vow'd at your departure first,
Of settling me a partner in your purchase,
Leads you into opinion of some ends
Of mercenary falsehood; yet such wrong
Least suits a noble soul.

Aur. By all my sorrows,
The mention is too coarse.

Aurel. Since then the occasion
Presents our discontinuance, use your liberty;
For my part, I am resolute to die
The same my life profess'd me.

Aur. Pish! your faith
Was never in suspicion; but consider,
Neither the lord, nor lady, nor yet that
Which shuffled them together, opportunity,
Have fasten'd stain on my unquestion'd name;
My friend's rash indiscretion was the bellows
Which blew the coal (now kindled to a flame)
Will light his slander to all wandering eyes.
Some men in giddy zeal o'erdo that office
They catch at, of whose number is Aurelio:
For I am certain, certain, it had been
Impossible, had you stood wisely silent,
But my Spinella, trembling on her knee,
Would have accused her breach of truth, and begg'd
A speedy execution on her trespass:
'Then with a justice, lawful as the magistrate's,
Might I have drawn my sword against Adurni,
Which now is sheath'd and rusted in the scabbard,
Good thanks to your cheap providence!—Once
more

I make demand—my wife!—you,—sir—

[*Draws his sword.*]

Aurel. Roar louder,
The noise affrights not me; threaten your enemies,
And prove a valiant tongue-man;—now must follow,

By way of method, the exact condition
Of rage which runs to mutiny in friendship.
Auria, come on, this weapon looks not pale [*Draws.*
At sight of that.—Again hear, and believe it,
What I have done, was well done and well meant;
Twenty times over, were it new to do,
I'd do 't and do 't, and boast the pains religious;
Yet since you shake me off, I slightly value
Other severity.

Aur. Honour and duty
Stand my compurgators: never did passion
Purpose ungentle usage of my sword
Against Aurelio; let me rather want
My hands, nay, friend, a heart, than ever suffer
Such dotage enter here. If I must lose
Spinella, let me not proceed to misery,
By losing my Aurelio: we, through madness,
Frame strange conceits in our discoursing brains,
And prate of things as we pretend they were.
Join help to mine, good man, and let us listen
After this straying soul, and, till we find her,
Bear our discomfort quietly.

Aurel. So, doubtless,
She may be soon discovered.

Aur. That 's spoke cheerfully.
Why there 's a friend now!—*Auria* and *Aurelio*
At odds! oh! it cannot be, must not, and shall
not.—

Enter CASTANNA.

But look, *Castanna* 's here!—welcome, fair figure
Of a choice jewel, lock'd up in a cabinet,
More precious than the public view should sully.

Cast. Sir, how you are inform'd, or on what
terms

Of prejudice against my course or custom,
Opinion sways your confidence, I know not.
Much anger, if my fears persuade not falsely,
Sits on this gentleman's stern brow; yet, sir,
If an unhappy maid's word may find credit,
As I wish harm to nobody on earth,
So would all good folks may wish none to me!

Aur. None does, sweet sister.

Cast. If they do, dear Heaven
Forgive them, is my prayer; but, perhaps,
You might conceive (and yet methinks you should
not)

How I am faulty in my sister's absence:
Indeed 't is nothing so, nor was I knowing
Of any private speech my lord intended,
Save civil entertainment: pray, what hurt
Can fall out in discourse, if it be modest?
Sure noblemen will show that they are such
With those of their own rank;—and that was all
My sister can be charged with.

Aur. Is 't not, friend,
An excellent maid?

Aurel. Deserves the best of fortunes;
I ever spoke her virtuous.

Cast. With your leave,
You used most cruel language to my sister,
Enough to fright her wits; not very kind
To me myself: she sigh'd when you were gone,
Desired no creature else should follow her;
And, in good truth, I was so full of weeping,
I mark'd not well which way she went.

Aur. Staid she not
Within the house then?

Cast. 'Las, not she!—Aurelio
Was passing rough.

Aur. Strange! nowhere to be found?

Cast. Not yet; but on my life, ere many hours,
I shall hear from her.

Aur. Shalt thou? worthy maid,

Thou hast brought to my sick heart a cordial.—
Friend,
Good news!—Most sweet Castanna!
Aurel. May it prove so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Street.

Enter BENATZI.

Ben. The paper in the purse for my directions appointed this the place, the time now; here dance I attendance—she is come already.

Enter LEVIDOLCHE.

Lev. Parado! so I overheard you named.

Ben. A mushroom, sprung up in a minute by the sunshine of your benevolent grace. Liberality and hospitable compassion, most magnificent beauty, have long since lain bedrid in the ashes of the old world, till now your illustrious charity hath raked up the dead embers, by giving life to a worm inevitably devoted yours, as you shall please to new-shape me.

Lev. A grateful man, it seems. Where gratitude Has harbour, other furniture, becoming Accomplished qualities, must needs inhabit. [*Aside.* What country claims your birth?

Ben. None; I was born at sea, as my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari,¹ towards Afric, in Sardinia; was bred up in Aquilastro, and at years put myself in service under the Spanish viceroy, till I was taken prisoner by the Turks. I have tasted in my days handsome store of good and bad, and am thankful for both.

¹ As my mother was in passage from Cape Ludugory to Cape Cagliari.] Benatzi is sufficiently correct in his geography. In our old maps of Sardinia, the northern division of the island is called *Logudori*, and the southern Cagliari.—GIFFORD.

Lev. Dare you be secret?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. And sudden?

Ben. Yes.

Lev. But, withal, sure of hand and spirit?

Ben. Yes, yes, yes.

Lev. I use not many words, the time prevents
'em:

A man of quality has robb'd mine honour.

Ben. Name him.

Lev. Adurni.

Ben. He shall bleed.

Lev. Malfato

Contemn'd my proffered love.

Ben. Yoke them in death.—

What's my reward?

Lev. Propose it, and enjoy it.

Ben. You for my wife.

Lev. Ha!

Ben. Nothing else: deny me,
And I'll betray your counsels to your ruin;
Else do the feat courageously.—Consider.

Lev. I do: despatch the task I have enjoined,
Then claim my promise.

Ben. No such matter, pretty one,
We'll marry first,—or—farewell.

[*Going.*]

Lev. Stay: examine

From my confession what a plague thou draw'st
Into thy bosom: though I blush to say it,
Know, I have, without sense of shame or honour,
Forsook a lawful marriage-bed, to dally
Between Adurni's arms.

Ben. This lord's?

Lev. The same.

More; not content with him, I courted
A newer pleasure, but was there refused
By him I named so late.

Ben. Malfato?

Lev. Right:

Am henceforth resolutely bent to print
My follies on their hearts; then change my life
For some rare penance.¹ Canst thou love me now?

Ben. Better;

I do believe 't is possible you may mend:
All this breaks off no bargain.

Lev. Accept my hand; with this a faith as constant
As vows can urge; nor shall my haste prevent
This contract, which death only must divorce.

Ben. Settle the time.

Lev. Meet here to-morrow night;
We will determine further, as behooves us.

Ben. How is my new love called?

Lev. Levidolche.

Be confident, I bring a worthy portion.—
But you'll fly off.

¹ ————— then change my life

For some rare penance.] It might almost be conjectured from this passage, that the author really had some Italian story before him. It is the genuine mode of repentance in that country. "Let me only commit a few more crimes, despatch a few more enemies, and I will then do some rare penance, and amend my life for good and all."

It may seem somewhat extraordinary that Benatzi should not recognise his wife. She, it appears, had discovered him through all his disguises, his military rags and accoutrements, his false beard, &c., whereas he continues ignorant of her, though she meets him without any apparent effort at concealment, affects no change of language, or even of name, and resides with her uncle, with whom Benatzi must have been sufficiently familiar. But there is the old plea—*aliter non fit, Avite, liber!* Otherwise, no plot.—GIFFORD. But was Benatzi really so ignorant as Mr. Gifford supposes him? Had not the author designed, for we can hardly say contrived, a double plot, by which the divorced pair should each have separate designs upon the other? What Levidolche's intentions were, are sufficiently apparent from her own language; and Benatzi's may without any great difficulty be inferred. The disguise which he assumes (for a soldier, with the distinguished part imputed to him by a victorious commander, [Act v. scene 2], should not necessarily be in rags), and the situation in which he is first found, at the door of Levidolche's uncle's house, evidently imply a design of becoming a spy upon the actions of his divorced wife, and of shaping his future course as circumstances might direct. A very few words put into the mouth of Benatzi, instead of the obscure intimation of Auria (p. 85), would with ease have made all this sufficiently clear: and these few words, we are almost persuaded, were to be found in the original draught of the drama; we say original draught, because so many obscurities pervade the printed copies, that we can scarcely believe them to have received the author's own personal correction and revision. See further the *note* at p. 85.

Ben. Not I, by all that 's noble !
A kiss—farewell, dear fate !

[*Exit.*

Lev. Love is sharp-sighted,
And can pierce through the cunning of disguises.
False pleasures, I cashier ye ; fair truth, welcome !
[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Malfato.

Enter Malfato and Spinella.

Mal. Here you are safe, sad cousin ; if you please,
May over-say the circumstance of what
You late discours'd : mine ears are gladly open,
For I myself am in such hearty league
With solitary thoughts, that pensive language
Charms my attention.

Spin. But my husband's honours,
By how much more in him they sparkle clearly,
By so much more they tempt belief, to credit
The wreck and ruin of my injured name.

Mal. Why, cousin, should the earth cleave to the
roots,
'The seas and heavens be mingled in disorder,
Your purity with unaffrighted eyes
Might wait the uproar ; 't is the guilty trembles
At horrors, not the innocent ! you are cruel
In censuring a liberty allow'd.
Speak freely, gentle cousin, was Adurni
Importunately wanton ?

Spin. In excess
Of entertainment, else not.

Mal. Not the boldness
Of an uncivil courtship ?

Spin. What that meant,
I never understood. I have at once
Set bars between my best of earthly joys,

And best of men ; so excellent a man
As lives without comparison ; his love
To me was matchless.

Mal. Yet put case, sweet cousin,
That I could name a creature, whose affection
Follow'd your Auria in the height ; affection
To you, even to Spinella, true and settled
As ever Auria's was, can, is, or will be ;
You may not chide the story.

Spin. Fortune's minions
Are flatter'd, not the miserable.

Mal. Listen
To a strange tale, which thus the author sigh'd.
A kinsman of Spinella (so it runs),
Her father's sister's son, some time before
Auria, the fortunate, possess'd her beauties,
Became enamour'd of such rare perfections
As she was stored with ; fed his idle hopes
With possibilities of lawful conquest ;
Proposed each difficulty in pursuit
Of what his vain supposal styled his own ;
Found in the argument one only flaw
Of conscience, by the nearness of their bloods—
Unhappy scruple, easily dispens'd with,
Had any friend's advice resolv'd the doubt.
Still on he loved, and loved, and wish'd, and wish'd ;
Eftsoon began to speak, yet soon broke off,
And still the fondling durst not,—'cause he durst not.

Spin. 'T was wonderful.

Mal. Exceeding wonderful.
Beyond all wonder ; yet 'tis known for truth,
After her marriage, when remain'd not aught
Of expectation to such fruitless dotage,
His reason then,—now,—then—could not reduce
The violence of passion, though he vow'd
Ne'er to unlock that secret, scarce to her
Herself, Spinella ; and withal resolv'd
Not to come near her presence, but to avoⁱ
All opportunities, however proffer'd.

Spin. An understanding dull'd by the infelicity
Of constant sorrow, is not apprehensive
In pregnant novelty; my ears receive
The words you utter, cousin, but my thoughts
Are fasten'd on another subject.

Mal. Can you
Embrace, so like a darling, your own woes,
And play the tyrant with a partner in them?
Then I am thankful for th' advantage; urg'd
By fatal and enjoin'd necessity,
To stand up in defence of injur'd virtue;
Will, against any, I except no quality,
Maintain all supposition misapplied,
Unhonest, false, and villanous.

Spin. Dear cousin,
As you're a gentleman—

Mal. I'll bless that hand,
Whose honourable pity seals the passport
For my incessant turmoils to their rest.
If I prevail, (which Heaven forbid!) these ages
Which shall inherit ours, may tell posterity
Spinella had Malfato for a kinsman,
By noble love made jealous of her fame.

Spin. No more; I dare not hear it.

Mal. All is said:
Henceforth shall never syllable proceed
From my unpleasant voice of amorous folly.

Enter CASTANNA.

Cast. Your summons warn'd me hither; I am
come.

Sister! my sister, 't was an unkind part,
Not to take me along wi' you.

Mal. Chide her for it;
Castanna, this house is as freely yours
As ever was your father's.

Cast. We conceive so,
Though your late strangeness hath bred marvel
in us.

But wherefore, sister, keeps your silence distance?
Am I not welcome to you?

Spin. Lives Auria safe?

Oh, prithee do not hear me call him husband,
Before thou canst resolve what kind of wife
His fury terms the runaway; speak quickly,
Yet do not—stay, Castanna,—I am lost!
His friend hath set before him a bad woman,
And he, good man, believes it.

Cast. Now in truth—

Spin. Hold! my heart trembles—I perceive thy
tongue

Is great with ills, and hastes to be deliver'd;
I should not use Castanna so. First tell me,
Shortly and truly tell me, how he does.

Cast. In perfect health.

Spin. For that, my thanks to Heaven.

Mal. The world hath not another wife like
this.—

Cousin, you will not hear your sister speak,
So much your passion rules.

Spin. Even what she pleases:

Go on, Castanna.

Cast. Your most noble husband
Is deaf to all reports, and only grieves
At his soul's love, Spinella's, causeless absence.

Mal. Why look ye, cousin, now!

Spin. Indeed!

Cast. Will value

No counsel, takes no pleasure in his greatness,
Neither admits of likelihood at all
That you are living: if you were, he's certain
It were impossible you could conceal
Your welcomes to him, being all one with him;
But as for jealousy of your dishonour,
He both laughs at and scorns it.

Spin. Does he!

Mal. Therein

He shows himself desertful of his happiness.

Cast. Methinks the news should cause some motion, sister—
 You are not well.
Mal. Not well!
Spin. I am unworthy—
Mal. Of whom? what? why?
Spin. Go, cousin;—come, Castanna. [Exit.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the House of TRELATIO.

Enter TRELATIO, PIERO, and FUTELLI.

Trel. The state in council is already set,
 My coming will be late; now, therefore, gentlemen,
 This house is free; as your intents are sober,
 Your pains shall be accepted.

Fut. Mirth sometimes
 Falls into earnest, signor.

Piero. We, for our parts,
 Aim at the best.

Trel. You wrong yourselves and me else:
 Good success to you! [Exit.

Piero, Futelli, 't is our wisest course to follow
 Our pastime with discretion, by which means
 We may ingratiate, as our business hits,
 Our undertakings to great Auria's favour.

Fut. I grow quite weary of this lazy custom,
 Attending on the fruitless hopes of service,
 For meat and rags: a wit? a shrewd preferment!
 Study some scurril jests, grow old, and beg!
 No, let them be admired that love foul linen;
 I'll run a new course.

Piero. Get the coin we spend,
 And knock them o'er the pate who jeer our earnings.

Fut. Hush, man; one suitor comes.

Piero. The t' other follows.

Fut. Be not so loud—

[Music below.]

Here comes Madonna Sweet-lips;
Mithtreth, in thooth, forthooth, will lithp it to uth.

Enter AMORETTA.

Amor. Dentlemen, then ye!¹ It's thith muthick yourth, or can ye tell what gre~~at~~ manth's fidleth make it? tith vedee pretty noyth, but who thould thend it?

Piero. Does not yourself know, lady?

Amor. I do not uthe
To thpend lip-labour upon queththionths,
That I mythelf can anthwer.

SONG below.

*What, ho! we come to be merry,
Open the doors, a jovial crew,
Lusty boys and free, and very,
Very, very lusty boys are we;
We can drink till all look blue,
Dance, sing, and roar,
Never give o'er,
As long as we have e'er an eye to see.*

Piero. What call ye this, a song?

Amor. Yeth, a delithious thing, and wondrouth prety.

Fut. A very country-catch!—[*Aside.*—Doubtless, some prince
Belike hath sent it to congratulate
Your night's repose.

Amor. Think ye tho, thignor?

Fut. This gentleman approaching comes in time
T' inform ye.

Enter FULGOSO.

Amor. Think ye tho?
I'm thure you know him.

¹ *Dentlemen, then ye!]* i. e. *den ye!* good even? The reader would scarcely thank me for putting the rest of the pretty lipings of this affected fair one into articulate language.—GIRROU.

Piero. Lady, you 'll perceive it.

Ful. She seems in my first entrance to admire me :
Protest she eyes me round ; *Fulg.* she 's thine own !
[*Aside.*

Piero. Noble Fulgoso.

Ful. Did you hear the music ?

'T was I that brought it ; was 't not tickling ? ah, ha !

Amor. Pray, what pinth thent it ?

Ful. Prince ! no prince, but we ;
We set the ditty, and composed ~~the song~~ ;
There 's not a note or foot in 't but ~~our~~ own,
And the pure trodden mortar of this brain :
We can do things and things.

Amor. Dood ! thing 't youathelf then.

Ful. Nay, nay, I could never sing
More than a gib-cat, or a very howlet ;
But you shall hear me whistle it. [Whistles.

Enter GUZMAN.

Amor. Bleth uth, whoth thith ?

Fut. Oh, 't is the man of might.

Guz. May my address to beauty lay no scandal
Upon my martial honour, since even Mars,
Whom, as in war, in love I imitate,
Could not resist the shafts of Cupid ; therefore,
As, with the god of war, I deign to stoop,
Lady, vouchsafe, Love's goddess-like, to yield
Your fairer hand unto these lips, the portals
Of valiant breath that hath o'erturn'd an army.

Amor. Faya weather keep me ! what a thorme
ith thith ?

Fut. Oh, don, keep off at farther distance ; yet
A little farther ; do you not observe
How your strong breath hath terrified the lady ?

Guz. I'll stop the breath of war, and breathe as
gently
As a perfumed pair of sucking bellows
In some ~~sweet~~ lady's chamber ; for I can
Speak lion-like, or sheep-like, when I please.

Fut. Stand by, then, without noise, a while, brave don,

And let her only view your parts; they'll take her.

Guz. I'll publish them in silence.

Piero. Stand you there,
Fulgoso the magnificent.

Ful. Here?

Piero. Just there:

Let her survey ~~you~~ both; you'll be her choice,
Ne'er doubt ~~it, man~~.

Ful. I cannot doubt it, man.

Piero. But speak not till I bid you.

Ful. I may whistle?

Piero. A little to yourself, to spend the time.

Amor. Both foolth, you thay?

Fut. But hear them for your sport.

Piero. Don shall begin.—Begin, don.

Guz. My outside, lady, shrouds a prince obscured.

Amor. I thank ye for your muthicke, printh.

Guz. My words
Are music to her.

[*Aside.*

Amor. The muthicke and the thong
You thent me by thith whithling thing, your man.

Guz. She took him for my man! love, thou wert
just.

[*Aside.*

Ful. I will not hold;—his man! 't is time to speak
Before my time: oh scurvy, I his man,
That has no means for meat, or rags and seamrents!

Guz. List and wonder.

My great-great-grandsire was an ancient duke,
Styled Desver di Gonzado.¹

Fut. That's, in Spanish,
An incorrigible rogue, without a fellow,
An unmatch'd rogue; he thinks we understand not.

Guz. So was my grandfather, hight Argozile.

Fut. An arrant, arrant thief-leader: pray mark it.

¹ *Desver* [di] *Gonzado*,] i. e. *Desvergonzado*; ~~shameless~~; or, as it is expounded with sufficient accuracy by the learned ~~Spicelli~~, "a rogue without a fellow."—Gifford.

Guz. And my renowned sire, Don Picaro—

Fut. In proper sense, a rascal—O, brave don!

Guz. Had honours both by sea and land, to wit—

Fut. The galleys and Bridewell.

Ful. I'll not endure it.

To hear a canting mongrel—hear me, lady!

Guz. 'Tis no fair play.

Ful. I care not, fair or foul.—

I from a king derive my pedigree,

King Oberon by name, from whom my father,

The mighty and courageous Mountibanco,

Was lineally descended; and my mother

(In right of whose blood I must ever honour

The lower Germany) was a Harlequin.

Fut. He'll blow up

The Spaniard presently by his mother's side.

Ful. Her father was Grave Hans Van Herne, the son

Of Hogen Mogen, and my uncle, hight

Yacob Van Flagon-drought, with Abraham Snortenfert,

Took by surprise a thousand Spanish jobbernowls,
And beat a sconce about their ears.

Guz. My fury

Is now but justice on thy forfeit life.

[*Draws.*

Amor. 'Lath, they thall not fight.

Fut. Fear not, sweet lady.

Piero. Be advised, great spirits.

Ful. My fortunes bid me to be wise in duels;
Else, hang't, who cares?

Guz. Mine honour is my tutor,
Already tried and known.

Fut. Why, there's the point,
Mine honour is my tutor too. Noble men
Fight in their persons! scorn't! 't is out of fashion;
There's none but hairbrain'd youths of mettle use it.

Piero. Yet put not up your swords; it is the
pleasure
Of the fair lady that you quit the field,
With brandish'd blades in hand.

Fut. And more, to show
Your suffering valour, as her equal favours,
You both should take a competence of-kicks.

Both. How?

Fut. and Piero. Thus and thus!—[*kicking them.*]—
away, you brace of nincompoops!

Ful. Pheugh! as it were. [Whistles.]

Guz. Why, since it is her pleasure,
I dare and will endure it.

Ful. Pheugh!

Piero. Away,
But stay below.

Fut. Budge not, I charge ye,
Till you have further leave.

Guz. Mine honour claims
The last foot in the field.

Ful. I'll lead the van then.

Fut. Yet more? begone! [*Exeunt Fuls. and Guz.*]
Are not these precious suitors—

Re-enter TRELCAIO.

Trel. What tumults fright the house?

Fut. A brace of castrels,
That flutter'd, sir, about this lovely game,
Your daughter: but they durst not give the souse,
And so took hedge.

Piero. Mere haggards, buzzards, kites.

Amor. I thkorne thuch trumpery; and will thape
my luffe,
Henthforth, ath thall my father betht direct me.

Trel. Why now thou sing'st in tune, my Amo-
retta;
And, my good friends, you have, like wise physi-
cians,

Prescribed a healthful diet: I shall think on
A bounty for your pains, and will present ye
To noble Auria, such as your deserts
Commend; but for the present we must quit
This room to privacy: they come—

Amor. Nay, predee,
Leave me not, dentlemen.

Fut. We are your servants.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter AURIA, ADURNI, and AURELIO.

Aur. You are welcome, be assured you are; for proof,
Retrieve the boldness (as you please to term it)
Of visit to commands: if this man's presence
Be not of use, dismiss him.

Adur. 'T is with favour,
Of consequence, my lord, your friend may witness
How far my reputation stands engaged
To noble reconciliation.

Aur. I observe
No party here among us, who can challenge
A motion of such honour.

Adur. Could your looks
Borrow more clear serenity and calmness,
Than can the peace of a composed soul;
Yet, I presume, report of my attempt,
Train'd by a curiosity in youth
For scattering clouds before 'em, hath rais'd tempests
Which will at last break out.

Adur. Hid now, most likely,
I' the darkness of your speech.

Aurel. You may be plainer.

Aur. I shall, my lord; that I intended wrong—

Aur. Ha! wrong! to whom?

Adur. To Auria; and as far
As language could prevail, did—

Aur. Take advice,
Young lord, before your tongue betray a secret
Conceal'd yet from the world; hear and consider:
In all my flight of vanity and giddiness,
When scarce the wings of my excess were fledg'd,
When a distemperature of youthful heat
Might have excus'd disorder and ambition,
Even then, and so from thence till now the down
Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age,

Confirm'd and harden'd,¹ never durst I pitch
 On any, howsoever likely, rest,
 Where the presumption might be construed wrong;
 The word is hateful, and the sense wants pardon.
 For, as I durst not wrong the meanest, so
 He who but only aim'd, by any boldness,
 A wrong to me, should find I must not bear it;
 The one is as unmanly as the other.—
 Now, without interruption.

Adur. Stand, Aurelio,
 And justify thine accusation boldly;
 Spare me the needless use of my confession;
 And, having told no more than what thy jealousy
 Possess'd thee with, again before my face
 Urge to thy friend the breach of hospitality
 Adurni trespass'd in, and thou conceiv'st
 Against Spinella; [when thy] proofs grow faint,
 If barely not suppos'd, I'll answer guilty.

Aurel. You come not here to brave us?

Adur. No, Aurelio;
 But to reply upon that brittle evidence,
 To which thy cunning never shall rejoin.
 I make my judge my jury; be accountant
 Whether, with all the eagerness of spleen
 That a suspicious rage can plead, thou hast
 Enforced the likelihood of scandal.

Aurel. Doubt not
 But that I have deliver'd honest truth,
 As much as I believe, and justly witness.

Adur. Loose grounds to raise a bulwark of re-
 proach on!
 And thus for that.—My errand hither is not
 In whining, truant-like submission,
 To cry, "I have offended, pray, forgive me;

¹ ————— now the down

*Of softness is exchang'd for plumes of age, &c.] This is at once
 a correct translation, and a good comment on the well-known line,*

"Insuperata tuæ cum veniet pluma superbiæ,"

which has sorely perplexed the critics.—GIFFORD.

I will do so no more :” but to proclaim
The power of virtue, whose commanding sove-
reignty

Sets bounds to rebel-bloods ; and checks, restrains,
Custom of folly ; by example teaches
A rule to reformation ; by rewards
Crowns worthy actions, and invites to honour.

Aurel. Honour and worthy actions best beseem
Their lips who practise both, and not discourse 'em.

Aur. Peace, peace, man ; I am silent.

Adur. Some there are,
And they not few in number, who resolve
No beauty can be chaste, unless attempted.
Meeting oftentimes too many soon seduced, they
Conclude all may be won by gifts, by service,
Or compliments of vows : and with this file
I stood in rank ; conquest secured my confidence.
Spinella—storm not, Auria—was an object
Of study for fruition ; here I angled,
Not doubting the deceit could find resistance.

Aurel. After confession, follows—

Aur. Noise ! observe him.

Adur. Oh, strange ! by all the comforts of my
hopes,

I found a woman good ;—a woman good !
Yet, as I wish belief, or do desire
A memorable mention, so much majesty
Of humbleness, and scorn, appear'd at once
In fair, in chaste, in wise Spinella's eyes,
'That I grew dull in utterance, and one frown
From her cool'd every flame of sensual appetite.

Aur. On, sir, and do not stop.

Adur. Without protests,
I pleaded merely love, used not a syllable,
But what a virgin might without a blush
Have listen'd to, and, not well arm'd, have pitied ;
But she, neglecting, cried, “ Come, Auria, come,
Fight for thy wife at home !” then in rush'd you,
sir,

Talk'd in much fury, parted ; when as soon
The lady vanish'd, after her the rest.

Aur. What follow'd ?

Adur. My contrition on mine error ;
In execution whereof I have prov'd
So punctually severe, that I renounce
All memory, not to this one fault alone,
But to my other greater, and more irksome.
Now he, whoever owns a name, that construes
This repetition the report of fear,
Of falsehood, or imposture, let him tell me
I give myself the lie, and I will clear
The injury, and man to man ;—or, if
Such justice may prove doubtful, two to two,
Or three to three, or any way relieve
The opinion of my forfeit, without blemish.

Aur. Who can you think I am ? did you expect
So great a tameness as you find, Adurni,
That you cast loud defiance ? say—

Adur. I have robb'd you
Of rigour, Auria, by my strict self-penance
For the presumption.

Aur. Sure, Italians hardly
Admit dispute in questions of this nature ;
The trick is new. x

Adur. I find my absolution,
By vows of change from all ignoble practice.

Aur. Why, look ye, friend, I told you this before ;
You would not be persuaded :—let me think—

[Walks apart.]

Aurel. You do not yet deny that you solicited
The lady to ill purpose.

Adur. I have answer'd ;
But it return'd much quiet to my mind,
Perplex'd with rare commotions.

Aur. That's the way ;
It smooths all rubs.

Aurel. My lord !

Aur. Foh ! I am thinking—

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You may talk forward.—If it take,¹ 't is clear;
And then—and then,—and so—and so—

Adur. You labour
With curious engines, sure.

Aur. Fine ones! I take you
To be a man of credit; else—

Adur. Suspicion
Is needless, know me better.

Aur. Yet you must not
Part from me, sir.

Adur. For that, your pleasure.

Aur. “Come,
Fight for thy wife at home, my Auria!”—Yes,
We can fight, my Spinella, when thine honour
Relies upon a champion.—

Re-enter TRELATIO.

Now?

Trel. My lord,
Castanna, with her sister, and Malfato
Are newly enter'd.

Aur. Be not loud; convey them
Into the gallery.—Aurelio, friend,
Adurni, lord, we three will sit in council,
And piece a hearty league, or scuffle shrewdly.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ These musings of Auria will be better understood when the second scene of the fifth act comes under the perusal of the reader. It will then be seen that Auria, as a means of freeing every circumstance of jealousy and suspicion, is projecting a marriage between Adurni and Castanna.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of MARTINO.

Enter MARTINO, BENATZI, and LEVIDOLCHE.

Mart. Ruffian, out of my doors! thou com'st to rob me.—

An officer! what, ho!—my house is haunted
By a lewd pack of thieves, of harlots, murderers,
Rogues, vagabonds! I foster a decoy here;
And she trowls on her ragged customer
To cut my throat for pillage.

Lev. Good sir, hear me.

Ben. Hear or not hear,—let him rave his lungs out
—while this woman hath abode under this roof, I
will justify myself her bedfellow in despite of denial;
in despite—those are my words.

Mart. Monstrous! why, sirrah, do I keep
An hospital for panders? Oh, thou monster,
Thou she-confusion! are you grown so rampant,
That from a private wanton, thou proclaim'st thy-
self

A baggage for all gamesters, lords or gentlemen, }
Strangers or homespun yeomen, footposts, pages,
Roarers, or hangmen?

Lev. This is my husband.

Mart. Husband!

Ben. Husband natural, I have married her; and—
what's your verdict on the match, signor?

Mart. Husband, and married her!

Lev. Indeed, 't is truth.

Mart. A proper joining! give ye joy, great mis-
tress;

Your fortunes are advanced, marry are they
What jointure is assured, pray? some three thou-
sand

A-year in oaths and vermin? fair preferment!

Was ever such a tatter'd rag of man's flesh,
Patch'd up for copesmate to my niece's daughter!

Lev. Sir, for my mother's name forbear this
anger;

If I have yoked myself beneath your wishes,
Yet is my choice a lawful one: and I
Will live as truly chaste unto his bosom,
As e'er my faith hath bound me.

Mart. A sweet couple!

Ben. We are so: for mine own part, however my
outside appear ungay, I have wrestled with death,
signor Martino, to preserve your sleeps, and such
as you are, untroubled. A soldier is in peace a
mockery, a very town-bull for laughter; unthrifths,
and landed babies are prey curmudgeons lay their
baits for. Let the wars rattle about your ears once,
and the security of a soldier is right honourable
among ye then; that day may shine again. So to
my business.

Mart. A soldier! thou a soldier!

A villanous poor banditti rather; one that
Can cant, pad for a cloak, and, in the dark,
Pistol a straggler for a quarter-ducat.
A soldier! yes,—he looks as if he had not
The spirit of a herring, or a tumbler.¹

Ben. Let age and dotage rage together! Levi-
dolche, thou art mine; on what conditions, the
world shall soon witness: yet since our hands
join'd, I have not interess'd² my possession of thy
bed; nor till I have accounted to thy injunction, do
I mean: kiss me quick, and resolute, so!—adieu,
signor!

Lev. Dear, for love's sake, stay.

¹ ————— or a tumbler.] A species of hound, a mongrel
greyhound.

² Johnson considers this word as synonymous with *interest*, but in
some of the examples which he gives, and in many others which might
be produced, it seems to convey an idea of a more intimate connexion
than is usually understood by that term; somewhat, for instance, like
implicate, involve, inweave, &c.—GIFFORD.

Ben. Forbear entreaties.

[*Exit.*

Mart. Ah, thou—but what? I know not how to call thee:

• Fain would I smother grief, but out it must;
My heart is broke: thou hast for many a day
Been at a loss, and now art lost for ever;
Lost, lost, without recovery.

Lev. With pardon,
Let me restrain your sorrows.

Mart. 'T is impossible;
Despair of rising up to honest fame
Turns all the courses wild, and this last action
Will roar thy infamy.—Then you are certainly
Married, forsooth, unto this new-come?

Lev. Yes,
And herein every hope is brought to life,
Which long hath lain in deadness; I have once
more

Wedded Benatzi, my divorced husband.

Mart. Benatzi! this the man?

Lev. No odd disguise
Could guard him from discovery, 't is he,
The choice of my ambition; Heaven preserve me
Thankful for such a bounty! yet he dreams not
Of this deceit; but let me die in speaking,
If I repute not my success more happy
Than any earthly blessing. Oh! sweet uncle,
Rejoice with me; I am a faithful convert,
And will redeem the stains of a foul name,
By love and true obedience.

Mart. Force of passion
Shows me a child again. Do, Levidolche,
Perform thy resolutions; those perform'd,
I have been only steward for your welfare,
You shall have all between ye.

Lev. Join with me, sir;
Our plot requires much speed; we must be ear-
nest.

I'll tell you what conditions threaten danger,

Unless you intermediate ; let us hasten,
For fear we come too late.

Mart. As thou intendest
A virtuous honesty, I am thy second
To any office, Levidolche witty,
My niece, my witty niece.

Lev. Let's slack no time, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in TRELATIO's House.

Enter TRELATIO, Malfato, Spinella, and Castanna.

Trel. Kinsman and ladies, have a little patience.
All will be as you wish : I'll be your warrant,
Fear nothing ; Auria is a noble fellow.
I leave ye ; but, be sure, I am in hearing :
Take courage.

[*Exit.*]

Mal. Courage ! they who have no hearts,
Find none to lose ; ours is as great as his,
Who defies danger most.—Sure, state and cere-
mony

Inhabit here. Like strangers, we shall wait
Formality of entertainment. Cousin,
Let us return ; 't is paltry.

Spin. Gentle sir,
Confine your passion ; my attendance only
Commends a duty.

Cast. Now, for Heaven's sake, sister !—
He comes, your husband comes ; take comfort,
sister.

Enter AURIA and AURELIO.

Aur. Malfato !

Mal. Auria !

Aur. Cousin, would mine arms,
In their embraces, might at once deliver
Affectionately what interest your merit

Holds in my estimation! I may chide
The coyness of this intercourse betwixt us,
Which a retired privacy on your part
Hath pleas'd to show: if aught of my endeavours
Can purchase kind opinion, I shall honour
The means and practice.

Mal. 'Tis your charity.

Aurel. Worthy Malfato!

Mal. Provident Aurelio!

Aur. Castanna, virtuous maid!

Cast. Your servant, brother.

Aur. But who's that other? such a face mine
eyes

Have been acquainted with; the sight resembles
Something which is not quite lost to remembrance.

[*SPINELLA kneels.*

Why does the lady kneel? to whom? pray rise;
I shall forget civility of manners,
Imagining you tender a false tribute,
Or him to whom you tender it a counterfeit.

[*She rises.*

Mal. My lord, you use a borrow'd bravery,
Not suiting fair constructions: may your fortunes
Mount higher than can apprehension reach 'em!
Yet this waste kind of antic sovereignty
Unto a wife who equals every best
Of your deserts, achievements, or prosperity,
Bewrays a barrenness of noble nature:
Let upstarts exercise uncomely roughness,
Clear spirits to the humble will be humble.—
You know your wife, no doubt.

Aur. 'Cry ye mercy, gentleman!
Belike you come to tutor a good carriage,
Are expert in the nick on 't: we shall study
Instructions quaintly—"wife," you said? agreed.
Keep fair, and stand the trial.

Spin. Those words raise
A lively soul in her, who almost yielded
To faintness and stupidity; I thank ye:

Though prove what judge you will, till I can purge
Objections which require belief and conscience,
I have no kindred, sister, husband, friend,
Or pity for my plea.

Mal. Call ye this welcome?
We are mistook, Castanna.

Cast. Oh! my lord,
Other respects were promised.

Aur. Said ye, lady,
"No kindred, sister, husband, friend?"

Spin. Nor name;
With this addition—I disclaim all benefit
Of mercy from a charitable thought;
If one or all the subtleties of malice,
If any engineer of faithless discord,
If supposition for pretence in folly,
Can point out, without injury to goodness,
A likelihood of guilt in my behaviour,
Which may declare neglect in every duty,
Required, fit, or exacted.

Aur. High and peremptory!
The confidence is masculine.

Mal. Why not?
An honourable cause gives life to truth,
Without control.

Spin. I can proceed; that tongue,
Whose venom, by traducing spotless honour,
Hath spread th' infection, is not more mine enemy,
Than theirs, or his weak and besotted brains are,
On whom the poison of its canker'd falsehood
Hath wrought for credit to so foul a mischief.
Speak, sir, the churlish voice of this combustion,
Aurelio, speak; nor, gentle sir, forbear
Aught what you know, but roundly use your elo-
quence
Against a mean defendant.

Mal. He's put to't;
It seems the challenge gravels him.

Aurel. My intelligence

Was issue of my doubts, not of my knowledge.
 A self-confession may crave assistance;
 Let the lady's justice then impose the penance.
 So, in the rules of friendship, as of love,
 Suspicion is not seldom an improper
 Advantage for the knitting faster joints
 Of faithfullest affection, by the fevers
 Of casualty unloos'd, where lastly error
 Hath run into the toil.

Spin. Woful satisfaction
 For a divorce of hearts!

Aur. So resolute?

I shall touch nearer home: behold these hairs,
 Great masters of a spirit,¹ yet they are not
 By winter of old age quite hid in snow;
 Some messengers of time, I must acknowledge,
 Among them took up lodging: when we first
 Exchang'd our faiths in wedlock, I was proud
 I did prevail with one whose youth and beauty
 Deserv'd a choice more suitable in both.
 Advancement to a fortune could not court
 Ambition, either on my side or hers:
 Love drove the bargain, and the truth of love
 Confirm'd it, I conceived. But disproportion
 In years among the married is a reason
 For change of pleasures: whereto I reply,
 Our union was not forced, 't was by consent;
 So then the breach in such a case appears
 Unpardonable:—say your thoughts.

Spin. My thoughts

In that respect are as resolute as yours,
 'The same; yet herein evidence of frailty
 Deserv'd not more a separation,
 Than doth charge of disloyalty objected

¹ ————— *Behold these hairs,
 Great masters of a spirit, &c.]*

*Lenit albescens animos capillus,
 Litium et rixæ cupidos, &c.*

GIFFORD.

Without or ground or witness : women's faults
Subject to punishments, and men's applauded,
Prescribe no laws in force.

Aurel. Are you so nimble ?

Mal. A soul sublimed from dross by competition,
Such as is mighty Auria's famed, descends
From its own sphere, when injuries, profound ones,
Yield to the combat of a scolding mastery,
Skirmish of words. Hath your wife lewdly ranged,
Adulterating the honour of your bed ?
Withhold dispute ; but execute your vengeance
With unresisted rage ; we shall look on,
Allow the fact, and spurn her from our bloods :
Else, not detected, you have wrong'd her innocence
Unworthily and childishly, for which
I challenge satisfaction.

Cast. 'Tis a tyranny
Over an humble and obedient sweetness,
Ungently to insult.

Enter ADURNI.

Adur. That I make good,
And must without exception find admittance,
Fitting the party who hath herein interest.
Put case I was in fault, that fault stretch'd merely
To a misguided thought ; and who in presence,
Except the pair of sisters, fair and matchless,
Can quit an imputation of like folly ?
Here I ask pardon, excellent Spinella,
Of only you ; that granted, he among you,
Who calls an even reckoning, shall meet
An even accountant.

Aur. Baited by confederacy !
I must have right.

Spin. And I, my lord, my lord—
What stir and coil is here ! you can suspect ?
So reconciliation then is needless :—
Conclude the difference by revenge, or part,
And never more see one another. Sister,

Lend me thine arm ; I have assumed a courage
Above my force, and can hold out no longer :
Auria, unkind, unkind !

Cast. She faints.

Aur. Spinella !

Regent of my affections, thou hast conquer'd :
I find thy virtues as I left them, perfect,
Pure and unflaw'd ; for instance, let me claim
Castanna's promise.

Cast. Mine ?

Aur. Yours, to whose faith
I am a guardian, not by imposition,
But by you chosen. Look you, I have fitted
A husband for you, noble and deserving ;
No shrinking back. Adurni, I present her,
A wife of worth.

Mal. How 's that ?

Adur. So great a blessing
Crowns all desires of life.—The motion, lady,
To me, I can assure you, is not sudden :
But welcomed and forethought ; would you could
please

To say the like !

Aur. Castanna, do.—Speak, dearest,
It rectifies all crooked, vain surmises ;
I prithee speak.

Spin. The courtship 's somewhat quick,
The match, it seems, agreed on ; do not, sister,
Reject the use of fate.

Cast. I dare not question
The will of heaven.

Mal. Unthought of and unlook'd for !

Spin. My ever-honour'd lord.

Aurel. This marriage frees
Each circumstance of jealousy.

Aur. Make no scruple,
Castanna, of the choice ; 't is firm and real :
Why else have I so long with tameness nourish'd
Report of wrongs, but that I fixed on issue

Of my desires? Italians use not dalliance,
But execution: herein I degenerated
From custom of our nation;

* * * * *

[*turns to Spinella.*—Yet in sooth,
My dearest, I might blame your causeless absence,
To whom my love and nature were no strangers:
But being in your kinsman's house, I honour
His hospitable friendship, and must thank it.
Now lasting truce on all hands.

Aurel. You will pardon
A rash and over-busy curiosity?

Spin. It was to blame; but the success remits it.

Adur. Sir, what presumptions formerly have
grounded
Opinion of unfitting carriage to you,
On my part I shall faithfully acquit
At easy summons.

Mal. You prevent the nicety;
Use your own pleasure.

*BENATZI rushes in with his sword drawn, followed by
LEVIDOLCHE and MARTINO.*

Aurle. What's the matter?

Aur. Matter?

Ben. Adurni and Malfato found together!
Now for a glorious vengeance.

Lev. Hold, oh, hold him!

Aurel. This is no place for murder; yield thy
sword.

Aur. Yield it, or force it;—[*BEN. is disarmed.*—set
you up your shambles
Of slaughter in my presence?

Adur. Let him come.

Mal. What can the ruffian mean?

Ben. I am prevented;
The temple or the chamber of the duke
Had else not proved a sanctuary. Lord,
Thou hast dishonourably wrong'd my wife.

Adur. Thy wife! I know not her, nor thee.

Aur. Fear nothing.

Lev. Yes, me you know. Heaven has a gentle mercy
For penitent offenders: blessed ladies,
Repute me not a castaway, though once
I fell into some lapses, which our sex
Are oft entangled by; yet what I have been
Concerns me now no more, who am resolv'd
On a new life. This gentleman, Benatzi,
Disguised as you see, I have remarried.—
I knew you at first sight, and tender constantly
Submission for all errors.

Mart. Nay, 't is true, sir.

Ben. I joy in the discovery, am thankful¹
Unto the change.

Aur. Let wonder henceforth cease,
For I am partner with Benatzi's counsels,
And in them was director: I have seen
The man do service in the wars late past,
Worthy an ample mention: but of that
At large hereafter; repetitions now,
Of good or bad, would straiten time presented
For other use.

Mart. Welcome, and welcome ever.

Lev. Mine eyes, sir, never shall without a blush
Receive a look from yours: please to forget
All passages of rashness; such attempt
Was mine, and only mine.

Mal. You have found a way
To happiness; I honour the conversion.

¹ *I joy in the discovery, am thankful*

Unto the change.] Benatzi takes the matter with all due composure. That his precious moiety should recognise him through his rage, his formidable mustachios, and his Pistol-like demeanour, is natural enough; the wonder is that Benatzi should not recollect her. She wore no disguise, she retains the name by which he married her, she still lived, as before, with her foolish uncle, and she confides to him a part of her history, in which he was a sharer. The author seems to have discovered all this when it was too late; and has just allowed us to surmise, from Auria's next speech, that the "remarried gentleman" might not be so complete a dupe as he appears.—GIFFOORD.

Adur. Then I am freed.

Mal. May style ~~your friend~~ your servant.

Mart. Now all that's mine is theirs.

Adur. But let me add

An offering to the altar of this peace.

[*Gives her money.*]

Aur. How likes *Spinella* this? our holyday
Deserves the calendar.

Spin. This gentlewoman
Reform'd, must in my thoughts live fair and worthy.
Indeed you shall.

[*Offering her money.*]

Cast. And mine; the novelty
Requires a friendly love.

Lev. You are kind and bountiful.

Enter TRELATIO, FUTELLI, AMORETTA, PIERO, *driving*
in FULGOSO and GUZMAN.

Trel. By your leaves, lords and ladies! to your
jollities,
I bring increase with mine too; here's a youngster
Whom I call son-in-law, for so my daughter
Will have it.

[*Presenting Fut.*]

Amor. Yeth, in sooth the will.

Trel. Futelli

Hath wean'd her from this pair.

Piero. Stand forth, stout lovers.

Trel. Top and top-gallant pair—and for his
pains,

She will have him or none. He's not the richest
I' the parish; but a wit: I say, amen,
Because I cannot help it.

Amor. 'Tith no matter.

Aur. We'll remedy the penury of fortune;
They shall with us to Corsica. Our cousin
Must not despair of means, since 't is believed
Futelli can deserve a place of trust.

Fut. You are in all unfellow'd.

Amor. Withely thpoken.

Piero. Think on Piero, sir.

Sur. Piero, yes;
But what of these two pretty ones?
Sur. I'll follow

The ladies, play at cards, make sport, and whistle,
My purse shall bear me out: a lazy life
Is survy and debosh'd; fight you abroad,
And we'll be gaming, while you fight, at home,
Run high, run low, here is a brain can do 't.
But for my martial brother, don, pray you make him
A—what d'ye call 't—a setting dog,—a sentinel;
I'll mend his weekly pay.

Guz. He shall deserve it.
Vouchsafe employment, honourable.

Ful. Marry,
The don's a generous don.

Sur. Unfit to lose him.
Command doth limit us short time for revels;
We must be thrifty in them. None, I trust,
Repines at these delights, they are free and harmless:
A mistress at sea, the dangers o'er,
Safety and welcomes better taste ashore. [*Exeunt.*]

THE SUN'S DARLING.

A MORAL MASQUE.

BY JOHNS FORD AND THOMAS DECKER.

8*

THE SUN'S DARLING.] Of this "moral masque," which was written conjointly by Ford and Decker, and was acted with great applause, an analysis has been given in the introductory matter. "I know not on what authority Langbaine speaks," says Mr. Gifford, "but he expressly attributes the greater part of this mask to Ford. As far as concerns the last two acts I agree with him; and a long and clear examination of this poet's manner enables me to speak with some degree of confidence. But I trace Decker perpetually in the other three acts, and through the whole of the comic part." However imperfectly for moral purposes this mask may have been conceived or executed, a fine vein of poetry unquestionably runs throughout it; and this, together with its activity and bustle, its May-games, its delicious peeps into rural life, its songs, and its dances, most of which, no doubt, proceeded from the lively pen of Decker, seem to have rendered it a great favourite with the people. The character of "Folly" was no uncommon one in the old moralities, but our authors seem to have had an eye more particularly upon a predecessor of the name in the morality, entitled "The Worlde and the Chylde." Their "Masque of the Four Elements," of which little more than the title has been obtruded on the present reader, probably also grew out of an earlier performance, called "The Interlude of the Four Elements."

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THOMAS WRIOTHESLEY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON,
LORD WRIOTHESLEY, OF TICHFIELD, ETC.¹

MY LORD,

HERODOTUS reports, that the Egyptians, by wrapping their dead in glass, present them lively to all posterity; but your lordship will do more,—by the vivifying beams of your acceptance revive the parents of this orphan poem, and make them live to eternity. While the stage flourished, the POEM lived by the breath of general applauses, and the virtual fervour of the court; but since hath languished for want of heat, and now, near shrunk up with cold, creeps, with a shivering fear, to extend itself at the flames of your benignity. My lord, though it seems rough and forlorn, it is the issue of worthy parents, and we doubt not but you will find it accomplished with their virtue. Be pleased, then, my lord, to give it entertainment; the more destitute and needy it is, the greater reward may be challenged by your charity; and so, being sheltered under your wings, and comforted by the sunshine of your favour, it will become proof against the injustice of time, and, like one of Demetrius's statues, appear fresher and fresher to all ages. My lord, were we not confident of the excellence of the piece, we should not dare to assume an impudence to prefer it to a person of your honour and known judgment; whose

¹ *Lord Wriothesley, of Tichfield, &c.*] Thomas, fourth earl of Southampton, eminent for his rare virtues; more eminent for those of his daughter, the admirable Lady Rachael Russell. He succeeded his father Henry, third earl, the friend and patron of Shakspeare, in 1624, and died in 1667. If more be wanting to his fame, it may be added that he enjoyed the friendship and merited the praise of the Earl of Clarendon.—GIFFORD.

hearts are ready sacrifices to your name and honour, being,
my lord, your lordship's most humble and most obliged
submissive servants,

THEOPHILUS BIRD,
ANDREW PENNEYCUICKE.

Little more is known of Bird than what is told by the sensible author of the *Historia Histrionica*, that "he was one of the eminent actors at the Cockpit, before the wars." He probably played in the *Lady's Trial*, to which he has a prologue; and he is known to have taken a part in several of Beaumont and Fletcher's pieces. In 1647, when the success of the puritans had enabled them to close the theatres, and consign the great actors of that period to hopeless poverty, he joined with Lowin, Taylor, and others, in bringing out a folio edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, which they dedicated to Philip, Earl of Pembroke, who ill deserved the honour.

Andrew Penneycuicke was also an actor of some celebrity. He is entitled to our gratitude for having, as Shirley expresses it, "in that tragical age in which the theatre itself was outacted," rescued not only this, and perhaps the following drama, but also Massinger's admirable comedy of the *City Madam*, from what he calls the "teeth of time;" and something yet more destructive than the teeth of time, the vulgar and malignant persecution of all that tended to harmonize and improve society.—Gifford.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHŒBUS, *the Sun.*

RAYBRIGHT, *the Sun's Darling.*

SPRING.

YOUTH,

DELIGHT, } *her attendants.*

HEALTH,

SUMMER.

PLENTY.

POMONA.

CUPID.

FORTUNE.

AUTUMN.

BACCHANALIAN.

BOUNTY.

WINTER.

TIME.

PRIEST *of the Sun.*

HUMOUR.

FOLLY.

*A Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian dancer, a French
tailor, a Forester, Maskers, Clowns, &c.*

THE SUN'S DARLING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Temple with an Altar.—RAYBRIGHT discovered asleep.

Enter the PRIEST of the Sun.

Priest. LET your tunes, you sweet-voiced spheres,
O'ertake him:
Charm his fancies, ope his ears;
Now wake him! *[Music within.*

SONG.

*Fancies are but streams
Of vain pleasure:
They, who by their dreams
True joys measure,
Feasting starve, laughing weep,
Playing smart; while in sleep
Fools, with shadows smiling,
Wake and find
Hopes like wind,
Idle hopes, beguiling.
Thoughts fly away; Time hath pass'd them;
Wake now, awake! see and taste them!*

Ray. *[waking.]* That I might ever slumber, and
enjoy
Contents as happy as the soul's best wishes
Can fancy or imagine!—'tis a cruelty
Beyond example, to usurp the peace
I sat enthron'd in; who was't pluck'd me from it?

Priest. Young man, look hither!

Ray. Good, I envy not
The pomp of your high office; all preferment
Of earthly glories are to me diseases,
Infecting those sound parts which should preserve
The flattering retribution to my thankfulness.

Priest. Raybright,
Thou draw'st thy great descent from my grand
patron,
The Sun, whose priest I am.

Ray. For small advantage.
He who is high-born never mounts yon battle-
ments

Of sparkling stars, unless he be in spirit
As humble as the child of one that sweats
To eat the dear-earn'd bread of honest thrift.

Priest. Hast thou not flow'd in honours?

Ray. Honours! I'd not be baited with my fears
Of losing them, to be their monstrous creature
An age together: 't is besides as comfortable
To die upon the embroidery of the grass,
Unminded, as to set a world at gaze,
While from a pinnacle I tumble down
And break my neck, to be talk'd of and wonder'd at.

Priest. You have worn rich habits.

Ray. Fine ass-trappings!
'T is a stout happiness to wear good clothes,
Yet live and die a fool!—mew!

Priest. You have had choice
Of beauties to enrich your marriage-bed.

Ray. Monkeys and paraquitoes are as pretty
To play withal, though not indeed so gentle.
Honesty's indeed a fine jewel, but the Indies
Where't grows is hard to be discover'd: 'troth, sir,
I care for no long travels with lost labour.

Priest. Pleasures of every sense have been your
servants,
Whenas you have commanded them.

Ray. To threaten ruin,

Corrupt the purity of knowledge ; wrest
Desires of better life to those of this,
This scurvy one, this life scarce worth the keeping !

Priest. 'Tis melancholy, and too fond indulgence
To your own dull'd affections, ~~away~~ your judgment ;
You could not else be thus lost, or suspect
The care your ancestor the Sun takes of you.

Ray. The care ! the scorn he throws on me.

Priest. Fy ! fy !

Have you been sent out into stranger lands,
Seen courts of foreign kings ; by them been graced,
To bring home such neglect ?

Ray. I have reason for it.

Priest. Pray show it.

Ray. Since my coming home I have found
More sweets in one unprofitable dream,
Than in my life's whole pilgrimage.

Priest. Your fantasy
Misleads your judgment vainly. Sir, in brief,
I am to tell you, how I have received
From your progenitor, my lord, the Sun,
A token, that he visibly will descend
From the celestial orb, to gratify
All your wild longings.

Ray. Very likely ! when pray ?
The world the while shall be beholding to him
For a long night ;—candle and lantern, sure,
Will grow to an excessive rate i' the city.

Priest. These are but flashes of a brain disorder'd.
Contain your float of spleen in seemly bounds ;
Your eyes shall be your witness.

Ray. He may come.

Enter TIME, whipping FOLLY, in rags, before him.

Time. Hence, hence, thou shame of nature, man-
kind's foil !
Time whips thee from the world, kicks thee, and
scorns thee.

Fol. Whip me from the world ! why whip ? am I
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a dog, a cur, a mongrel? bow wow! do thy worst, I defy thee. [Sings.]

*Out on Time, I care not;
Being past, 't is nothing,
I'll be free and spare not;
Sorrows are life's loathing.
Melancholy
Is but folly;
Mirth and youth are plotters:
Time, go hang thee!
I will bang thee,
Though I die in totters.¹*

Go, mend thyself, cannibal! 't is not without need; I am sure the times were never more beggarly and proud; waiting-women flaunt it in cast-suits, and their ladies fall for 'em; knaves over-brave wise men, while wise men stand with cap and knee to fools.—
Pitiful Time! pitiful Time!

Time. Out, foul, prodigious, and abortive birth! Behold the sandglass of thy days is broke.

Fol. Bring me another; I'll shatter that too.

Time. No, thou'st misspent thy hours, lavish'd, fool-like,

The circuit of thy life in ceaseless riots:
It is not therefore fit that thou shouldst live
In such a court, as the Sun's majesty
Vouchsafes to illuminate with his bright beams.

Fol. In any court, father bald-pate, where my gran-
nam the Moon shows her horns. I'll live here and
laugh at the bravery of ignorance, maugre thy abomi-
nable beard.

Time. Priest of the Sun, 't is near about the minute
Thy patron will descend; scourge hence this trifle:
Time is ne'er lost, till, in the common schools
Of impudence, time meets with wilful fools. [Exit.]

Ray. Pray, sir, what are you?

¹ *Though I die in totters,*] i. e. *tatters*. So the word was usually written by our dramatists.—GIFFORD.

Fol. No matter what; what are you?

Ray. Not as you are, I thank my better fates; I am grandchild to the Sun.

Fol. And I am cousin-german, some two or three hundred removes off, to the Moon, and my name is Folly.

Ray. Folly, sir! of what quality?

Fol. Quality! any quality in fashion; drinking, singing, dancing, dicing, swearing, roaring, lying, cogging, canting, *et cetera*. Will you have any more?

Ray. You have a merry heart, if you can guide it.

Fol. Yes, 'faith; so, so: I laugh not at those whom I fear, I fear not those whom I love; and I love not any whom I laugh not at: pretty strange humour is't not?

Ray. To any one that knows you not, it is.

Priest. You must avoid.

Fol. Away, away! I have no such meaning, indeed, la! *[Music of Recorders.]*

Priest. Hark! the fair hour is come; draw to the altar, And, with amazement, reverence, and comfort, Behold the broad-eyed lamp of heaven descending! Stand!

The SUN appears above.

Sun. Raybright! ●

Priest. It calls you; answer.

Ray. Lord and father!

Sun. We know thy cares; appear to give release:
Boldly make thy demands, for we will please
'To grant whate'er thou su'st for.

Ray. Fair-beam'd sir!
I dare not greedily prefer
Eternity of Earth's delights,
Before that duty which invites
My filial piety; in this
Your love shall perfect my heart's bliss,
If I but for one only year,
Enjoy the several pleasures here,

Which every season in his kind
Can bless a mortal with.

Sun. I find
Thy reason breeds thy appetite, and grant it
Thou master'st thy desire, and shalt not want it.
To the Spring garden let him be convey'd,
And entertain'd there by that lovely maid :
All the varieties the Spring can show,
Be subject to his will.

Priest. Light's lord ! we go.

[*Exeunt* PRIEST and RAYBRIGHT.]

Fol. And I will follow, that am not in love with
such fopperies. [Exit.]

Sun. We must descend, and leave awhile our
sphere,¹

To greet the world.—Ha ! there does now appear
A circle in this round, of beams that shine
As if their friendly lights would darken mine :
No, let them shine out still ; for these are they,
By whose sweet favours, when our warmths decay,
Even in the storms of winter, daily nourish
Our active motions, which in summer flourish
By their fair quick'ning dews of noble loves :
Oh, may you all, like stars, while swift time moves,
Stand fix'd in firmaments of blest content !
Meanwhile the recreations we present

¹ *We must descend, &c.*] The "sphere" in which the "lord of light" appeared was probably a *creaking throne* which overlooked the curtain at the back of the stage ; from this he probably descended to the raised platform. Besides his robe, flammas imitante pyropo, his solar majesty was probably distinguished by a tiara, or rayed coronet,—but this is no subject for light merriment. Whatever his SHAPE might be, his address to the audience of the Cockpit is graceful, elegant, and poetical. I believe it to be the composition of Decker.—GIFFORD. There can be little hesitation in assenting to this opinion of Mr. Gifford. The talents of Decker sank beneath the mightier genius of Jonson, with whom he had rashly put himself in competition ; and hence it has become the fashion to think meanly of his abilities, which were unquestionably great. Few, indeed, of his contemporaries had in them more of the elements of a sprightly, elegant, and poetical genius than Decker ; but his necessities were ever at war with his talents ; and hence none of his compositions exhibit that tone of sustained vigour and finer finish, which more leisure and happier fortunes would undoubtedly have given them.

Shall strive to please : I have the foremost tract ;
Each Season else begins and ends an Act.

[*The SUN disappears.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Garden of SPRING.

Enter SPRING, RAYBRIGHT, YOUTH, HEALTH, and
DELIGHT.

Spring. Welcome ! The mother of the year, the
Spring,

That mother, on whose back Age ne'er can sit,
For Age still waits on her ; that Spring, the nurse
Whose milk the Summer sucks, and is made wanton ;
Physician to the sick, strength to the sound,
By whom all things above and under ground
Are quicken'd with new heat, fresh blood, brave
vigour,—

That Spring, on thy fair cheeks, in kisses lays
Ten thousand welcomes, free as are those rays
From which thy name thou borrow'st ; glorious
name,

RAYBRIGHT, as bright in person as in fame !

Ray. Your eyes amazed me first, but now mine
ears

Feel your tongue's charm ; in you move all the
spheres.

Oh, lady ! would the Sun, which gave me life,
Had never sent me to you !

Spring. Why ? all my veins
Shrink up, as if cold Winter were come back,
And with his frozen beard had numb'd my lips,
To hear that sigh fly from you.

Ray. Round about me
A firmament of such full blessings shine,
I, in your sphere, seem a star more divine,

Than in my father's chariot, should I ride
One year about the world in all his pride.

Spring. Oh, that sweet breath revives me; if thou
never

Part'st hence (as part thou shalt not), be happy ever!

Ray. I know I shall.

Spring. Thou, to buy whose state
Kings would lay down their crowns, fresh Youth, wait,
I charge thee, on my darling.

Youth. Madam, I shall,
And on his smooth cheek such sweet roses set,
You still shall sit to gather them; and when
Their colours fade, [like] brave shall spring again.

Spring. Thou, without whom they that have hills
of gold

Are slaves and wretches, Health! that canst nor be
sold

Nor bought, I charge thee make his heart a tower
Guarded, for there lies the Spring's paramour.

Health. One of my hands is writing still in Heaven,
For that's Health's library; t'other, on the Earth,
Is physic's treasurer, and what wealth those lay
Up for my queen, all shall his will obey.

Ray. Mortality sure falls from me.

Spring. Thou! to whose tunes
The five nice senses dance; thou, that dost spin
Those golden threads all women love to wind,
And but for whom, man would cut off mankind,
Delight! not base but noble, touch thy lyre,
And fill my court with brightest Delphic fire.

Del. Hover, you wing'd musicians, in the air!
Clouds, leave your dancing! no winds stir but fair!

Health. Leave blustering March.

SONG by DELIGHT.

*What bird so sings, yet so does wail?¹
'Tis Philomel, the nightingale;*

¹ *What bird, &c.] This is taken from the beautiful song of Trico, in Lilly's "Alexander and Campaspe."*

*Jugg, jugg, jugg, terue she cries,
And, hating earth, to heaven she flies.*

[The cuckoo is heard.

*Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the Spring.*

*Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
'Tis the lark's silver leeg-a-leer.*

*How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.*

[The cuckoo again.

*Ha, ha! hark, hark! the cuckoos sing
Cuckoo! to welcome in the Spring.*

Spring. How does my sun-born sweetheart like
his queen,
Her court, her train?

**Ray.* Wondrous; such ne'er were seen.

Health. Fresher and fresher pastimes! one de-
light
Is a disease to th' wanton appetite.

Del. Music, take Echo's voice, and dance quick
rounds
To thine own times in percussive sounds.

[An echo of cornets.

Spring. Enough! I will not weary thee.

[Exit DEL.

Pleasures, change!
Thou as the Sun in a free zodiac range.

Re-enter DELIGHT.

Del. A company of rural fellows, faced¹
Like lovers of your laws, beg to be graced
Before your highness, to present their sport.

Spring. What is't?

Del. A morris.

¹ A company of rural fellows, faced
Like lovers of your laws,] i. e. with youthful, ruddy, cheerful coun-
tenances.—GIFFORD.

Spring. Give them our court.—
Stay, these dull birds may make thee stop thine
ear;

Take thou my lightning, none but laurel here
Shall 'scape thy blasting: whom thou wilt confound,
Smite; let those stand, who in thy choice sit
crown'd.

Ray. Let these then, I may surfeit else on
sweets;
Sound sleeps do not still lie in princes' sheets.

Spring. Beckon the rurals in; the country-gray
Seldom ploughs treason: shouldst thou be stol'n
away

By great ones,—that's my fear.

Ray. Fear it not, lady;
Should all the world's black sorceries be laid

Enter the MORRIS-DANCERS.

To blow me hence, I move not.

Spring. I am made
In that word the earth's empress.—

A DANCE.

Are not these sports too rustic?

Ray. No; pretty and pleasing.

Spring. My youngest girl, the violet-breathing
May,
Being told by Flora that my love dwelt here,
Is come to do you service; will you please
To honour her arrival?

Ray. I shall attend.

Spring. On then,—[*Exeunt Morris-dancers.*]
—and bid my rosy-finger'd May
Rob hills and dales, with sweets to strew his way.
[*Exit, followed by YOUTH and HEALTH.*]

Enter FOLLY, and whispers RAYBRIGHT.

Ray. An empress, sayst thou, fall'n in love with
me?

Fol. She's a great woman, and all great women love to be empresses; her name, the lady Humour.

Ray. Strange name! 'I never saw her, knew her not;

What kind of creature is she?

Fol. Creature! of a skin soft as pomatum, sleek as jelly, white as blanched almonds; breath, sweet as a monkey's; lips of cherries, teeth of pearl, eyes of diamond, foot and leg as—

Ray. My admiration wastes itself in longings
To see this rare piece: I'll see her; what are kings,
Were not their pleasures varied? shall not mine,
then?

Should day last ever, 't would be loath'd as night;
Change is the sauce that sharpens appetite.

The way? I'll to her.

Fol. Look you, I do but wind this cornet, and if
another answer it, she comes.

Ray. Be quick then!

[*FOLLY winds his cornet, and is answered from without.*]

Enter HUMOUR, followed by a Soldier, a Spaniard, an Italian dancer, and a French tailor.

Hum. Is this that flower the Spring so dotes
upon?

Fol. This is that honeysuckle she sticks in her ruff.

Hum. A bedfellow for a fairy! [*Aside.*]

Ray. Admired perfection,
You set my praises to so high a tune,
My merits cannot reach them.

Hum. My heartstrings shall then,
As mine eye gives that sentence on thy person,
And never was mine eye a corrupt judge.
That judge to save thee would condemn a world,
And lose mankind to gain thee: 't is not the Spring,
With all her gaudy arbours, nor perfumes
Sent up in flattering incense to the Sun,
For shooting glances at her, and for sending

Whole choirs of singers to her every morn,
With all her amorous fires, can heat thy blood
As I can with one kiss.

Ray. The rose-lipp'd dawning
Is not so melting, so delicious:
Turn me into a bird, that I may sit
Still singing in such boughs.

Hum. What bird?

Fol. A ring-tail.

Hum. Thou shalt be turn'd to nothing but to mine,
My mine of pleasures, which no hand shall rifle
But this, which in warm nectar bathes the palm.
Invent some other tires! Music!—stay,—none!

Fol. Heyday!

Hum. New gowns, fresh fashions! I'm not brave
enough
To make thee wonder at me.

Ray. Not the moon,
Riding at midnight in her crystal chariot,
With all her courtiers in their robes of stars,
Is half so glorious.

Hum. This feather was a bird of Paradise;
Shall it be yours?

Ray. No kingdom buys it from me.

Fol. Being in fool's paradise he must not lose his
bauble.

Ray. I am rapt above man's being, in being
sphered
In such a globe of rarities; but say, lady,
What these are that attend you?

Hum. All my attendants
Shall be to thee sworn servants.

Fol. Folly is sworn to him already never to leave
him.

Ray. He?

Fol. A French gentleman, that trails a Spanish
pike;¹ a tailor.

¹ *Spanish pike,*] i. e. a needle. Our best sword-blades, scissors, needles, &c. were, in the poet's days, imported from Spain.—GIFFORD.

Ray. Shall I be brave, then?

Hum. Golden as the Sun.

Ray. What's he that looks so smickly?¹

Fol. One that loves mutton so well, he always carries capers about him; his brains lie in his legs, and his legs serve him to no other use than to do tricks, as if he had bought them of a juggler.—He's an Italian dancer.

Ray. This now?

Fol. A most sweet Spaniard, a comfit-maker, of Toledo, that can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways.

Ray. My palate pleased too! What's this last?

Sold. I am a gun that can roar, two stilettoes in one sheath; I can fight and bounce too. My lady, by me, presents this sword and belt to you.

Ray. Incomparable mistress!

Hum. Put them on.

Sold. I'll drill you how to give the lie, and stab in the punto; if you dare not fight, then how to vamp² a rotten quarrel without ado.

Ray. How? *dare not fight!* there's in me the Sun's fire.

Hum. No more of this:—[*dances.*]—awake the music! oyez! Music!

Ray. No more of this;—this sword arms me for battle.

Hum. Come then, let thou and I rise up in arms; The field, embraces; kisses, our alarms.

[*Music.—A dance.*]

Re-enter SPRING, HEALTH, YOUTH, DELIGHT.

Spring. Oh, thou enticing strumpet! how durst thou

Throw thy voluptuous spells about a temple
That's consecrate to me?

Hum. Poor Spring, goody herb-wife!

¹ i. e. so *finically*, so *effeminately*.

² i. e. to *patch up* a quarrel.

How durst thou cast a glance on this rich jewel,
I have bought for my own wearing?

Spring. Bought! art thou sold then?

Ray. Yes, with her gifts; she buys me with her
graces.

Health. Graces! a witch!

Spring. What can she give thee?

Ray. All things.

Spring. My Raybright, hear me; I regard not
these.

Ray. What dowry can you bring me?

Spring. Dowry? ha!

Is 't come to this? am I held poor and base!

A girdle make whose buckles, stretch'd to the
length,

Shall reach from th' arctic to th' antarctic pole;

What ground soe'er thou canst with that enclose

I'll give thee freely: not a lark, that calls¹

The morning up, shall build on any turf,

But she shall be thy tenant, call thee lord,

And for her rent, pay thee in change of songs.

Ray. I must turn bird-catcher.

Fol. Do you think to have him for a song?

Hum. *Live with me still, and all the measures,*

Play'd to by the spheres, I'll teach thee;

Let's but thus dally, all the pleasures

*The moon beholds, her man shall reach
thee.*

¹ *Not a lark, &c.*] I attribute, without scruple, all these incidental glimpses of rural nature to Decker. Ford rarely, if ever, indulges in them. The lark is justly a great favourite with our old poets; and I should imagine, from my own observations, that a greater number of descriptive passages might be found respecting him than of the nightingale. A judicious collection of both would furnish not a few pages of surpassing taste and beauty. While I am writing this, the following simple and pretty address occurs to me. It is that of young Fitzwaller to his mistress, whom he meets at daybreak.

"So early! then I see love's the best larke.

For the corne-builder has not warbled yet

His morning's caroll to the rising sun."—*The Palsg.*

GIFFORD.

Ray. Divinest!

Fol. Here's a lady!

Spring. Is't come to who gives most?
The self-same bay-tree, into which was turn'd
Peneian Daphne, I have still kept green;
That tree shall now be thine: about it sit
All the old poets, with fresh laurel crown'd,
Singing in verse the praise of chastity;
Hither when thou shalt come, they all shall rise,
Sweet cantos of thy love and mine to sing,
And invoke none but thee as Delian king.

Ray. Live by singing ballads!

Fol. Oh, base! turn poet? I would not be one myself.

Hum. *Dwell in mine arms aloft we'll hover,
And see fields of armies fighting:
Oh, part not from me! I'll discover
There all but books of Fancy's writing.*

Del. Not far off stands the Hippocrenian well,
Whither I'll lead thee; and but drinking there,
To welcome thee nine Muses shall appear,
And with full bowels of knowledge thee inspire.

Ray. Hang knowledge, drown your Muses!

Fol. Ay, ay, or they'll drown themselves in sack
and claret.

Hum. Do not regard their toys;

*Be but my darling, age to free thee
From her curse shall fall a-dying;
Call me thy empress, Time to see thee
Shall forget his art of flying.*

Ray. Oh, my all excellence!

Spring. Speak thou for me; I am fainting.

[*To HEALTH.*

Health. Leave her; take this, and travel through
the world,
I'll bring thee into all the courts of kings,
Where thou shalt stay, and learn their languages;

Kiss ladies, revel out the nights in dancing,
 The day in manly pastimes ; snatch from Time
 His glass, and let the golden sands run forth
 As thou shalt jog them ; riot it, go brave,
 Spend half a world, my queen shall bear thee out :
 Yet all this while, though thou climb hills of years,
 Shall not one wrinkle sit upon thy brow,
 Nor any sickness shake thee : Youth and Health,
 As slaves, shall lackey by thy chariot-wheels :
 And who, for two such jewels, would not sell
 Th' East and West Indies ? both are thine, so that—

Ray. What ?

Fol. All lies ! gallop over the world, and not grow
 old, nor be sick ? a lie. One gallant went but into
 France last day, and was never his own man since ;
 another stepped but into the Low Countries, and was
 drunk dead under the table ; another did but peep
 into England, and it cost him more in good-morrows
 blown up to him under his window, by drums and
 trumpets, than his whole voyage ; besides he ran
 mad upon 't.¹

Hum. Here's my last farewell : ride along with
 me,
 I'll raise by art out of base earth a palace,²
 Whither thyself
 Shalt call together the most glorious spirits
 Of all the kings that have been in the world ;
 And they shall come, only to feast with thee.

Ray. Rare !

Hum. At one end of this palace shall be heard
 That music which gives motion to the heaven ;
 And in the midst Orpheus shall sit and weep,

¹ The streets of London appear to have been grievously infested at this time with *noises* (i. e. little knots) of fiddlers, who pressed into all companies, and pestered every *new-comer* with their salutations.—GIFFORD.

² The original copy appears, from some mutilated remains of it, to have contained a description of the palace itself, and also its garden : it was thought useless, however, to excite the reader's regret by inserting the mere fragments.

For sorrow that his lute had not the charms
To bring his fair Eurydice from hell:
Then, at another end,—

Ray. I'll hear no more:
This ends your strife; you only I adore.

[*To HUMOUR.*

Spring. Oh, I am sick at heart! unthankful man,
'T is thou hast wounded me; farewell!

[*She is led in by DELIGHT.*

Ray. Farewell!

Fol. Health, recover her; sirrah, Youth, look
to her.

Health. That bird that in her nest sleeps out the
spring,
May fly in summer; but—with sickly wing.

[*Exeunt HEALTH and YOUTH.*

Hum. In triumph now I lead thee;—no, be thou
Cæsar,
And lead me.

Ray. Neither! we'll ride with equal state,
Both in one chariot, since we have equal fate.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Confines of Spring and Summer.

Enter RAYBRIGHT melancholy.

Ray. Oh, my dear love the Spring, I am cheated
of thee!

Thou hadst a body, the four elements¹
Dwelt never in a fairer; a mind, princely:
Thy language, like thy singers, musical.
How cool wert thou in anger! in thy diet,
How temperate, and yet sumptuous! thou wouldst
not waste
The weight of a sad violet in excess;

¹ See note, p. 134.

Yet still thy board had dishes numberless :
Dumb beasts even loved thee ; once a young lark
Sat on thy hand, and gazing on thine eyes,
Mounted and sung, thinking them moving skies.

*Enter FOLLY, singing an epitaph on the departed
SPRING.*

Ray. Thou idiot ! hast thou none
To poison with thy nasty jigs but mine,
My matchless frame of nature, creation's wonder ?
Out of my sight !

Fol. I am not in it ; if I were, you 'd see but scurvily. You find fault as patrons do with books, to give nothing.

Ray. Vex me not, fool ; turn out o' doors your
roarer,¹
French tailor, and that Spanish gingerbread,
And your Italian skipper ; then, sir, yourself.

Fol. Myself ! hang me, I 'll not stir ; poor Folly,
honest Folly, jocundary Folly, forsake your lordship ! no true gentleman hates me ; and how many women are given daily to me, some not far off know. Tailor gone, Toledan gone, all gone, but I—

Enter HUMOUR.

Hum. My waiters quoited off by you ! you flay them !
Whence come these thunderbolts ? what furies
haunt you ?

Ray. You.

Fol. She !

Ray. Yes, and thou.

Fol. Bow wow !

Ray. I shall grow old, diseased, and melancholy ;
For you have robb'd me both of Youth and Health,
And that Delight my Spring bestow'd upon me :
But for you two I should be wondrous good ;

¹ See notes, p. 113 and 157.

By you I have been cozen'd, baffled, torn
From the embracements of the noblest creature—

Hum. Your Spring?

Ray. Yes, she, even she, only the Spring,
She was unhappy never, but in two sons,
March, a rude roaring fool,—

Fol. And April, a whining puppy.

Hum. But May was a fine piece.

Ray. Mirror of faces.

Hum. When will you sing my praises thus?

Ray. Thy praises,
That art a common creature!

Hum. Common!

Ray. Yes, common:

I cannot pass through any prince's court,
Through any country, camp, town, city, village,
But up your name is cried, nay curs'd; "a ven-
geance

On this your debauch'd¹ Humour!"

Fol. A vinter spoke those very words, last night,
to a company of roaring-boys,² that would not pay
their reckoning.

Ray. The courtier has his Humour, has he not,
Folly?

¹ We know not whether Decker's classical attainments were such as to enable him to read what is termed "The Old Comedy" of the Greeks; but much of the humour in this scene forcibly reminds us of that singular department of dramatic literature. The resemblance, it is most probable, was purely accidental. Those who have travelled no farther in our own old drama than the Corporal Nymn of Shakspeare, or the Asper of Ben Jonson, need scarcely be reminded, that the word *humour* was one which our ancestors delighted to trace and hunt through every change of meaning and variety of application. See further the note at page 134.

² The *roaring-boys*, or *angry boys*, or *terrible boys* (for they were known by all these denominations) were in Ford's and Ben Jonson's days what the *mohocks* were in Addison's—the noisy bucks and bullies of the town, who formed the pest and annoyance of all sober people. The breed extended, as will be seen by the following drama, though in a mitigated form, to the country. From a pleasant comedy, written conjointly by Decker and Middleton, and entitled "The Roaring Girl," it should appear that the character was not exclusively confined to the male sex.

Fol. Yes, marry, has he,—folly: the courtier's humour is to be brave, and not pay for 't; to be proud, and no man care for 't.

Ray. Brave ladies have their humours,

Fol. Who has to do with that, but brave lords?

Ray. Your citizens have brave humours.

Fol. A collier being drunk jostled a knight into the kennel, and cried, 't was his humour; the knight broke his coxcomb, and that was his humour.

Ray. And yet you are not oommon!

Hum. No matter what I am:

Rail, curse, be frantic; get you to the tomb
Of your rare mistress; dig up your dead Spring,
Fondle, and kiss her: me have you lost.

Fol. And I scorn to be found.

Ray. Stay; must I lose all comfort? dearest,
stay;

There's such a deal of magic in those eyes,
I'm charm'd to kiss these only.

Hum. If ever for the Spring you do but sigh,
I take my bells.¹

Fol. And I my hobby-horse:—will you be merry
then, and jocund?

Ray. As merry as the cuckoos of the Spring.

Fol. Again!

Ray. How, lady, lies the way?

Hum. I'll be your convoy,
And bring you to the court of the Sun's queen
Summer, a glorious and majestic creature;
Her face outshining the poor Spring's as far
As a sunbeam does a lamp, the moon a star.

Ray. Such are the spheres I'd move in.—Attend
us, Folly. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *If ever for the spring you do but sigh,*

I take my bells,] i. e. I fly away,—an allusion to falconry. Before the hawk was thrown off the fist, a light strap of leather, garnished with bells, was buckled round her leg, by which the course of her erratic flight was discovered.—GIFFORD.

SCENE II.

Near the SUMMER'S Court.

Enter RAYBRIGHT and HUMOUR.

Ray. I muse, my nimble Folly stays so long.

Hum. He's quick enough of foot, and counts, I swear,

That minute cast away not spent on you.

Ray. His company is music next to yours;
Both of you are a consort, and your tunes
Lull me asleep; and, when I most am sad,
My sorrows vanish from me in soft dreams:
But how far must we travel? Is't our motion
That puts us in this heat, or is the air
In love with us, it clings with such embraces,
It keeps us in this warmth?

Hum. This shows her court
Is not far off you covet so to see;
Her subjects seldom kindle needless fires,
The Sun lends them his flames.

Ray. Has she rare buildings?

Hum. Magnificent and curious: every noon
The horses of the day bait there; while he,
Who in a golden chariot makes them gallop
In twelve hours o'er the world, alights awhile,
To give a love-kiss to the Summer-queen.

Ray. And shall we have fine sights there?

Hum. Oh!

Ray. And hear
More ravishing music?

Hum. All the choristers
That learn'd to sing i' the temple of the Spring,
By¹ her attain such cunning, that when the winds
Roar and are mad, and clouds in antic gambols

¹ i. e. by the aid of Summer.

Dance o'er our heads, their voices have such charms
They'll all stand still to listen.

Ray. Excellent.

Enter FOLLY (to him a Forester).

Fores. Back! whither go you?

Fol. Oyez! this way.

Fores. None must pass:

Here's kept no open court; our queen this day

Rides forth a-hunting, and, the air being hot,

She will not have rude throngs to stifle her.

Back!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The Court of SUMMER.

Enter SUMMER and DELIGHT. ●●

Sum. And did break her heart then?

Del. Yes, with disdain.

Sum. The heart of my dear mother-nurse, the
Spring!

I'll break his heart for't: had she not a face,

Too tempting for a Jove?

Del. The Graces sat

On her fair eyelids ever; but his youth,

Lusting for change, so doted on a lady,

Fantastic and yet fair, a piece of wonder

(They call her Humour, and her parasite Folly),

He cast the sweet Spring off, and turn'd us from
him;

Yet his celestial kinsman (for young Raybright

Is the SUN'S DARLING), knowing his journeying hither

To see thy glorious court, sends me before

T' attend upon you, and spend all my hours

In care for him.

[*Recorders.*¹]

¹ *Recorders*, according to Sir John Hawkins, were flageolets, or small lutes.

The SUN appears above.

Sun. Obey your charge!—Oh, thou builder

[Kneels.

Of me, thy handmaid! landlord of my life!
Life of my love! throne where my glories sit!
I ride in triumph on a silver cloud,
Now I but see thee.

Sun. Rise!—*[She rises.]*—Is Raybright come yet?

Del. Not yet.

Sun. Be you indulgent over him;

Enter PLENTY.

And lavish thou thy treasure.

Plen. Our princely cousin
Raybright, your Darling, and the world's delight,
Is come.

Sun. Who with him?

Plen. A goddess in a woman,
Attended by a prating saucy fellow
Call'd Folly.

Sun. They'll confound him—
But he shall run [his course ;] go and receive him.

[Exit PLENTY.

Sun. Your sparkling eyes, and his arrival, draw
Heaps of admirers; earth itself will sweat
To bear our weights. Vouchsafe, bright power, to
borrow

Winds not too rough from Æolus, to fan
Our glowing faces.

[Hautboys.—The SUN takes his seat above.

Enter RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, PLENTY, FOLLY, country fellows, and lasses.

SONG.

*Haymakers, rakers, reapers, and mowers,
Wait on your Summer-queen;
Dress up with musk-rose her eglantine bowers,
Daffodils strew the green;*

*Sing, dance, and play,
 'Tis holyday;
 The Sun does bravely shine
 On our ears of corn.
 Rich as a pearl
 Comes every girl,
 This is mine, this is mine, this is mine;
 Let us die, ere away they be borne.*

*Bow to the Sun, to our queen, and that fair one,
 Come to behold our sports:
 Each bonny lass here is counted a rare one,
 As those in princes' courts.
 These and we,
 With country glee,
 Will teach the woods to resound,
 And the hills with echoes hollow:
 Skipping lambs
 Their bleating dams,
 'Mongst kids, shall trip it round;
 For joy thus our lasses we follow.*

*Wind, jolly huntsmen, your neat bugles shrilly,
 Hounds make a lusty cry;
 Spring up, you falconers, the partridges freely
 Then let your brave hawks fly.
 Horses amain,
 Over ridge, over plain,
 The dogs have the stag in chase:
 'Tis a sport to content a king.
 So ho ho! through the skies
 How the proud bird flies,
 And sousing kills with a grace!
 Now the deer falls; hark! how they ring—
 [The SUN by degrees is clouded.]*

Sum. Leave off; the Sun is angry, and has drawn
 A cloud before his face.

Del. He is vex'd to see

That proud star shine so near you, at whose rising
The Spring fell sick and died; think what I told
you,

His coyness will kill you else.

Sum. It cannot.—Fair prince,
Though your illustrious name has touch'd mine ear,
Till now I never saw you; nor never saw
A man whom I more love, more hate.

Ray. Ha, lady!

Sum. For him I love you, from whose glittering
rays
You boast your great name; for that name I hate
you,

Because you kill'd my mother and my nurse.

[*Flourish.*—*Exit, followed by* PLEN. *and* DEL.

Ray. Divinest!

Hum. Let her go.

Fol. And I'll go after; for I must and will have a
fling at one of her plum-trees.

Ray. I ne'er was scorn'd till now.

Hum. Be ruled by me once more; leave her.

Ray. In scorn,
As she does me.

Hum. 'Thou shalt have nobler welcome; for I'll
bring thee

To a brave and bounteous housekeeper, free Autumn.

Fol. Oh, there's a lad!—let 's go then.

Re-enter PLENTY.

Plen. Where is this prince? my mother, for the
Indies,

Must not have you depart.

Ray. Must not?

Re-enter SUMMER.

Sum. No, must not.

I did but chide thee, like a whistling wind,
Playing with leafy dancers: when I told thee
I hated thee, I lied; I dote upon thee.

Unlock my garden of the Hesperides,
By dragons kept (the apples being pure gold),
Take all that fruit; 't is thine.

Plen. Love but my mother,
I'll give thee corn enough to feed the world.

Ray. I need not golden apples, nor your corn;
What land soe'er the world's surveyor, the Sun,
Can measure in a day, I dare call mine:
All kingdoms I have right to; I am free
Of every country; in the four elements
I have as deep a share as an emperor;
All beasts whom the earth bears are to serve me,
All birds to sing to me; and can you catch me
With a tempting golden apple?

Plen. She's too good for thee.
When she was born, the Sun for joy did rise
Before his time, only to kiss those eyes,
Which having touch'd, he stole from them such
store
Of lights, he shone more bright than e'er before;
At which he vow'd whenever she did die,
He'd snatch them up, and in his sister's sphere
Place them, since she had no two stars so clear.

Ray. Let him now snatch them up; away!

Hum. Away,
And leave this gipsy.

Sum. Oh, I am lost.

Ray. Lost?

Sum. Scorn'd!

Ray. Of no triumph more than love can boast.

[Exit with HUMOUR and FOLLY.]

[Recorders.]

The SUN reappears, with CUPID and FORTUNE.

Sun. Is Raybright gone?

Sum. Yes, and his spiteful eyes
Have shot darts through me.

Sun. I thy wounds will cure,

And lengthen out thy days;¹ his followers gone?
 Cupid and Fortune, take you charge of him.
 Here thou, my brightest queen, must end thy reign;
 Some nine months hence I'll shine on thee again.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Court of AUTUMN.

Enter POMONA, RAYBRIGHT, CUPID, and FORTUNE.

Ray. Your entertainments, Autumn's bounteous queen,
 Have feasted me with rarities as delicate
 As the full growth of an abundant year:
 Can ripen to my palate.

Pom. They are but courtings
 Of gratitude to our dread lord, the Sun,
 From whom thou draw'st thy name: ~~the~~ feast of
 fruits

Our gardens yield are much too coarse for thee;
 Could we contract the choice of nature's plenty
 Into one form, and that form to contain
 All delicacies which the wanton sense
 Would relish, or desire to invent to please it,
 The present were unworthy far to purchase
 A sacred league of friendship.

Ray. I have rioted
 In surfeits of the ear, with various music
 Of warbling birds; I have smelt perfumes of roses,
 And every flower with which the fresh-trimm'd
 earth

Is mantled in: the Spring could mock my senses

¹ *I thy wounds will cure,
 And lengthen out thy days.]* The Sun takes a strange way to
 lengthen out the days of Summer, by putting an instant end to them.
 It must be confessed, that the god acts very capriciously in this scene,
 and that Summer, considering her short stay, is most ungently treated
 on all sides.—GIFFORD.

With these fine barren lullabies; the Summer
 Invited my then ranging eyes to look on
 Large fields of ripen'd corn, presenting trifles
 Of waterish petty dainties; but my taste
 Is only here pleas'd: the other objects claim
 The style of formal, these are real bounties.

Pom. We can transcend thy wishes; whom the
 creatures

Of every age and quality post, madding,
 From land to land and sea to sea, to meet,
 Shall wait upon thy nod, Fortune and Cupid.
 Love! yield thy quiver and thine arrows up
 To this great prince of time; before him, Fortune!
 Pour out thy mint of treasures; crown him sovereign
 Of what his thoughts can glory to command:
 He shall give payment of a royal prize,
 To Fortune judgment, and to Cupid eyes.

For. *Be a merchant, I will freight thee*
With all store that time is bought for.

Cup. *Be a lover, I will wait thee*
With success in life most sought for.

For. *Be enamour'd on bright honour,*
And thy greatness shall shine glorious.

Cup. *Chastity, if thou smile on her,*
Shall grow servile, thou victorious.

For. *Be a warrior, conquest ever*
Shall triumphantly renown thee.

Cup. *Be a courtier, beauty never*
Shall but with her duty crown thee.

For. *Fortune's wheel is thine, depose me;*
I'm thy slave, thy power has bound me.

Cup. *Cupid's shafts are thine, dispose me;*
Love loves love; thy graces wound me.

Both. *Live, reign! pity is fame's jewel;*
We obey; oh! be not cruel.

Ray. You ravish me with infinites, and lay
 A bounty of more sovereignty and amazement,
 Than the Atlas of mortality can support.

Enter, behind, HUMOUR and FOLLY.

Hum. What's here?

Fol. Nay, pray observe.

Ray. Be my heart's empress, build your kingdom there.

Hum. With what an earnestness he compli
[ments.]

Ray. Till now my longings were ne'er satisfied,
And the desires of my sensual appetite
Were only fed with barren expectations
To what I now am fill'd with.

Pom. These are too little; more are due to him
That is the pattern of his father's glory:
Dwell but among us, industry shall strive
To make another artificial nature,
And change all other seasons into ours.

Hum. Shall my heart break? I can contain no
longer. *[Comes forward with FOLLY.]*

Ray. How fares my lov'd Humour?

Hum. A little stirr'd;—no matter, I'll be merry;
Call for some music—do not;—I'll be melan-
choly.

Pom. Lady, I hope 't is no neglect of courtesy
In us, that so disturbs you; if it rise
From any discontent, reveal the cause;
It shall be soon removed.

Hum. Oh, my heart!—
Help to unlace my gown.—*[To RAY.]*—I'm a goodly
fool
To be thus play'd on.

Pom. Why, madam?
We can be courteous without stain of honour:
Our bounty gives him a welcome free,
But chaste and honourable.

[A flourish.—Shouts within.]

Ray. The meaning of this mirth?

Pom. My lord is coming.

Ray. Let us attend to humble our best thanks,
For these high favours.

Enter AUTUMN and BACCHANALIAN.

Pom. My dearest lord, according to th' injunction
Of your command, I have, with all observance,
Given entertainment to this noble stranger.

Aut. The Sun-born Raybright, minion of my love!
Let us be twins in heart; thy grandsire's beams
Shine graciously upon our fruits and vines.
I am his vassal servant, tributary;
And for his sake, the kingdoms I possess
I will divide with thee; thou shalt command
The Lydian Tmolus, and Campanian mounts,
To nod their grape-crown'd heads into thy bowls,
Expressing¹ their rich juice; a hundred grains,
Both from the Beltic and Sicilian fields,
Shall be congested for thy sacrifice,
In Ceres' fane; Tiber shall pay thee apples,
And Sicyon olives; all the choicest fruits
Thy father's heat doth ripen.

Ray. Make me but treasurer
Of your respected favours, and that honour
Shall equal my ambition.

Aut. My Pomona,
Speed to prepare a banquet of all novelties.
This is a day of rest, and we the whiles
Will sport before our friends, and shorten time
With length of wonted revels.

Pom. I obey.
Will 't please you, madam? a retirement
From these extremes, in men more tolerable,
Will better fit our modesties.

Hum. I'll drink,
And be a Bacchanalian—no, I will not.
Enter, I'll follow;—stay, I'll go before.

¹ The terms *expressing* and *congested*, which occur in this and the next line but one, are used in their strict Latin senses; the first meaning to *press out*, the second to *keep together*. This part of the scene is indeed pretty thickly strewn with classical allusions, some of which, it is presumed, were not intended to bear the test of very exact scholarship.

Pom. Even what Humour pleaseth.

[*Exeunt HUM. and POM.*

Aut. Raybright, a health to Phœbus!

[*A flourish.—Drinks.*

These are the pæans which we sing to him,
And yet we wear no bays;¹ our cups are only
Crown'd² with Lyæus' blood: to him a health!

[*A flourish.—Drinks.*

Ray. I must pledge that too.

Aut. Now, one other health:

To our grand patron, call'd Good-fellowship;
Whose livery all our people hereabout
Are clad in.

[*Flourish.—Drinks.*

Ray. I am for that too.

Aut. 'T is well;

Let it go round; and, as our custom is
Of recreations of this nature, join
Your voices, as you drink, in lively notes;
Sing Iōs unto Bacchus.

Fol. My father was a French nightingale, and my
mother an English wagtail; I was born a cuckoo in
the spring, and lost my voice in summer, with
laying my eggs in a sparrow's nest: but I'll venture
for one:—fill my dish—every one take his own, and
when I hold up my finger, off with it.

Aut. Begin.

FOLLY sings.

*Cast away care; for he that loves sorrow
Nor lengthens a day, nor can buy him to-morrow:
Money is trash; and he that will spend it,
Let him drink merrily, Fortune will send it.*

Merrily, merrily, Oh, ho! ho!

Play it off stiffly, we may not part so.

¹ i. e. we wear not the insignia of that deity.

² A crowned cup is a term by no means unfrequent in our old dramas. Without troubling the reader with classical authorities, it will be sufficient to observe, that it implies a cup so full of liquor that the contents rise above the brim like a crown. Lyæus is another name for Bacchus.

Chor. *Merrily, &c.*

[Here, and at the conclusion of every stanza they drink.

*Wine is a charm, it gives heat to the blood,
And the coward is arm'd if his liquor be good ;
Wine quickens the wit, and makes the back able,
And it scorns to submit to the watch or constable.¹
Merrily, &c.*

*Let the pots fly about, give us more liquor,
Our wits will be nimbler, our brains will flow quicker,
Empty the cask ; and score up, we care not ;
Fill the pots all again, drink on, and spare not.
Merrily, &c.*

There is a whirlwind in my brains, I could both caper and turn round.

Aut. Oh, a dance by all means !
Now cease your healths, and in an active motion
Bestir ye nimbly, to beguile the hours.

DANCE.

Aut. How likes our friend this pastime ?

Ray. Above utterance.

Oh, how have I, in ignorance or dulness,
Run through the progress of so many minutes,
Accusing him, who was my life's first author,
Of slackness and neglect, while I have dream'd
The folly of my days in vain expense
Of useless taste and pleasure ! Pray, my lord,
Let one health pass about, while I bethink me
What course I am to take, for being denizen
In your unlimited courtesies.

Aut. Devise a round ;²
You have your liberty.

¹ In Ford's days the accent of this word was laid on the penultima. It may be as well to add, that a little help has been occasionally given to the metre, as this was a point in which Decker was exceedingly careless.

² *Devise a round,*] i. e. a health to pass round ; name a toast, is short ; which Raybright immediately does.—GIRFORD.

Ray. A health to Autumn's self!
And here let time hold still his restless glass,
That not another golden sand may fall
To measure how it passeth. [*They drink.*]

Aut. Continue here with me, and by thy presence
Create me favourite to thy fair progenitor,
And be mine heir.

Ray. I want words to express
My thankfulness.

Aut. Whate'er the wanton Spring,
When she doth diaper the ground with beauties,
Toils for, comes home to Autumn; Summer sweats,
Pasturing her furlongs, ripening the fruits for
food,

While Autumn's garners house them; I alone, in
every land,

Traffic my useful merchandise; gold and jewels,
Lordly possessions, are for my commodities
Mortgaged and lost: I sit chief moderator
Between the cheek-parch'd Summer, and th' ex-
tremes

Of Winter's tedious frost; nay, in myself
I do contain another teeming Spring.
Surety of health, prosperity of life
Belongs to Autumn; if thou then canst hope
To inherit immortality in frailty,
Live here till time be spent, yet be not old.

Ray. Under the Sun, you are the year's great
emperor.

Aut. On now, to new variety of feasts;
Princely contents are fit for princely guests.

Ray. My lord, I'll follow. [*Flourish.—Exit Aut.*]
Sure, I am not well.

Fol. Surely, I am half-drunk, or monstrously mis-
taken: you mean to stay here, belike?

Ray. Whither should I go else?

Fol. Nay, if you will kill yourself in your own de-
fence, I'll not be of your jury.

Re-enter HUMOUR.

Hum. You have had precious pleasures, choice
of drunkenness ;

Will you be gone ?

Ray. I feel a war within me,
And every doubt that resolution kills
Springs up a greater : in the year's revolution,
There cannot be a season more delicious,
When Plenty, Summer's daughter, empties daily
Her cornucopia, fill'd with choicest viands.

Fol. Plenty's horn is always full in the city.

Ray. When temperate heat offends not with ex-
tremes,
When day and night have their distinguishment
With a more equal measure ;—

Hum. Ha ! in contemplation ?

Ray. When the bright Sun, with kindly distant
beams
Gilds ripen'd fruit ;—

Hum. And what fine meditation
Transports you thus ? You study some encomium
Upon the beauty of the garden's queen ;
You'd make the paleness to supply the vacancy
Of Cynthia's dark defect.
Come, Raybright ; whatsoe'er suggestions
Have won on thy apt weakness, leave these empty
And hollow-sounding pleasures, that include
Only a windy substance of delight,
Which every motion alters into air ;
I'll stay no longer here.

Ray. I must.

Hum. You shall not ;
These are adulterate mixtures of vain follies ;
I'll bring thee
Into the court of Winter ; there thy food
Shall not be sickly fruits, but healthful broths,
Strong meat and dainty.

Fol. Pork, beef, mutton, very sweet mutton, veal,
venison, capon, fine fat capon, partridge, snipe, plover,
larks, teal, admirable teal, my lord.

Hum. Mystery there, like to another nature,
Confects the substance of the choicest fruits
In a rich candy, with such imitation
Of form and colour, 't will deceive the eye,
Until the taste be ravish'd.

Fol. Comfits and caraways, marchpanes¹ and marmalades, sugar-plums and pippin-pies, gingerbread and walnuts.

Hum. Nor is his bounty limited ; he 'll not spare
To exhaust the treasure of a thousand Indies.

Fol. Two hundred pound suppers, and neither fiddlers nor broken glasses reckoned ; besides, a hundred pound a throw, ten times together, if you can hold out so long.

Ray. You tell me wonders !
Be my conductress ; I 'll fly this place in secret ;
Three quarters of my time are almost spent,
The last remains to crown my full content.
Now, if I fail, let man's experience read me ;
'T was Humour, join'd with Folly, did mislead me.

Hum. Leave this naked season,
Wherein the very trees shake off their locks,
It is so poor and barren.

Ray. Come, let's go taste old Winter's fresh delights,
And swell with pleasures our big appetites.
The Summer, Autumn, [Winter,] and the Spring,
As 't were, conjoin'd in one conjugal ring
(An emblem of four provinces we sway),
Shall all attend our pastimes night and day ;
Shall both be subject to our glorious state,
While we enjoy the blessings of our fate :²

¹ Marchpane was a sweet biscuit composed of sugar and almonds, like those now called maccaroni. It was a constant article in the desserts of our ancestors, and it appeared sometimes on more solemn occasions. When Elizabeth visited Cambridge, the University presented their chancellor, Sir William Cecil, with two pair of gloves, a *marchpane*, and two sugar-loaves. *Peck's Desid. Curiosa*, ii. 29.

² Here the fourth act probably ended in the first sketch of this drama, as what follows seems merely preparatory to the introduction of Ray-bright in a character which could not have originally been in the writer's

And since we have notice that some brabarous
spirits
Mean to oppose our entrance, if by words
They 'll not desist, we 'll force our way with swords.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Court of WINTER.**Enter several Clowns.*

1 *Clown.* Hear you the news, neighbour?

2 *Clown.* Yes, to my grief, neighbour; they say our prince Raybright is coming hither, with whole troops and trains of courtiers: we are like to have a fine time on 't, neighbours.

3 *Clown.* Oh, these courtiers, neighbours, are pestilent knaves; but I'll pluck a crow¹ with some of 'em.

1 *Clown.* 'Faith, neighbour, let's lay our heads together, and resolve to die like men.

2 *Clown.* They may talk, and call us rebels, but a fig for that; let's be true among ourselves, and with our swords in hand resist his entrance.—

Enter WINTER.

Win. Bold, saucy mortals, dare you then aspire
With snow and ice to quench the sphere of fire?

contemplation. James I. died not many months after the first appearance of the *Sun's Darling*, and I can think of no more probable cause for the insertion of this *purpureus pannus*, than a desire in the managers to gratify the common feeling, by paying some extraordinary compliment to the youthful monarch, his successor. On the score of poetry, the speeches of Winter are entitled to praise; but they grievously offend on the side of propriety, and bear no relation whatever to the previous language and conduct of Raybright. But the readers of our ancient drama must be prepared for inconsistencies of this kind, and be as indulgent to them as possible, in consideration of the many excellencies by which they are almost invariably redeemed.—GIFFORD.

¹ *Pluck a crow.*] A vulgar expression for picking a quarrel with a person.—GIFFORD.

Are your hearts frozen like your clime, from
thence

All temperate heat's fled of obedience ?

How durst you else with force think to withstand

Your prince's entry into this his land ?

A prince, who is so excellently good,

His virtue is his honour, more than blood ;

In whose clear nature, as two suns, do rise

The attributes of merciful and wise ;

Whose laws are so impartial, that they must

Be counted heavenly, 'cause they're truly just ;

Who does, with princely moderation, give

His subjects an example how to live ;

Teaching their erring natures to direct

Their wills, to what it ought most to effect :

Yet you, wild fools, possess'd with giant rage,

Dare, in your lawless fury, think to wage

War against Heaven ; and from his shining throne

Pull Jove himself, for you to tread upon ;

Were your heads circled with his own green oak,

Yet are they subject to his thunder stroke,

And he can sink such wretches as rebel,

From Heaven's sublimest height down to the depth
of Hell.

1 *Clown*. Nay, let him do his worst ; there's many
a tall¹ fellow, besides us, will rather die than see his
living taken from them, nay, even eat up ; all things
are grown so dear, there's no enduring more mouths
than our own, neighbour.

2 *Clown*. Thou'rt a wise fellow, neighbour : prate
is but prate. They say this prince too would bring
new laws upon us, new rites into the temples of our
gods ; and that's abominable ; we'll all be hang'd
first.

Win. Dull, stubborn fools ! whose perverse judg-
ments still

Are governed by the malice of your will,

¹ *Tall* and *brave* are synonymous terms in our old dramas.

Things void of soul ! can you conceive, that he,
 Whose every thought 's an act of piety,
 Who 's all religious, furnish'd with all good
 That ever was comprised in flesh and blood,
 Cannot direct you in the fittest way
 To serve those powers to which himself does pay
 True zealous worship, nay, 's so near allied
 To them, himself must needs be deified ?

Enter FOLLY.

Fol. Save you, gentlemen ! 'T is very cold ; you live in frost ; you've Winter still about you.

2 Clown. What are you, sir ?

Fol. A courtier, sir ; but, you may guess, a very foolish one to leave the bright beams of my lord, the prince, to travel hither. I have an ague on me ; do you not see me shake ? Well, if our courtiers, when they come hither, have not young lasses, good wines, and fires, to heat their blood, 't will freeze into an apoplexy. Farewell, frost ! I'll go seek a fire to thaw me ; I'm all ice, I fear, already. *[Exit.*

1 Clown. Farewell, and be hanged ! ere such as these shall eat what we have sweat for, we'll spend our bloods. Come, neighbours, let's go call our company together, and go meet this prince he talks so of.

3 Clown. Some shall have but a sour welcome of it, if my crabtree cudgel hold here.

Win. You're mad in your rebellious minds : but hear

What I presage, with understanding clear :
 This prince shall come, and, by his glorious side,
 Laurel-crown'd conquest shall in triumph ride,
 Arm'd with the justice that attends his cause ;
 You shall with penitence embrace his laws :
 He to the frozen northern clime shall bring
 A warmth so temperate, as shall force the Spring
 Usurp my privilege, and by his ray
 Night shall be changed into perpetual day :
 Plenty and happiness shall still increase,

As does his light ; and turtle-footed peace¹
 Dance like a fairy through his realms, while all
 That envy him shall like swift comets fall,
 By their own fire consumed ; and glorious he,
 Ruling, as 't were, the force of destiny,
 Shall have a long and prosperous reign on earth,
 Then fly to Heaven, and give a new star birth.—

A Flourish.—*Enter* RAYBRIGHT, HUMOUR, BOUNTY, and
 DELIGHT.

But see, our star appears ; and from his eye
 Fly thousand beams of sparkling majesty.

Ray. What bold rebellious caitiffs dare disturb
 The happy progress of our glorious peace,
 Contemn the justice of our equal laws,
 Profane those sacred rights, which still must be
 Attendant on monarchical dignity ?
 I came to frolic with you, and to cheer
 Your drooping souls by vigour of my beams,
 And have I this strange welcome ? Reverend Winter,
 I 'm come to be your guest ; your bounteous, free
 Condition does assure me, I shall have
 A welcome entertainment.

Win. Illustrious sir ! I am not ignorant
 How much expression my true zeal will want
 To entertain you fitly ; yet my love
 And hearty duty shall be far above
 My outward welcome. To that glorious light
 Of Heaven, the Sun, which chases hence the night,
 I am so much a vassal, that I 'll strive,
 By honouring you to keep my faith alive
 To him, brave prince, through you, who do inherit
 Your father's cheerful heat and quick'ning spirit.

¹ —————and turtle-footed peace

Dance like a fairy, &c.] This, as well as several other expressions
 in this elegant "augury," is taken from the beautiful address to Elizabeth,
 in Jonson's Epilogue to *Every Man out of his Humour*.

"The throat of war be stopp'd within her realm,
 And turtle-footed peace dance fairy-rings,
 About her court, &c."—Gifford.

Therefore, as I am Winter, worn and spent
 So far with age, I am Time's monument;
 Antiquity's example; in my zeal,
 I, from my youth, a span of time will steal
 To open the free treasures of my court,
 And swell your soul with my delights and sport.

Ray. Never till now
 Did admiration beget in me truly
 The rare-match'd twins at once, pity and pleasure.
 [Pity, that one]

So royal, so abundant in earth's blessings,
 Should not partake the comfort of those beams,
 With which the Sun, beyond extent, doth cheer
 The other seasons; yet my pleasures with you,
 From their false charms, do get the start, as far
 As Heaven's great lamp from every minor star.

Win. Attendance on our revels! let delight
 Conjoin the day with sable-footed night;
 Both shall forsake their orbs, and in one sphere
 Meet in soft mirth and harmless pleasures here:
 While plump Lyæus shall, with garland crown'd
 Of triumph-ivy, in full cups abound
 Of Cretan wine, and shall dame Ceres call
 To wait on you, at Winter's festival;
 While gaudy Summer, Autumn, and the Spring
 Shall to my lord their choicest viands bring.
 We'll rob the sea, and from the subtle air
 Fetch her inhabitants, to supply our fare!
 That, were Apicius here, he in one night
 Should sate with dainties his strong appetite.
 Begin our revels then, and let all pleasure
 Flow like the ocean in a boundless measure.

[*A flourish.*]

(*Here a Masque of the four Elements,¹ Air, Fire,
 Water, and Earth: and the four Complexions,
 Phlegm, Blood, Choler, and Melancholy.*)

¹ We have consulted the reader's *taste* by omitting, as much as possible, whatever might tend to adulterate the rich but somewhat careless poetry with which this drama is inlaid throughout; but his *knowledge*

Win. How do these pleasures please?

Hum. Pleasures!

of our old dramatic literature may be enlarged by a few observations on the "masque" of which the mere title is given in the text. The mask itself grew out of an opinion strongly current among our ancestors (and which appears to have been derived to them through the schools from the Greek physicians), that man was composed of the four elements, the due proportion and commixture of which in his composition was what produced in him every kind of perfection, mental and bodily. Hence (not to multiply examples) the well-known commendation of Brutus by the first of all dramatic writers:

"His life was gentle, and the *elements*

So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up

And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"—Jul. Cæs. v. 5.

The disposition, again, of every man was supposed to arise from four principal *humours* or fluids in his body; and, consequently, that which was prevalent in any one might be called *his* particular *humour*. Blood, phlegm, choler, and melancholy were the four humours; the two latter being not so properly different fluids, as one fluid, bile, in two different states; common bile, *χολή*, choler, and black bile, *μελαγχολία*. From these fluids were supposed to arise the four principal temperaments or complexions,—the sanguine, phlegmatic, choleric, and melancholic; the fluids themselves being more remotely referred to the four elements. Their connexion is thus stated by Howell:

"And it must be so while the stars poure different influxes upon us, but especially while the *humours* within us have a symbolization with the *four elements*, who are in ruthlesse conflict among themselves who shall have the mastery, as the *humors* do in us for a predominancy."—*Parley of Beasts*, p. 80.

It is upon this more immediate origin of the four temperaments or complexions from the four humours, and their more remote reference to the four elements, that much of "the morall maske" termed "*Microcosmus*" is founded. This drama, evidently formed upon "The Sun's Darling," was written by Thomas Nabbes, an author "concerning whom," according to the usual language of our old dramatic calendar, "scarce any thing is recorded," and was printed in 1637. The reader who has not a copy of Dodsley's collection of old plays may be amused by a transcription of some of the *dramatis personæ*.

FIRE, a fierce-countenanced young man, in a flame-coloured robe, wrought with divers-coloured gleams of fire; his hair red, and on his head a crown of flames. His creature a Vulcan.

AIR, a young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers-coloured clouds; his hair blue, and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a giant, or sylvan.

WATER, a woman in a sea-green robe, wrought with waves; her hair sea-green, and on her head a wreath of sedge, bound about with waves. Her creature a siren.

EARTH, a young woman of a sad countenance, in a grass-green robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers; her hair black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a pigmy.

CHOLER, a fencer; his clothes red.

Boun. Live here,
And be my lord's friend ; and thy sports shall vary
A thousand ways ; Invention shall beget
Conceits, as curious as the thoughts of Change
Can aim at.

Hum. Trifles ! Progress o'er the year
Again, my Raybright ; therein, like the Sun,
As he in Heaven runs his circular course,
So thou on earth run thine ; for to be fed
With stale delights, breeds dulness and contempt :
Think on the Spring.

Ray. She was a lovely virgin.

Win. My royal lord !
Without offence, be pleased but to afford me
To give you my true figure ; do not scorn
My age, nor think, 'cause I appear forlorn,
I serve for no use : 't is my sharper breath
Does purge gross exhalations from the earth ;
My frosts and snows do purify the air
From choking fogs, make the sky clear and fair :
And though by nature cold and chill I be,
Yet I am warm in bounteous charity ;
And can, my lord, by grave and sage advice,
Bring you to the happy shades of paradise.

Ray. That wonder ! Oh, can you bring me
thither ?

Win. I can direct and point you out a path.

Hum. But where's the guide ?
Quicken thy spirits, Raybright ; I'll not leave thee :
We'll run the self-same race again, that happiness ;
These lazy, sleeping, tedious Winter's nights
Become not noble action.

BLOOD, a dancer, in a watchet-coloured (i. e. a pale blue) suit.

PHLEGM, a physician, an old man ; his doublet white and black ;
trunk hose.

MELANCHOLY, a musician ; his complexion, hair, and clothes black ;
a lute in his hand. He is likewise an amorist.

For further information on this subject the reader is referred to Arch-
deacon Nares's valuable glossary, under the words *Elements* and
Humours.

Ray. To the Spring
I am resolv'd—

[*Recorders.*

The Sun appears above.

Oh, what strange light appears!
The Sun is up, sure.

Sun. Wanton Darling, look,
And worship with amazement.

Omnes. Gracious lord!

Sun. Thy sands are number'd, and thy glass of
frailty

Here runs out to the last.—Here, in this mirror,
Let man behold the circuit of his fortunes;
The season of the Spring dawns like the morning,
Bedewing childhood with unrelish'd beauties
Of gaudy sights; the Summer, as the noon,
Shines in delight of Youth, and ripens strength
To Autumn's manhood; here the evening grows,
And knits up all felicity in folly:

Winter at last draws on, the night of age;
Yet still a humour of some novel fancy
Untasted or untried puts off the minute
Of resolution, which should bid farewell
To a vain world of weariness and sorrows.
The powers, from whom man does derive the pedi-
gree

Of his creation, with a royal bounty,
Give him Health, Youth, Delight, for free attend-
ants,

To rectify his carriage: to be thankful
Again to them, man should cashier his riots,
His bosom's wanton sweetheart, idle Humour
His reason's dangerous seducer, Folly.

Then shall,

Like four straight pillars, the four Elements
Support the goodly structure of mortality;
Then shall the four Complexions, like four heads
Of a clear river, streaming in his body,
Nourish and comfort every vein and sinew;

No sickness of contagion, no grim death,
Or deprivation of Health's real blessings,
Shall then affright the creature built by Heaven,
Reserv'd to immortality. Henceforth
In peace go to our altars; and no more
Question the power of supernal greatness,
But give us leave to govern as we please
Nature and her dominion, who from us
And from our gracious influence, hath both being
And preservation; no replies, but reverence.
Man hath a double guard, if time can win him;
Heaven's power above him, his own peace within
him. [Exeunt.]

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

BY

ROWLEY, DEKKER, FORD, &c.

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THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.] This tragi-comedy, which appears to have been brought on the stage in 1623, was not published till 1658. It was composed, as the title of the quarto edition bears, "by divers well esteemed poets, William Rowley, Thomas Dekker, John Ford, &c." It was acted by the prince's servants, often at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane, and once at court, with singular applause. There is a rude woodcut on the titlepage of the quarto, with a portrait of the witch (Mother Sawyer), her familiar a black dog, and Cuddy Banks the clown of the piece, in the water. That no doubts might arise of the likenesses, the portraits are respectively authenticated by their proper names.

"It seems to have been a trick of the trade," says Mr. Gifford, "to accumulate a number of names in the titlepage, to catch as many readers as possible ; and Rowley's was deservedly a very marketable name. Not content with the trio, they add after Ford an &c. With these we need not meddle, and I presume we may venture to dismiss Rowley, with the allowance of an occasional passage, since the drama seems fairly to divide itself between the other two, whose style is well understood, and here strongly marked."

If the witch of Ford's days was, as we have already intimated, a far less splendid intellectual creation than the sorceress of the present time, it gives one advantage to the play before us, by maintaining her in better keeping with the other characters, which are all derived from the middle or lower ranks of life. It is not, however, from tragedies of "stateliest and most regal argument" alone, as the reader of the following drama will feel himself compelled to acknowledge, that situations of the deepest interest and most heart-rending pathos can be derived.

Frank Thorney, the son of a gentleman, but whom his father's straitened circumstances had brought into some office of servitude with Sir Arthur Clarrington, had won "the conquest of a fellow-servant's maiden-love," and was, it seems, in prospect of becoming a father by her. This error is repaired, as far as it can be, by a secret marriage ; and Winnifrede, who at first displays a little of that harshness of character which a deviation from virtue generally

begets upon persons of strong natural intellect and a keen moral sense, gradually steals upon the reader's mind by the warmth of her attachment to her undeserving husband, by the depth of her repentance, and the evident purpose and fixed resolve, which ensure the future rectitude of her conduct.

Though Winnifrede's conscience had been thus in some degree relieved, it was a great object with the wily Frank to conceal their marriage from his father, till the inheritance to which he was born should be so assured, that no future resentment of the old man shall be able to "cross the thriving" of his recent engagements. In this scheme he is assisted with letters by Sir Arthur Clarrington, who has his own reasons for accommodating himself to the views of his late "servant," and who exhibits, at least in the opening act of the drama, a character far more odious than even Frank himself. With a promise (and it appears to have been but a promise) of two hundred pounds from Sir Arthur to assist their occasions, the new-married pair leave the neighbourhood of Edmonton, for the purpose of taking up their abode—young Thorney with his father at Edmonton itself, and Winnifrede with an uncle at Waltham—till time and Frank's endeavours had worked his father's love and liking to these stolen nuptials. Reports meantime of the marriage had got abroad, and it was not without feelings of the most painful kind that they had reached the ears of Frank's father himself. Encumbrances upon his estate had already circumscribed old Thorney's means of living, and his only mode of saving himself from more urgent distress consisted in a marriage, long before projected, between his son and the daughter of a neighbouring yeoman, Carter by name, whose wealth enabled him to offer such a portion with his girl as would at once set free the lands of his poorer though more highly stationed neighbour.

And the honest yeoman's Susan was one that would, though utterly portionless in money, have brought the best of dowries to a husband of her choice; and such, it seems, though sought by suitors of a higher grade, had Frank long been in her young imagination. Pure, affectionate, confiding, faithful, Susan throughout exhibits all those native sweetnesss and sensibilities which are not unfrequently

found in humble life, and for which even the refinements of breeding and education seem at times but unequal substitutes. It will ensure the reader's detestation of Frank, to know that his seduction of Winnifrede must have been planned with a full knowledge on his part of a previous engagement to marry this excellent creature ; it will add to this detestation to find the villain in his father's presence offering to fulfil this engagement, and with the most solemn oaths maintaining that there was nothing in his connexion with Winnifrede to prevent such an accomplishment of his father's wishes. The strong and multiplied assertions of young Thorney conquer even his father's violent suspicions ; and the old man's fears being at last relieved, ~~is~~ is decided that the marriage between the young couple shall take place on the following day.

The fearful perjuries of Frank, and the cold, calculating villany which he displays throughout, render the scene between him and his father a painful one to the feelings, and the entrance of even a more frightful creature than Mother Sawyer, upon whom much of the underplot hinges, would have been found a relief after such an interview ; but the underplots of Ford or Decker—after the greatest reductions—will be found a sufficient infliction on the reader's patience, without his undergoing a previous analysis of them ; even though embracing, as the present one does, those prime attractions of our ancestors' fancies, a witch, a black dog, or the Devil, and a morris with all its accompaniments of tabor and pipe, double bells, trebles, means, fore-horse,¹ hobby-horse, and Maid Marian to boot.

Susan and Frank are now married ; and conscience already begins to do its work with this double husband. His days seem but a waking dream ; and in his sleep sudden and distracted accents show a mind at enmity with peace. These appearances give birth to one of the tenderest and

¹ In Gosson's " Plays confuted in five Actions," the attractions of the hobby-horse and morris are included among the other delights which the Devil, according to this repentant dramatist, had created for the seduction of men's souls. " For the eye, becside the beautie of the houses and the stage, hee (the Devil) sendeth in gearish apparel, mashes, ranting, tumbling, dauncing of gigges, galiardes, moriscos, hobbi-horses, nothing forgot that might serve to set out the matter with pompe, or ravish the beholders with varietie of pleasure." What would poor Gosson's language have been had he seen the embellishments of the present stage ?

most interesting of scenes—the efforts of the young bride to ascertain the cause of this disorder—the ominous words and half-intelligible sentences which drop from Frank himself—the fear of the modest Susan that some impropriety in her own behaviour may have occasioned this lapse from happiness in her husband—the mixed warmth and pudency in her language, together with the utter abandonment of self and passionate regard for her husband, which she displays—all these feelings are brought out with such inimitable skill, that if, as Mr. Gifford supposes, this part of the act was written by Decker, it must convey the highest opinion of his taste and judgment, and convince us that, under happier circumstances, he might have become one of the mightiest masters of his art. The fears of Susan finally resolve themselves into a persuasion, that an intended single combat with young Warbeck (a discarded suitor of her own) is the occasion of her husband's perplexing conduct; and this persuasion is accompanied by a resolution on her part not to leave him on the trying occasion—"cost it her undoing and unto that her life." That cost of life was nearer than this fond and faithful creature imagined.

The next appearance of the guilty Frank is in company with Winnifrede, dressed in a page's habit. His second wife's portion, the dowry of his sin, is in his hand; and with this "foul ill-gotten coin," as his companion terms it, a couple of horses are in readiness to convey himself and Winnifrede to some distant country, where his recent wife is to be quite forgot, and "have no name in his remembrance." A previous conversation, full, of course, of lies on the part of Frank, had prepared Susan for these appearances, and only the parting scene remained to take place between them. The fond creature hangs over it as long as possible:—some affectionate directions to his supposed page—some lingering questions to himself—one pasture more—up to that knot of trees, and then among those shadows she will vanish from him. The pasture is crossed—the knot of trees is reached—and—the knife of the treacherous Frank is in her bosom. And as if the pangs of death were not enough, the monster, in coarser terms than our pages can admit, utters what might have added even to the pains of dissolution itself:—but the murderer knew not the pure mind he had to deal with:—

Sas. Die? oh, 't was time!

How many years might I have slept in sin!

The sin of my most hatred, too, adultery!

It is time to close this analysis : the attempt of the murderer to fasten the guilty deed on Warbeck, the rejected suitor of his victim, and Somerton, the accepted lover of her sister Katherine—the detection of the real criminal—the horrors which surround Frank's sick-bed—and the scene which closes for ever his earthly prospects, will be found to possess the deepest interest. A smile may perhaps be excited by the simple means which lead to young Thorney's detection ; but the smile can be but a momentary one ; even Ford himself seems to have suspected that the fearful and harrowing feelings which he had conjured up required some allayment ; and accordingly with consummate art he has thrown such a sincere feeling of penitence and remorse round the "last days" of the wretched Frank, that even the commiseration of those who had been the greatest sufferers by his villany is won for the last moments of the repentant sufferer, and the language of the honest yeoman, Carter, becomes almost that of the reader : "Go thy ways ; I did not think to have shed one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my plants spite of my heart."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Old THORNEY, a gentleman.

CARTER, a rich yeoman.

Old BANKS, a countryman.

RATCLIFFE.

W. HAMLUC, and several other countrymen.

WARBECK, } suitors to CARTER'S daughters.

SOMERTON, }

FRANK, THORNEY'S son.

CUDDY BANKS, the clown.

Morris-dancers.

SAWGUT, an old fiddler.

Justice, Constable, Officers, Serving-men, and Maids.

DOG, a familiar

A Spirit.

Mother SAWYER, the WITCH.

ANN, RATCLIFFE'S wife.

SUSAN, } CARTER'S daughters.

KATHERINE, }

WINNIFREDE, Sir ARTHUR'S maid.

SCENE the town and neighbourhood of Edmonton;
in the end of the last act, London.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Neighbourhood of Edmonton.—A Room in the House of Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Enter FRANK THORNEY and WINNIFREDE.

Frank. Come, wench; why, here 's a business soon despatch'd.

Thy heart I know is now at ease; thou need'st not
Fear what the tattling gossips in their cups
Can speak against thy fame; thy child shall know
Whom to call father now.

Win. You have discharg'd
The true part of an honest man; I cannot
Request a fuller satisfaction
Than you have freely granted: yet methinks
'Tis a hard case, being lawful man and wife,
We should not live together.

Frank. Had I fail'd
In promise of my truth to thee, we must
Have been ever sunder'd; now the longest
Of our forbearing either's company,
Is only but to gain a little time
For our continuing thrift; that so, hereafter,
The heir that shall be born may not have cause
To curse his hour of birth; which made him feel
The misery of beggary and want;
Two devils that are occasions to enforce
A shameful end. My plots aim but to keep
My father's love.

Win. And that will be as difficult
To be preserv'd, when he shall understand
How you are married, as it will be now,
Should you confess it to him.

Frank. Fathers are
Won by degrees, not bluntly, as our-masters
Or wrong'd friends are; and besides I'll use
Such dutiful and ready means, that ere
He can have notice of what's past, th' inheritance
To which I am born heir shall be assured;
That done, why let him know it: if he like it not,
Yet he shall have no power in him left
To cross the thriving of it.

Win. You, who had
The conquest of my maiden-love, may easily
Conquer the fears of my distrust. And whither
Must I be hurried?

Frank. Prithee, do not use
A word so much unsuitable to the constant
Affections of thy husband: thou shalt live
Near Waltham-Abbey, with thy uncle Selman;
I have acquainted him with all at large:
He'll use thee kindly; thou shalt want no pleasures,
Nor any other fit supplies whatever
Thou canst in heart desire.

Win. All these are nothing
Without your company.

Frank. Which thou shalt have
Once every month at least.

Win. Once every month!
Is this to have a husband?

Frank. Perhaps oftener;
That's as occasion serves.

Win. Ay, ay; in case
No other beauty tempt your eye, whom you
Like better, I may chance to be remember'd,
And see you now and then. Faith! I did hope
You'd not have used me so: 't is but my fortune.

And yet, if not for my sake, have some pity
Upon the child I go with ; that 's your own :
And 'less you 'll be a cruel-hearted father,
You ~~cannot~~ but remember that.

Heaven knows, how—

Frank. To quit which fear at once,
As by the ceremony late perform'd,
I plighted thee a faith, as free from challenge
As any double thought ; once more, in hearing
Of Heaven and thee, I vow that never henceforth
Disgrace, reproof, lawless affections, threats,
Or what can be suggested 'gainst our marriage,
Shall cause me falsify that bridal oath
That binds me thine. And, Winnifrede, whenever
The wanton heats of youth, by subtle baits
Of beauty, or what woman's art can practise,
Draw me from only loving thee, let Heaven
Inflict upon my life some fearful ruin !
I hope thou dost believe me.

Win. Swear no more ;
I am confirm'd, and will resolve to do
What you think most behooveful for us.

Frank. Thus then ;
Make thyself ready ; at the farthest house
Upon the green, without the town, your uncle
Expects you. For a little time, farewell !

Win. Sweet,
We shall meet again as soon as thou canst possibly ?

Frank. We shall. One kiss—away ! [*Exit Win.*]

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON.

Sir Ar. Frank Thorney !

Frank. Here, sir.

Sir Ar. Alone ? then must I tell thee in plain
terms,
Thou hast wrong'd thy master's house basely and
lewdly.

Frank. Your house, sir ?

Sir Ar. Yes, sir. All the country whispers

How shamefully thou hast undone a maid,
Approv'd for modest life, for civil carriage,
Till thy prevailing perjuries enticed her
To forfeit shame. Will you be honest yet,
Make her amends, and marry her?

Frank. So, sir,
I might bring both myself and her to beggary;
And that would be a shame worse than the other.

Sir Ar. You should have thought on this before,
and then
Your reason would have oversway'd the passion
Of your unruly lust. But that you may
Be left without excuse, to salve the infamy
Of my disgraced house, and 'cause you are
A gentleman, and both of you my servants,
I'll make the maid a portion.

Frank. So you promised me
Before, in case I married her. I know
Sir Arthur Clarrington deserves the credit
Report hath lent him; and presume you are
A debtor to your promise: but upon
What certainty shall I resolve? Excuse me,
For being somewhat rude.

Sir Ar. It is but reason.
Well, Frank, what think'st thou of two hundred
pounds,
And a continual friend?

Frank. Though my poor fortunes
Might happily prefer me to a choice
Of a far greater portion; yet to right
A wronged maid, and to preserve your favour,
I am content to accept your proffer.

Sir Ar. Art thou?

Frank. Sir, we shall every day have need to employ
The use of what you please to give.

Sir Ar. Thou shalt have it.

Frank. Then I claim
Your promise.—We are man and wife.

Sir Ar. Already?

Frank. And more than so, sir, I have promis'd her
Free entertainment in her uncle's house
Near Waltham-Abbey, where she may securely
Sojourn, till time and my endeavours work
My father's love and liking.

Sir Ar. Honest Frank!

Frank. I hope, sir, you will think I cannot keep
her,

Without a daily charge.

Sir Ar. As for the money,

'Tis all thine own; and though I cannot make thee
A present payment, yet thou shalt be sure
I will not fail thee.

Frank. But our occasions—

Sir Ar. Nay, nay,

Talk not of your occasions; trust my bounty,
It shall not sleep.—Hast married her i' faith, Frank?
'Tis well, 'tis passing well;—then, Winnifrede,
Once more thou art an honest woman. Frank,
Thou hast a jewel, love her; she'll deserve it.
And when to Waltham?

Frank. She is making ready:
Her uncle stays for her.

Sir Ar. Most provident speed.

Frank, I will be thy friend, and such a friend!—
Thou wilt bring her thither?

Frank. Sir, I cannot; newly
My father sent me word I should come to him.

Sir Ar. Marry, and do; I know thou hast a wit
To handle him.

Frank. I have a suit to you.

Sir Ar. What is it?

Any thing, Frank; command it.

Frank. That you'll please
By letters to assure my father that
I am not married.

Sir Ar. How?

Frank. Some one or other

Hath certainly inform'd him, that I purposed
 To marry Winnifrede; on which he threaten'd
 To disinherit me :—to prevent it,
 Lowly I crave your letters, which he seeing
 Will credit; and I hope, ere I return,
 On such conditions as I'll frame, his lands
 Shall be assured.

Sir Ar. But **what** is there to quit
 My knowledge **of** the marriage?

Frank. Why **you** were not
 A witness to it.

Sir Ar. I conceive; and then—
 His land confirm'd, thou wilt acquaint him **tho-**
 roughly
 With all that's past.

Frank. I mean no less.

Sir Ar. Provided
 I never was made privy to 't.

Frank. Alas, sir,
 Am I a talker?

Sir Ar. Draw thyself the letter,
 I'll put my hand to 't. I commend thy policy,
 Thou 'rt witty, witty, Frank; nay, nay, 't is fit:
 Despatch it.

Frank. I shall write effectually. [Exit.

Sir Ar. Go thy way, cuckoo!—have I caught the
 young man?
 One trouble then is freed. He that will feast
 At other's cost, must be a bold-faced guest.—

Enter WINNIFREDE in a riding-suit.

Win, I have heard the news, all now is safe;
 The worst is past; thy lip, wench!—[*Kisses her.*]—I
 must bid

Farewell, for fashion's sake; but I will visit thee
 Suddenly, girl. This was cleanly carried;
Ha! was't not, Win? But come, wench, tell me, when
 Wilt thou appoint a meeting?

Win. What to do?

Sir Ar. Good, good! to con the lesson of our loves,
Our secret game.

Win. Oh, blush to speak it further.
As you are a noble gentleman, forget
A sin so monstrous; 't is not gently done,
To open a cured wound: I know you speak
For trial; 'troth, you need not. . .

Sir Ar. I for trial?
Not I, by this good sunshine!

Win. Can you name
That syllable of good, and yet not tremble
To think to what a foul and black intent
You use it for an oath? Let me resolve you:¹
If you appear in any visitation,
That brings not with it pity for the wrongs
Done to abused Thorney, my kind husband;
If you infect mine ear with any breath
That is not thoroughly perfumed with sighs
For former deeds; may I be curs'd e'en in
My prayers, when I vouchsafe to see or hear you.

Sir Ar. Wilt thou turn monster now? art not
asham'd
After so many months to be honest at last?
Away, away! fie on't!

Win. My resolution
Is built upon a rock. This very day
Young Thorney vow'd, with oaths not to be doubted,
That never any change of love should cancel
The bonds, in which we are to either bound,
Of lasting truth: and shall I then for my part
Unfile the sacred oath set on record
In Heaven's book? Sir Arthur, do not study
To add to your lascivious lust the sin
Of sacrilege; for if you but endeavour
By any unchaste word to tempt my constancy,
You strive as much as in you lies to ruin
A temple hallow'd to the purity

Of holy marriage. I have said enough ;
You may believe me.

Sir Ar. Get you to your nunnery,
There freeze in your [c]old cloister : this is fine !

Win. Good angels guide me ! Sir, you 'll give me
leave

To weep and pray for your conversion ?

Sir Ar. Yes ;

Away to Waltham. Out upon your honesty !

Had you no ~~other~~ trick to fool me ? well,

You may want money yet.

Win. None that I 'll send for
To you, for hire of a damnation.

When I am gone, think on my just complaint ;
I was your devil ; oh, be you my saint ! [Exit.]

Sir Ar. Go thy ways ; as changeable a baggage
As ever cozen'd knight ; I 'm glad I am rid of her.
Honest ! marry, hang her ! Thorney is my debtor ;
I thought to have paid him too ; but fools have for-
tune. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

Edmonton.—A Room in CARTER'S House.

Enter Old THORNEY and CARTER.

Thor. You offer, master Carter, like a gentleman ;
I cannot find fault with it, 't is so fair.

Car. No gentleman I, master Thorney ; spare the
mastership, call me by my name, John Carter.—
Master is a title neither my father, nor his before him,
were acquainted with ; honest Hertfordshire yeomen ;
such a one am I ; my word and my deed shall be
proved one at all times. I mean to give you no
security for the marriage-money.

Thor. How ! no security ? although it need not so
long as you live ; yet who is he has surety of his life
one hour ? Men, the proverb says, are mortal ; else,
for my part, I distrust you not, were the sum double.

Car. Double, treble, more or less, I tell you, master Thorney, I'll give no security. Bonds and bills are but terriers to catch fools, and keep lazy knaves busy; my security shall be present payment. And we here, about Edmonton, hold present payment as sure as an alderman's bond in London, master Thorney.

Thor. I cry you mercy, sir; I understood you not.

Car. I like young Frank well, ~~as~~ does my Susan too; the girl has a fancy to him, which makes me ready in my purse. There be other suitors within, ~~that~~ make much noise to little purpose. If Frank love Sue, Sue shall have none but Frank: 't is a mannerly girl, master Thorney, though but a homely man's daughter: there have worse faces looked out of black bags, man.

Thor. You speak your mind freely and honestly. I marvel my son comes not; I am sure he will be here some time to-day.

Car. To-day or to-morrow, when he comes he shall be welcome to bread, beer, and beef, yeoman's fare; we have no kickshaws: full dishes, whole bellyfuls. Should I diet three days at one of the slender city-suppers, you might send me to Barber-Surgeon's hall the fourth day, to hang up for an anatomy.—Here come they that—

Enter WARBECK with SUSAN, SOMERTON with KATHERINE.

How now, girls! every day play-day with you? Valentine's day, too, all by couples? Thus will young folks do when we are laid in our graves, master Thorney: here's all the care they take. And how do you find the wenches, gentlemen? Win 'em and wear 'em; they shall choose for themselves by my consent.

War. You speak like a kind father. Sue, thou hear'st

The liberty that's granted thee ; what sayest thou ?

Wilt thou be mine ?

Sus. Your what, sir ? I dare swear
Never your wife.

War. Canst thou be so unkind,
Considering how dearly I affect thee,
Nay, dote on thy perfections ?

Sus. You are studied,
Too scholar-like, in words I understand not.
I am too coarse for such a gallant's love
As you are.

War. By the honour of gentility—

Sus. Good sir, no swearing ; yea and nay with us
Prevail above all oaths you can invent.

War. By this white hand of thine—

Sus. Take a false oath !
Fy, fy ! flatter the wise ; fools not regard it,
And one of these am I.

War. Dost thou despise me ?

Car. Let them talk on, master Thorney ; I know
Sue's mind. The fly may buzz about the candle, he
shall but singe his wings when all's done : Frank,
Frank is he has her heart.

Som. But shall I live in hope, Kate ?

Kath. Better so,
Than be a desperate man.

Som. Perhaps thou think'st it is thy portion
I level at : wert thou as poor in fortunes
As thou art rich in goodness, I would rather
Be suitor for the dower of thy virtues,
Than twice thy father's whole estate ; and, prithee,
Be thou resolv'd so.

Kath. Master Somerton,
It is an easy labour to deceive
A maid that will believe men's subtle promises ;
Yet I conceive of you as worthily
As I presume you to deserve.

Som. Which is,

~~As~~ worthily in loving thee sincerely,
~~As~~ thou art worthy to be so beloved.

Kath. I shall find time to try you.

Som. Do, Kate, do;

And when I fail, may all my joys forsake me!

Car. Warbeck and Sue are at it still. I laugh to myself, master ~~Thorney~~, to see how earnestly he beats the bush, while the bird is flown into another's bosom. A very unthrift, master ~~Thorney~~; one of the country's roaring-lads: we have such as well as

1. The reader who casts his eye over a preceding note, p. 113, and also the following passages, extracted from others of our old dramas, and Warbeck, much to his credit, to be but a very tame specimen of the roaring-boy.

Timothy. What
 Are these two? Gentlemen?

Plotwell. You see they wear
 Their heraldry.

Timothy. But I mean, can they roar,
 Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their mistress?

The City Match.

Timothy. You are a captain, sir?

Quartfield. I have seen service, sir.

Timothy. Captain, I love
 Men of the sword and buff; and if need were,
 I can roar too; and hope to swear in time,
 Do you see, captain.

The same.

Banausus. O, I have thought on't: I will straightway build
 A freeschool here in London; a freeschool
 For th' education of young gentlemen,
 To study how to drink and take tobacco;
 To swear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel.

The Muse's Looking-glass.

Barnacle. Mistake not,
 I do not all this while account you in
 The list of those are called the blades, that roar
 In brothels, and break windows; fright the streets
 At midnight, worse than constables; and sometimes
 Set upon innocent bellmen, to beget
 Discourse for a week's diet; that swear dammés,
 To pay their debts; and march like walking armories,
 With poniard, pistol, rapier, and baton,
 As they would murder all the king's liege people,
 And blow down streets.

The Gamester.

Compared with these heroes, Warbeck is more insipid than even Snore the Constable's roarer:

Truly a very civil gentleman;
 'Las, he hath only roar'd, and sworn, and curs'd
 Since he was taken.

The Wits.

the city. Sue knows the rascal to a hair's-breadth, and will fit him accordingly.

Thor. What is the other gentleman?

Car. One Somerton; the honestest man of the two, by five pound in every stone-weight. A civil fellow; he has a fine convenient estate of land in Westham, by Essex: master Ranges, that dwells by Enfield, sent him hither. He likes Kate well; I may tell you, I think she likes him as well: if they agree, I'll not hinder the match for my part. But that Warbeck is such another—I use him kindly, for master Somerton's sake; for he came hither first as a companion of his: honest men, master Thorne may fall into knaves' company now and then.

War. Three hundred a-year jointure, Sue.

Sus. Where lies it!

By sea or land? I think by sea.

War. Do I look like a captain?

Sus. Not a whit, sir.

Should all that use the seas be reckon'd captains,
There's not a ship should have a scullion in her
To keep her clean.

War. Do you scorn me, mistress Susan?
Am I a subject to be jeer'd at?

Enter FRANK.

Car. Master Francis Thorney, you are welcome indeed; your father expected your coming. How does the right worshipful knight, Sir Arthur Clarington, your master?

Frank. In health this morning. Sir, my duty.

Thor. Now

You come as I could wish.

War. Frank Thorney? ha!

[*Aside.*

Sus. You must excuse me.

Frank. Virtuous mistress Susan.

Kind mistress Katherine.—[*Kisses them.*]—Gentlemen, to both

Good time o' th' day.

Som. The like to you.

War. 'T is he :

A word, friend.—[*Aside to Som.*].—On my life, this is
the man

Stands fair in crossing Susan's love to me.

Som. I think no less ; be wise and take no notice
on 't ;

He that can win her, best deserves her.

War. Marry

A serving-man ? mew !

Som. Prithee, friend, no more.

Car. Gentlemen all, there 's within a slight dinner
ready, if you please to taste of it. Master Thorney,
master Francis, master Somerton !—Why, girls !
what, huswives ! will you spend all your forenoon in
tittle-tattles ? away ; it 's well, i'faith. Will you go
in, gentlemen ?

Thor. We 'll follow presently ; my son and I
Have a few words of business.

Car. At your pleasure.

[*Exeunt all but THORNEY and FRANK.*]

Thor. I think you guess the reason, Frank, for
which

I sent for you.

Frank. Yes, sir.

Thor. I need not tell you
With what a labyrinth of dangers daily
The best part of my whole estate 's encumber'd ;
Nor have I any clew to wind it out,
But what occasion proffers me ; wherein,
If you should falter, I shall have the shame,
And you the loss. On these two points rely
Our happiness or ruin. If you marry
With wealthy Carter's daughter, there 's a portion
Will free my land ; all which I will instate,
Upon the marriage, to you : otherwise
I must be of necessity enforced
To make a present sale of all ; and yet,
For aught I know, live in as poor distress,

Or worse, than now I do ; you hear the sum :
I told you thus before ; have you consider'd
on't ?

Frank. I have, sir ; and however I could wish
To enjoy the benefit of single freedom,
For that I find no disposition in me
To undergo the burden of that care
That marriage brings with it ; yet to secure
And settle the continuance of your credit,
I humbly yield to be directed by you
In all commands.

Thor. You have already used
Such thriving protestations to the maid,
That she is wholly yours ; and—speak the truth,—
You love her, do you not ?

Frank. 'T were pity, sir,
I should deceive her.

Thor. Better you had been unborn.
But is your love so steady, that you mean,
Nay, more, desire, to make her your wife ?

Frank. Else, sir,
It were a wrong not to be righted.

Thor. True,
It were : and you will marry her ?

Frank. Heaven prosper it,
I do intend it.

Thor. Oh, thou art a villain !
A devil like a man ! Wherein have I
Offended all the powers so much, to be
Father to such a graceless, godless son ?

Frank. To me, sir, this ! Oh, my cleft heart !

Thor. To thee,
Son of my curse. Speak truth, and blush, thou
monster !

Hast thou not married Winnifrede, a maid
Was fellow-servant with thee ?

Frank. Some swift spirit
Has blown this news abroad ; I must outface it.

[*Aside.*

Thor. Do you study for excuse? why all the country
Is full on 't.

Frank. With your license, 't is not charitable,
I 'm sure it is not fatherly, so much
To be o'ersway'd with credulous conceit
Of mere impossibilities; but fathers
Are privileged to think and talk at pleasure.

Thor. Why, canst thou yet deny thou hast no wife?

Frank. What do you take me for? an atheist?
One that nor hopes the blessedness of life
Hereafter, neither fears the vengeance due
To such as make the marriage-bed an inn?
Am I become so insensible of losing
The glory of creation's work, my soul?
Oh, I have lived too long!

Thor. Thou hast, dissembler.
Durst thou perséver yet, and pull down wrath
As hot as flames of hell, to strike thee quick
Into the grave of horror? I believe thee not;
Get from my sight!

Frank. Sir, though mine innocence
Needs not a stronger witness than the clearness
Of an unperish'd conscience; yet for that
I was inform'd, how mainly you had been
Possess'd of this untruth,—to quit all scruple,
Please you peruse this letter; 't is to you.

Thor. From whom?

Frank. Sir Arthur Clarington, my master.

Thor. Well, sir.

[*Reads.*

Frank. On every side I am distracted;
Am waded deeper into mischief
Than virtue can avoid; but on I must:
Fate leads me; I will follow.¹—[*Aside.*]—There you
read
What may confirm you.

¹ ————— on I must:

Fate leads me; I will follow.] With the usual inconsistency of

Thor. Yes, and wonder at it.
 Forgive me, Frank ; credulity abus'd me.
 My tears express my joy ; and I am sorry
 I injured innocence.

Frank. Alas ! I knew
 Your rage and grief-proceeded from your love
 To me ; so I conceiv'd it.

Thor. My good son,
 I'll bear with many faults in thee hereafter ;
 Bear thou with mine.

Frank. The peace is soon concluded.

Re-enter Old CARTER and SUSAN.

Car. Why, master Thorney, do you mean to talk
 out your dinner ? the company attends your coming.
 What must it be, master Frank, or son Frank ? I
 am plain Dunstable.¹

Thor. Son, brother, if your daughter like to have
 it so.

Frank. I dare be confident, she is not alter'd
 From what I left her at our parting last :—
 Are you, fair maid ?

Sus. You took too sure possession
 Of an engaged heart.

Frank. Which now I challenge.

Car. Marry, and much good may it do thee, son.
 Take her to thee : and when 's the day ?

Thor. To-morrow, if you please. To use ceremony
 Of charge and custom were to little purpose ;
 Their loves are married fast enough already.

those who seek to smother their conscience by plunging deeper into
 guilt, Frank observes, just below, that the fate which *here* "leads him
 on," *pursues him* !—GIFFORD.

¹ *I am plain Dunstable,*] i. e. blunt and honest. The proverb is of
 very ancient date, and is not even yet quite worn out ; only, as Sir
 Hugh says, *the phrase is a little variations* : for, with the usual propen-
 sity of our countrymen to assist the memory by alliteration, a man like
 Carter is now downright *Dunstable*.—GIFFORD. "As plain as *Dunsta-*
ble road" occurs among the Proverbs of Bedfordshire, given by Fuller
 in his *Worthies* ; and hence, no doubt, the application of the phrase to
 plain and honest people.

Car. A good motion. We'll e'en have a household dinner, and let the fiddlers go scrape; let the bride and bridegroom dance at night together: no matter for the guests:—to-morrow, Sue, to-morrow. Shall 's to dinner now?

Thor. We are on all sides pleased, I hope.

Sus. Pray Heaven I may deserve the blessing sent me!

Now my heart's settled.

Frank. So is mine.

Car. Your marriage-money shall be received before your wedding shoes can be pulled on. Blessings on you both!

Frank. [*Aside.*] No man can hide his shame from Heaven that views him:
In vain he flees whose destiny pursues him.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Fields near Edmonton.

Enter ELIZABETH SAWYER, gathering sticks.

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world

Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?

'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,

And like a bow buckled and bent together,

By some more strong in mischiefs than myself,

Must I for that be made a common sink,

For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues

To fall and run into? Some call me witch,

And being ignorant of myself, they go

About to teach me how to be one; urging,

What my bad tongue (by their bad usage made. so)

¹Thus far the hand of Ford is visible in every line. Of the act which follows, much may be set down, without hesitation, to the credit of Decker.—GIRFORD.

Forespeaks their cattle,¹ doth bewitch their corn,
 Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse.
 This they enforce upon me; and in part
 Make me to credit it; and here comes one
 Of my chief adversaries.

Enter Old BANKS.

Banks. Out, out upon thee, witch!

Saw. Dost call me witch?

Banks. I do, witch, I do; and worse I would,
 knew I a name more hateful. What makest thou
 upon my ground?

Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly;
 I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

Saw. You won't, churl, cut-throat miser!—there
 they be;—[*Throws them down.*—would they stuck
 cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff.

Banks. Say'st thou me so, hag? Out of my
 ground! [*Beats her.*

Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon! Now
 thy bones ache, thy joints be cramped, and convul-
 sions stretch and crack thy sinews!

Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that.

[*Beats her and exit.*

Saw. Strike, do!—and wither'd may that hand
 and arm

Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten
 trunk!

Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!

What is the name? where, and by what art learn'd,
 What spells, what charms or invocations,
 May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?

Enter CUDDY BANKS, and several other Clowns.

Cud. A new head for the tabor, and silver tipping

¹ *Forespeaks their cattle.*] A very common term for *bewitch*. In Bur-
 ton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," the two words are used together, as near-
 ly synonymous. "They are in despaire, surely *forespoken* or *bewitched*."

for the pipe; remember that: and forget not five leash of new bells.

1 *Cl.* Double bells;—Crooked-Lane—you shall have 'em strait in Crooked-Lane:—double bells all, if it be possible.

Cud. Double bells? double coxcombs! trebles, buy me trebles, all trebles; for our purpose is to be in the altitudes.

2 *Cl.* All trebles? not a mean?

Cud. Not one. The morris is so cast, we'll have neither mean nor base in our company, fellow Rowland.

3 *Cl.* What! nor a counter?

Cud. By no means, no hunting counter; leave that to the Enfield Chase men: all trebles, all in the altitudes. Now for the disposing of parts in the¹ morris, little or no labour will serve.

¹ When the sports of our ancestors were rude and few, morris-dancers formed a very favourite part of their merry meetings. They were first undoubtedly a company of people that represented the military dances of the Moors (once the most lively and refined people in Europe), in their proper habits and arms, and must have been sufficiently amusing to an untravelled nation like the English; but, by degrees, they seem to have adopted into their body all the prominent characters of the other rustic May-games and sports, which were now probably declining, and to have become the most anomalous collection of performers that ever appeared at once upon the stage of the world. Besides the hobby-horse, there were the fool (not the driveller, as Tollet supposes, but the buffoon of the party), May, or Maid, Marian, and her paramour a friar, a serving-man, a piper, and two Moriscoes. These, with their bells, rings, streamers, &c. all in motion at one time, must have, as Rabelais says, made a *tintamarre de diable*! Their dress is prettily described by Fletcher:

Soto. Do you know what sports are in season?

Silvio. I hear there are some afoot.

Soto. Where are your bells then,

Your rings, your ribands, friend, and your clean napkins;

Your nosegay in your hat, pinn'd up? &c.—*Women Pleased.*

When the right good-will with which these worthy persons capered is taken into consideration, the clean napkin, which was never omitted, will not appear the least necessary part of the apparatus. Thus Clod, in the mask of Gipsies, observes, "They should be morris-dancers by their jingle, but they have no napkins."

The hobby-horse, who once performed the principal character in the dance, and whose banishment from it is lamented with such ludicrous pathos by our old dramatists, was a light frame of wickerwork, fur-

2 Cl. If you that be minded to follow your leader, know me (an ancient honour belonging to our house), for a fore-horse i' the team, and fore-gallant in a morris, my father's stable is not unfurnish'd.

3 Cl. So much for the fore-horse; but how for a good hobby-horse?

Cud. For a hobby-horse? let me see an almanac. Midsummer-moon, let me see you. "When the moon's in the full, then wit's in the wane." No more. Use your best skill; your morris will suffer an eclipse.

1 Cl. An eclipse?

Cud. A strange one.

2 Cl. Strange?

Cud. Yes, and most sudden. Remember the fore-gallant, and forget the hobby-horse! the whole body of your morris will be darkened.—There be of us—but 't is no matter:—forget the hobby-horse!

1 Cl. Cuddy Banks!—have you forgot since he paced it from Enfield Chase to Edmonton?—Cuddy, honest Cuddy, cast thy stuff.¹

Cud. Suffer may ye all! it shall be known, I can take my ease as well as another man. Seek your hobby-horse where you can get him.

1 Cl. Cuddy, honest Cuddy, we confess, and are sorry for, our neglect.

2 Cl. The old horse shall have a new bridle.

3 Cl. The caparisons new painted.

nished with a pasteboard head and neck of a horse. This was buckled round the waist, and covered with a footcloth which reached to the ground, and concealed at once the legs of the performer and his juggling apparatus. Thus equipped, he pranced and curvetted in all directions (probably to keep the ring clear), neighing, and exhibiting specimens of boisterous and burlesque horsemanship.—GIFFORD

¹ *Cast thy stuff.*] The context might lead us to suppose that the author's word was *snuff*, did not Cuddy subsequently advert to it. Cuddy's *anger* arises from the unlucky question asked by 3d Clown, "How shall we do for a good hobby-horse?"—as he apparently expected, from his former celebrity in that respectable character, to have been appointed by acclamation.—GIFFORD. But, query;—Is not the word *cast* used here in its old sense of to *cast up*; and *stuff* meant for that troublesome "stuff which weighs about the heart?"

4 Cl. The tail repaired.

1 Cl. The snaffle and the bosses new saffroned over. Kind,—

2 Cl. Honest,—

3 Cl. Loving, ingenious,—

4 Cl. Affable, Cuddy.

Cud. 'To show I am not flint, but affable as you say, very well stuffed, a kind of warm dough or puff-paste, I relent, I connive, most affable Jack. Let the hobby-horse provide a strong back, he shall not want a belly when I am in him—but—[*seeing the witch.*—]—uds me, mother Sawyer!

1 Cl. The old witch of Edmonton!—if our mirth be not cross'd—

2 Cl. Bless us, Cuddy, and let her curse her t' other eye out. What dost now?

Cud. "Ungirt, unblest," says the proverb; but my girdle shall serve for a riding knot; and a fig for all the witches in Christendom! What wouldst thou?

1 Cl. The devil cannot abide to be crossed.

2 Cl. And scorns to come at any man's whistle.

3 Cl. Away—

4 Cl. With the witch!

All. Away with the witch of Edmonton!

[*Exeunt in strange postures.*]

Saw. Still vex'd! still tortured! that curmudgeon
Banks

Is ground of all my scandal; I am shunn'd

And hated like a sickness; made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old
beldams

Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,

Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what

That have appear'd, and suck'd, some say, their
blood;

But by what means they came acquainted with
them,

I am now ignorant. Would some power, good or
bad,

Instruct me which way I might be revenged
 Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,
 And give this fury leave to dwell within
 This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age!
 Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,
 And study curses, imprecations,
 Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
 Or any thing that's ill; so I might work
 Revenge upon this miser, this black cur
 That barks and bites, and sucks the very blood
 Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one,
 To be a witch, as to be counted one:
 Vengeance, shame, ruin light upon that canker!

*Enter a BLACK DOG.*¹

Dog. Ho! have I found thee cursing? now thou
 art

Mine own.

Saw. Thine! what art thou?

Dog. He thou hast so often
 Importuned to appear to thee, the Devil.

Saw. Bless me! the Devil?

Dog. Come, do not fear: I love thee much too well

¹ *Enter a Black Dog.*] "A great matter," Dr. Hutchinson says, "had been made at the time of the said commission (1697) of a *black dog*, that frequently appeared to Somers, and persuaded him to say he had dissembled; and when they asked him why he said he counterfeited? he said, *A dog, a dog!*—and as odd things will fall in with such stones, it happened that there was a *black dog* in the chamber, that belonged to one Clark, a spurrier. Some of the commissioners spying him, thought they saw the Devil! one thought his eyes glared like fire! and much speech was afterward made of it," p. 260. This was under Elizabeth, whose reign, if we may trust the competent authorities, was far more infested with witches than that of James I., when the *Black Dog* again made his appearance among the Lancashire witches. The audiences of those days, therefore, were well prepared for his reception, and probably viewed him with a sufficient degree of fearful credulity to create an interest in his feats. But there is "nothing new under the sun." The whole machinery of witchcraft was as well known to Lucan as to us; and the *black dogs* of Mother Sawyer and Mother Demdike had their origin in the *infernæ canes* of the Greek and Latin poets, and descended, in regular succession, through all the demonology of the dark ages, to the times of the Revolution, when they quietly disappeared with the sorcerers, their employers.—GIFFORD.

To hurt or fright thee ; if I seem terrible
It is to such as hate me. I have found
Thy love unfeign'd ; have seen and pitied
Thy open wrongs, and come, out of my love,
To give thee just revenge against thy foes.

Saw. May I believe thee ?

Dog. To confirm 't, command me ;
Do any mischief unto man or beast,
And I'll effect it, on condition
That, uncompell'd, thou make a deed of gift
Of soul and body to me.

Saw. Out, alas !
My soul and body ?

Dog. And that instantly,
And seal it with thy blood ; if thou deniest,
I'll tear thy body in a thousand pieces.

Saw. I know not where to seek relief : but shall I,
After such covenants seal'd, see full revenge
On all that wrong me ?

Dog. Ha, ha ! silly woman !
The Devil is no liar to such as he loves—
Didst ever know or hear the Devil a liar
To such as he affects ?

Saw. Then I am thine ; at least so much of me
As I can call mine own—

Dog. Equivocations ?
Art mine or no ? speak or I'll tear—

Saw. All thine.

Dog. Seal 't with thy blood. [*She pricks her
arm which he sucks.—Thunder and lightning.*]
See ! now I dare call thee mine !
For proof, command me ; instantly I'll run
To any mischief ; goodness can I none.

Saw. And I desire as little. There's an old
churl,
One Banks—

Dog. That wrong'd thee : he lamed thee, call'd
thee witch.

Saw. The same ; first upon him I'd be revenged.

Dog. Thou shalt; do but name how?

Saw. Go, touch his life.

Dog. I cannot.

Saw. Hast thou not vow'd? Go, kill the slave!

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll cancel then my gift.

Dog. Ha, ha!

Saw. Dost laugh!

Why wilt not kill him?

Dog. Fool, because I cannot.

Though we have power, know, it is circumscribed,
And tied in limits; though he be curst to thee,¹
Yet of himself, he is loving to the world,
And charitable to the poor; now men, that,
As he, love goodness, though in smallest measure,
Live without compass of our reach: his cattle
And corn I'll kill and mildew; but his life
(Until I take him, as I late found thee,
Cursing and swearing) I have no power to touch.

Saw. Work on his corn and cattle then.

Dog. I shall.

The WITCH OF EDMONTON shall see his fall;
If she at least put credit in my power,
And in mine only; make orisons to me,
And none but me.

Saw. Say how, and in what manner.

Dog. I'll tell thee: when thou wishest ill,
Corn, man, or beast wouldst spoil or kill;
Turn thy back against the sun,
And mumble this short orison:
*If thou to death or shame pursue em,
Sanctibicetur² nomen tuum.*

¹ ———— *though he be curst to thee,*] i. e. cross, splenetic, abusive.—GIFFORD. "His elder sister is so *curst* and shrewd, that" &c.—*Tam. Shr.* i. 1. "They (i. e. bears) are never *curst* (i. e. savage) but when they are hungry."—*Wint. Tale*, iii. 3.

² A few of our readers may require to be told that these Latin words (with a slight change which is introduced on purpose) form the second member of the Lord's Prayer. Instead of the Latin word corresponding to "hallowed," the witch is made to use one which implies the very reverse.

Saw. *If thou to death or shame pursue 'em,
Sanctibicetur nomen tuum.*

Dog. Perfect: farewell! Our first-made promises

We 'll put in execution against Banks. [Exit.

Saw. *Contaminetur nomen tuum.* I'm an expert scholar;¹

Speak Latin, or I know not well what language,
As well as the best of 'em—but who comes here?

Re-enter CUDDY BANKS.

The son of my worst foe.

*To death pursue 'em,
And sanctabacetur nomen tuum.*

Cud. What's that she mumbles? the Devil's pater-noster? would it were else!—Mother Sawyer, good-morrow.

Saw. Ill-morrow to thee, and all the world that flout
A poor old woman.

*To death pursue 'em,
Et sanctabacetur nomen tuum.*

Cud. Nay, good gammer Sawyer, whate'er it
pleases my father to call you, I know you are—

Saw. A witch.

Cud. A witch? would you were else, i'faith!

Saw. Your father knows I am, by this.

Cud. I would he did!

Saw. And so in time may you.

Cud. I would I might else! But, 'witch or no
witch, you are a motherly woman; and though my
father be a kind of God-bless-us, as they say, I have
an earnest suit to you; and if you'll be so kind to
ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to kob you
another.²

¹ *Contaminetur, &c. I'm an expert scholar.*] Pretty well for a beginner. This jargon is put into the mouths of the speakers for the laudable purpose of avoiding all profanation of the sacred text.—GIFFORD.

² *If you'll be so kind to ka me one good turn, I'll be so courteous to kob you another*! "Ka me, ka thee" (i. e. claw me and I'll claw you)

Saw. What's that? to spurn, beat me, and call me witch,
As your kind father doth?

Cud. My father! I am ashamed to own him. If he has hurt the head of thy credit, there's money to buy thee a plaster;—[*gives her money.*—]—and a small courtesy I would require at thy hands.

Saw. You seem a good young man, and—I must dissemble,
The better to accomplish my revenge. [*Aside.*
But—for this silver, what wouldst have me do?
Bewitch thee?

Cud. No, by no means; I am bewitch'd already: I would have thee so good as to unwitch me, or witch another with me for company.

Saw. I understand thee not; be plain, my son.

Cud. As a pike-staff, mother. You know Kate Carter?

Saw. The wealthy yeoman's daughter? what of her?

Cud. That same party has bewitch'd me.

Saw. Bewitch'd thee?

Cud. Bewitch'd me, *hisce auribus*. I saw a little devil fly out of her eye like a butt-bolt,¹ which sticks at this hour up to the feathers in my heart. Now, my request is, to send one of thy what-d'-ye-call-ems, either to pluck that out, or stick another as fast in hers: do, and here's my hand, I am thine for three lives.

Saw. We shall have sport.—[*Aside.*—]Thou art in love with her?

Cud. Up to the very hilts, mother.

Saw. And thou wouldst have me make her love thee too?

was the old proverb, before it fell into the hands of Cuddy, who is so desperately witty that he can let no plain expression alone.—GIFFORD.

¹ —————like a butt-bolt.] The strong unbarbed arrow used by the citizens in "shooting at the butt."—GIFFORD.

Cud. I think she'll prove a witch in earnest.—
[*Aside.*—Yes, I could find in my heart to strike her three-quarters deep in love with me too.

Saw. But dost thou think that I can do't, and I alone?

Cud. Truly, mother witch, I do verily believe so; and, when I see it done, I shall be half-persuaded so too.

Saw. It is enough; what art can do, be sure of. Turn to the west, and whatsoe'er thou hear'st Or seest, stand silent, and be not afraid.

[*She stamps on the ground: the Dog appears, and fawns, and leaps upon her.*

Cud. Afraid, mother witch!—"turn my face to the west!" I said I should always have a back-friend of her; and now' it's out. An her little devil should be hungry,—'T is woundy cold sure—I dudder and shake like an aspen leaf every joint of me.

Saw. *To scandal and disgrace pursue 'em,
Et sanctabicitur nomen tuum.* [Exit Dog.

How now, my son, how is't?

Cud. Scarce in a clean life, mother witch.—But did your goblin and you spout Latin together?

Saw. A kind of charm I work by; didst thou hear me?

Cud. I heard I know not the devil what mumble in a scurvy base tone, like a drum that had taken cold in the head the last muster. Very comfortable words; what were they? and who taught them you?

Saw. A great learned man.

Cud. Learned man! learned devil it was as soon! But what? what comfortable news about the party?

Saw. Who? Kate Carter? I'll tell thee. Thou know'st the stile at the west end of thy father's pease-field; be there to-morrow night after sunset; and the first live thing thou seest be sure to follow, and that shall bring thee to thy love.

Cud. In the pease-field? has she a mind to codlings already?¹ The first living thing I meet, you say, shall bring me to her?

Saw. To a sight of her, I mean. She will seem wantonly coy, and flee thee; but follow her close and boldly: do but embrace her in thy arms once, and she is thine own.

Cud. "At the stile, at the west end of my father's pease-land, the first live thing I see, follow and embrace her, and she shall be thine." Nay, an I come to embracing once, she shall be mine; I'll go near to make a taglet else. [Exit.

Saw. A ball well bandied! now the set's half-won;
The father's wrong I'll wreak upon the son. [Exit.

SCENE II.

CARTER'S House.

Enter CARTER, WARBECK, and SOMERTON.

Car. How now, gentlemen! cloudy? I know, master Warbeck, you are in a fog about my daughter's marriage.

War. And can you blame me, sir?

Car. Nor you me justly. Wedding and hanging are tied up both in a proverb; and destiny is the juggler that unties the knot: my hope is, you are reserved to a richer fortune than my poor daughter.

War. However, your promise—

Car. Is a kind of debt, I confess it.

War. Which honest men should pay.

Car. Yet some gentlemen break in that point, now and then, by your leave, sir.

¹ Codlings.] By *codlings* are meant young *pease*; so common was the word in this sense, that the women who gathered *pease* for the London markets were called *coddlers*; a name which they still retain.—GIFFORD.

Som. I confess thou hast had a little wrong in the wench; but patience is the only salve to cure it. Since Thorney has won the wench, he has most reason to wear her.

War. Love in this kind admits no reason to wear her.

Car. Then Love 's a fool, and what wise man will take exception?

Som. Come, frolic, Ned! were every man master of his own fortune, Fate might pick straws, and Destiny go a wool-gathering.

War. You hold yours in a string though: 't is well; but if there be any equity, look thou to meet the like usage ere long.

Som. In my love to her sister Katherine? Indeed, they are a pair of arrows drawn out of one quiver, and should fly at an even length; if she do run after her sister,—

War. Look for the same mercy at my hands, as I have received at thine.

Som. She'll keep a surer compass;¹ I have too strong a confidence to mistrust her.

Enter FRANK THORNEY and SUSAN.

But see, the bridegroom and bride come;
Good-morrow, master bridegroom.

War. Come, give thee joy: mayst thou live long
and happy
In thy fair choice!

Frank. I thank ye, gentlemen; kind master Warbeck,
I find you loving.

War. Thorney, that creature,—(much good do thee with her!)
Virtue and beauty hold fair mixture in her;
She's rich, no doubt, in both; yet were she fairer,
Thou art right worthy of her: love her, Thorney,

¹ *She'll keep a surer compass.*] The metaphor is still from archery. Arrows shot compass-wise, that is, with a certain elevation, were generally considered as going more steadily to the mark.—GURROAN.

'T is nobleness in thee, in her but duty.
The match is fair and equal, the success
I leave to censure ;¹ farewell, mistress bride ! [*Exit.*

Som. Good master Thorney—

Car. Nay, you shall not part till you see the barrels run a-tilt, gentlemen. [*Exit with SOMERTON.*

Sus. Why change you your face, sweetheart ?

Frank. Who, I ? for nothing.

Sus. Dear, say not so ; a spirit of your constancy

Cannot endure this change for nothing.

I have observ'd strange variations in you.

Frank. In me ?

Sus. In you, sir.

Awake, you seem to dream, and in your sleep

You utter sudden and distracted accents,

Like one at enmity with peace.

Dear loving husband, if I

May dare to challenge any interest in you,

Give me the reason fully ; you may trust

My breast as safely as your own.

Frank. With what ?

You half-amaze me ; prithee—

Sus. Come, you shall not,

Indeed you shall not shut me from partaking

The least dislike that grieves you ; I am all yours.

Frank. And I all thine.

Sus. You are not, if you keep

The least grief from me ; but I find the cause,

It grew from me.

Frank. From you ?

Sus. From some distaste

In me or my behaviour ; you are not kind

In the concealment. 'Las, sir, I am young,

Silly, and plain : more, strange to those contents

A wife should offer : say but in what I fail,

I'll study satisfaction.

¹ i. e. opinion.

Frank. Come ; in nothing.

Sus. I know I do ; knew I as well in what,
You should not long be sullen. Prithee, love,
If I have been immodest or too bold,
Speak 't in a frown ; if peevishly too nice,
Show 't in smile ; thy liking is the glass
By which I 'll habit my behaviour.

Frank. Wherefore
Dost weep now ?

Sus. You, sweet, have the power
To make me passionate as an April-day ;¹
Now smile, then weep ; now pale, then crimson red :
You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb or flow into my face,
As your looks change.

Frank. Change thy conceit, I prithee ;
Thou art all perfection ; Diana herself
Swells in thy thoughts, and moderates thy beauty.
Within thy left eye amorous Cupid sits
Feathering love-shafts, whose golden heads he dipp'd
In thy chaste breast ;² in the other lies
Blushing Adonis scarf'd in modesties ;
And still as wanton Cupid blows love-fires.
Adonis quenches out unchaste desires :
And from these two I briefly do imply
A perfect emblem of thy modesty.
Then, prithee, dear, maintain no more dispute,
For where thou speak'st, it's fit all tongues be mute.

Sus. Come, come, these golden strings of flattery
Shall not tie up my speech, sir ; I must know
The ground of your disturbance.

Frank. Then look here ;
For here, here is the fen in which this hydra
Of discontent grows rank.

¹ *Passionate as an April-day,*] i. e. changeful, capricious, of many moods.—GIFFORD.

² The florid and overstrained nature of Frank's language, which is evidently assumed to disguise his real feelings, is well contrasted with the pure and affectionate simplicity of Susan.—GIFFORD.

Sus. Heaven shield it! where?

Frank. In mine own bosom, here the cause has
root:

The poison'd leeches twist about my heart,
And will, I hope, confound me.

Sus. You speak riddles.

Frank. Take 't plainly then; 't was told me by a
woman

Known and approved in palmistry,
I should have two wives.

Sus. Two wives! sir, I take it
Exceedingly likely; but let not conceit hurt you:
You are afraid to bury me!

Frank. No, no, my Winnifrede.

Sus. How say you? Winnifrede! you forget me.

Frank. No, I forget myself, Susan.

Sus. In what?

Frank. Talking of wives, I pretend Winnifrede;
A maid that at my mother's waited on me
Before thyself.

Sus. I hope, sir, she may live
To take my place; but why should all this move you?

Frank. The poor girl,—she has 't before thee,
And that's the fiend torments me. [Aside.]

Sus. Yet why should this
Raise mutiny within you? such presages
Prove often false: or say it should be true?

Frank. That I should have another wife?

Sus. Yes, many;
If they be good, the better.

Frank. Never any
Equal to thee in goodness.

Sus. Sir, I could wish I were much better for you;
Yet if I knew your fate
Ordain'd you for another, I could wish
(So well I love you and your hopeful pleasure)
Me in my grave, and my poor virtues added
To my successor.

Frank. Prithee, prithee, talk not

Of death or graves thou art so rare a goodness ;
As Death would rather put itself to death,
Than murder thee ; but we, as all things else,
Are mutable and changing.

Sus. Yet you still move
In your first sphere of discontent. Sweet, chase
Those clouds of sorrow, and shine clearly on me.

Frank. At my return I will.

Sus. Return ? ah me !
Will you then leave me ?

Frank. For a time I must :
But how ? as birds their young, or loving bees
Their hives, to fetch home richer dainties.

Sus. Leave me !
Now has my fear met its effect. You shall not,
Cost it my life, you shall not.

Frank. Why ? your reason ?

Sus. Like to the lapwing¹ have you all this while,
With your false love, deluded me ; pretending
Counterfeit senses for your discontent !
And now at last it is by chance stole from you.

Frank. What ? what by chance ?

Sus. Your preappointed meeting
Of single combat with young Warbeck.

Frank. Ha !

Sus. Even so : dissemble not ; 't is too apparent.
Then in his look, I read it :—deny it not,
I see 't apparent ; cost it my undoing,
And unto that my life, I will not leave you.

Frank. Not until when ?

Sus. Till he and you be friends.
Was this your cunning ?—and then flam me off
With an old witch, two wives, and Winnifrede !
You are not so kind indeed as I imagined.

¹ *Like to the lapwing, &c.]*

The lapwing hath a piteous, mournful cry,
And sings a sorrowful and heavy song.
But yet she's full of craft and subtlety,
And weepeth most being farthest from her young.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Phoenix and Turtle*.—GIFFORD

Frank. And you more fond by far than I expected.

It is a virtue that attends thy kind—

But of our business within :—and by this kiss,
I'll anger thee no more ; 'troth, chuck, I will not.

Sue. You shall have no just cause.

Frank. Dear Sue, I shall not.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Field.

Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the Morris-dancers.

1 Clown. Nay, Cuddy, prithee do not leave us now ; if we part all this night, we shall not meet before day.

2 Cl. I prithee, Banks, let's keep together now.

Cud. If you were wise, a word would serve ; but as you are, I must be forced to tell you again, I have a little private business, an hour's work ; it may prove but a half-hour's, as luck may serve ; and then I take horse, and along with you. Have we e'er a witch in the morris ?

1 Cl. No, no ; no woman's part but Maid Marian,¹ and the hobby-horse.

¹ Though the morris-dances were, as their name denotes, of Moorish origin, yet they were commonly adapted here to the popular English story of Robin Hood, and his love for Lord Fitzwalter's daughter, the chaste Matilda. The change of name adopted by this fair lady is thus accounted for in Heywood's play of "Robert Earl of Huntingdon's Downfall."

Next 't is agreed (if thereto she agree)
The fair *Matilda* henceforth change her name ;
And while it is the chance of Robin Hood
To live in Sherewood, a poor outlawe's life,
She by *Maid Marian's* name be only call'd.

To which she replies :—

I am contented ; read on Little John,
Henceforth let me be nam'd *Maid Marian*,

For further information the reader is referred to Archdeacon Nares's Glossary, under the word *MARIAN*.

Cud. I'll have a witch; I love a witch.

1 *Cl.* Faith, witches themselves are so common¹ now-a-days, that the counterfeit will not be regarded. They say we have three or four in Edmonton, besides mother Sawyer.

2 *Cl.* I would she would dance her part with us.

3 *Cl.* So would not I; for if she comes, the Devil and all comes along with her.

Cud. Well, I'll have a witch; I have loved a witch ever since I played at cherry-pit.² Leave me, and get my horse dress'd; give him oats; but water him not till I come. Whither do we foot it first?

2 *Cl.* To Sir Arthur Clarington's first; then whither thou wilt.

Cud. Well, I am content; but we must up to Carter's, the rich yeoman; I must be seen on hobby-horse there.

1 *Cl.* Oh, I smell him now!—I'll lay my ears Banks is in love, and that's the reason he would walk melancholy by himself.

Cud. Ha! who was that said I was in love?

1 *Cl.* Not I.

2 *Cl.* Nor I.

Cud. Go to, no more of that; when I understand what you speak, I know what you say; believe that.

1 *Cl.* Well, 't was I, I'll not deny it; I meant no hurt in't; I have seen you walk up to Carter's of Chessum: Banks, were not you there last Shrove-tide?

Cud. Yes, I was ten days together there the last Shrove-tide.

2 *Cl.* How could that be, when there are but seven days in the week?

Cud. Prithee peace! I reckon *stila nova*, as a traveller; thou understandest as a fresh-water far-

¹ See note, p. 204

² A puerile game, which consisted of pitching cherry-stones into a small hole, as is still practised with leaden counters called dumps, or with money.—*Nares's Glossary.*

mer, that never saw'st a week beyond sea. Ask any soldier that ever received his pay but in the Low Countries, and he'll tell thee there are eight¹ days in the week there, hard by. How dost thou think they rise in High Germany, Italy, and those remoter places?

3 Cl. Ay, but simply there are but seven days in the week yet.

Cud. No, simply as thou understandest. Prithee look but in the lover's almanac; when he has been but three days absent, "Oh," says he, "I have not seen my love these seven years:" there's a long cut! When he comes to her again and embraces her, "Oh," says he, "now methinks I am in heaven;" and that's a pretty step! he that can get up to heaven in ten days, need not repent his journey; you may ride a hundred days in a caroch, and be farther off than when you set forth. But I pray you, good morris-mates, now leave me. I will be with you by midnight.

1 Cl. Well, since he will be alone, we'll back again, and trouble him no more.

All. But remember, Banks.

Cud. The hobby-horse shall be remembered.

[*Exeunt all but CUDDY.*]

Well, now to my walk. I am near the place where I should meet—I know not what: say I meet a thief? I must follow him, if to the gallows; say I meet a horse, or hare, or hound? still I must follow: some slow-paced beast, I hope; yet love is full of lightness in the heaviest lovers. Ha! my guide is come.

Enter Dog.

A water-dog! I am thy first man, sculler; I go with thee; ply no other but myself. Away with the boat!

1 Ask any soldier, &c.] Thus Butler:

"The soldier does it every day,
Eight to the week, for sixpence pay."—GIFFORD.

land me but at Katherine's dock, my sweet Katherine's dock, and I'll be a fare to thee. That way? nay, which way thou wilt; thou know'st the way better than I:—fine gentle cur it is, and well brought up, I warrant him.

Enter a Spirit, vizarded. He throws off his mask, &c., and appears in the shape of KATHERINE.

Spir. Thus throw I off mine own essential horror,

And take the shape of a sweet lovely maid,
Whom this fool dotes on; we can meet his folly,
But from his virtues must be runaways.

We'll sport with him; but when we reckoning call,
We know where to receive; the witch pays for all.

[*Dog barks.*

Cud. Ay! is that the watchword? She's come.

[*Sees the Spirit.*

Well, if ever we be married, it shall be at Barking church,¹ in memory of thee; now come behind, kind cur.

And have I met thee, sweet Kate?

I will teach thee to walk so late.

Oh see, we meet in metre.—[*The Spirit retires as he advances.*—What! dost thou trip from me? Oh, that I were upon my hobby-horse, I would mount after thee so nimble! “Stay, nymph; stay, nymph,” sing'd Apollo.

Tarry and kiss me; sweet nymph, stay!

Tarry and kiss me, sweet.

We will to Chessum Street,

And then to the house stands in the highway.

Nay, by your leave, I must embrace you.

[*Exit, following the Spirit.*

¹ Barking church stood at the bottom of Seething Lane. It was destroyed in the great fire.—GIFFORD.

[*Within.*] Oh, help, help! I am drown'd, I am drown'd!

Re-enter Cuddy wet.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. This was an ill night to go a-wooing in; I'll never go to a wench in the dog-days again; yet 't is cool enough. Had you never a paw in this dog-trick? I'll throw you in at Lamehouse, in some tanner's pit or other.

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cud. How now? who 's that laughs at me? Hie to him!—[*Dog barks.*]—Peace, peace! thou didst but thy kind neither; 't was my own fault.

Dog. Take heed how thou trustest the Devil another time.

Cud. How now? who 's that speaks? I hope you have not your reading tongue about you?

Dog. Yea, I can speak.

Cud. The devil you can! you have read *Æsop's Fables* then: I have play'd one of your parts there; the dog that catch'd at the shadow in the water. Pray you, let me catechise you a little; what might one call your name, dog?

Dog. My dame calls me Tom.

Cud. Well, Tom, give me thy fist, we are friends; you shall be mine ingle:¹ I love you; but I pray you let's have no more of these ducking devices.

Dog. Not, if you love me. Dogs love where they are beloved; cherish me, and I'll do any thing for thee. I'll help thee.

Cud. Wilt thou? that promise shall cost me a brown loaf, though I steal it out of my father's cupboard: you'll eat stolen goods, Tom, will you not?

Dog. Oh, best of all! the sweetest bits those.

¹ *Ingle*, *mine ingie*, and *mingie*, words frequently used by our old writers, are terms for a favourite, a familiar friend, &c.—Who can forget the *ingle-nook* (fire-side-corner) of *Barnes's Cotter*?

Cud. One thing I would request you, ningle, as you have play'd the kravish cur with me a little, that you would mingle among our morris-dancers in the morning. You can dance?

Dog. Yes, yes, any thing; I 'll be there, but unseen to any but thyself. Gèt thee gone before; fear not my presence. I have work to-night; I serve more masters, more dames than one.

Cud. He can serve Mammon and the Devil too.

Dog. It shall concern thee, and thy love's purchase.

There's a gallant rival loves the maid,
And likely is to have her. Mark what a mischief,
Before the morris ends, shall light on him!

Cud. Oh, sweet ningle, thy neuf once again;
friends must part for a time: farewell, with this
remembrance; shalt have bread too when we meet
again. Farewell, Tom, I prithee dog me as soon as
thou canst. [Exit.

Dog. I 'll not miss thee, and be merry with thee.
Those that are joys denied, must take delight
In sins and mischiefs; 't is the Devil's right. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The Neighbourhood of Edmonton.

*Enter FRANK THORNEY, and WINNIFREDE in boy's
clothes.*

Frank. Prithee no more! those tears give nourish-
ment

To weeds and briers in me, which shortly will
O'ergrow and top my head; my shame will sit
And cover all that can be seen of me.

Win. I have not shown this cheek in company;
Pardon me now: thus singled with yourself,
It calls a thousand sorrows round about,
Some going before, and some on either side,

But infinite behind; all chain'd together :
 Your second adulterous marriage leads ;
 That is the sad eclipse, the effects must follow,
 As plagues of shame, spite, scorn, and obloquy.

Frank. Why? hast thou not left one hour's patience

To add to all the rest? one hour bears us
 Beyond the reach of all these enemies :
 Are we not now set forward in the flight,
 Provided with the dowry of my sin,
 To keep us in some other nation?
 While we together are, we are at home
 In any place.

Win. 'T is foul, ill-gotten coin,
 Far worse than usury or extortion.

Frank. Let
 My father then make the restitution,
 Who forced me take the bribe : it is his gift
 And patrimony to me : so I receive it.
 He would not bless, nor look a father on me,
 Until I satisfied his angry will :
 When I was sold, I sold myself again
 (Some knaves have done 't in lands, and I in body)
 For money, and I have the hire. But, sweet, no
 more,
 'T is hazard of discovery, our discourse :
 And then prevention takes off all our hopes :
 For only but to take her leave of me,
 My wife is coming.

Win. Who coming? your wife!

Frank. No, no; thou art here: the woman—I
 knew
 Not how to call her now; but after this day
 She shall be quite forgot, and have no name
 In my remembrance. See, see! she's come.

Enter SUSAN.

Go lead
 The horses to th' hill's top; there I 'll meet thee.

Sus. Nay, with your favour, let him stay a little;
I would part with him too, because he is
Your sole companion; and I'll begin with him,
Reserving you the last.

Frank. Ay, with all my heart.

Sus. You may hear, if it please you, sir.

Frank. No, 't is not fit:

Some rudiments, I conceive, they must be,
To overlook my slippery footings: and so—

Sus. No, indeed, sir.

Frank. Tush, I know it must be so.
And it is necessary: on! but be brief.

[*Walks forward.*

Win. What charge soe'er you lay upon me, mis-
tress,
I shall support it faithfully (being honest)
To my best strength.

Sus. Believe 't shall be no other.
I know you were commended to my husband
By a noble knight.

Win. Oh gods!—oh, mine eyes!

Sus. How now? what ail'st thou, lad?

Win. Something hit mine eye (it makes it water
still),

Even as you said "commended to my husband."—
Some dor I think it was.¹—I was, forsooth,
Commended to him by Sir Arthur Clarington.

Sus. Whose servant once my Thorney was himself.
That title, methinks, should make you almost fel-
lows;

Or at the least much more than a mere servant;
And I am sure he will respect you so.

Your love to him then needs no spur for me,
And what for my sake you will ever do,

'T is fit it should be bought with something more

¹ *Some dor I think it was.*] The cockchafer, or beetle.

"What should I care what every dor doth buzz
In credulous ears?"—*Cynthia's Revels.*

Than fair entreats; look! here's a jewel for thee,
A pretty wanton label for thine ear;
And I would have it hang there, still to whisper
These words to thee, *Thou hast my jewel with thee.*
It is but earnest of a larger bounty,
When thou return'st, with praises of thy service,
Which I am confident thou wilt deserve.
Why, thou art many now besides thyself:
Thou mayst be servant, friend, and wife to him;
A good wife is them all. A friend can play
The wife and servant's part, and shift enough;
No less the servant can the friend and wife:
'T is all but sweet society, good counsel,
Interchang'd loves; yes, and counsel-keeping.

Frank. Not done yet?

Sus. Even now, sir.

Win. Mistress, believe my vow; your severe eye
Were 't present to command, your bounteous hand,
Were it then by to buy or bribe my service,
Shall not make me more near or dear unto him,
Than I shall voluntary. I'll be all your charge,
Servant, friend, wife to him.

Sus. Wilt thou?

Now blessings go with thee for't; courtesies
Shall meet thee coming home.

Win. Pray you say plainly,
Mistress, are you jealous of him? if you be,
I'll look to him that way too.

Sus. Say'st thou so?

I would thou hadst a woman's bosom now;
We have weak thoughts within us. Alas!
There's nothing so strong in us as suspicion;
But I dare not, nay, I will not think
So hardly of my Thorney.

Win. Believe it, mistress, if I find
Any loose lubric scapes in him, I'll watch him,
And, at my return, protest I'll show you all:
He shall hardly offend without my knowledge.

Sus. Thine own diligence is that I press,

And not the curious eye over his faults.
Farewell! if I should never see thee more,
Take it for ever.

Frank. Prithee take that along with thee.—[*Gives his sword to WINNIFREDE.*]—And haste thee
To the hill's top; I'll be there instantly.

Sus. No haste, I prithee; slowly as thou canst—
[*Exit WIN.*]

Pray let him
Obey me now; 't is happily¹ his last
Service to me.—
My power is e'en a-going out of sight.

Frank. Why would you delay?
We have no other business now but to part.

Sus. And will not that, sweetheart, ask a long
time?
Methinks it is the hardest piece of work
That e'er I took in hand.

Frank. Fy, fy! why look,
I'll make it plain and easy to you—farewell!—
[*Kisses her.*]

Sus. Ah, 'las! I am not half-perfect in it yet;
I must have it read o'er a hundred times;
Pray you take some pains, I confess my dulness.

Frank. What a thorn this rose grows on! Part-
ing were sweet;
But what a trouble 't will be to obtain it!— [Aside.
Come, again, and again, farewell!—[*Kisses her.*]—
Yet wilt return?

All questions of my journey, my stay, employment,
And revisitation, fully I have answered all;
'There's nothing now behind but—nothing.

Sus. And that nothing is more hard than any thing;
Than all the every things. This request—

Frank. What is 't?

Sus. That I may bring you through one pasture more
Up to yon knot of trees; among those shadows
I'll vanish from you, they shall teach me how.

¹ i. e. haply.

Frank. Why, 't is granted ; come, walk then.

Sus. Nay, not too fast ;

They say, slow things have best perfection ;

The gentle shower wets to fertility,

The churlish storm may mischief with his bounty.

The baser beast take strength even from the womb ;

But the lord lion's whelp is feeble long. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

A Field with a clump of Trees.

Enter Dog.

Dog. Now for an early mischief and a sudden !
The mind 's about it now ; one touch from me
Soon sets the body forward.

Enter FRANK and SUSAN.

Frank. Your request

Is out ; yet will you leave me ?

Sus. What ! so churlishly !

You 'll make me stay for ever,

Rather than part with such a sound from you.

Frank. Why, you almost anger me.—'Pray you
begone.

You have no company, and 't is very early ;

Some hurt may betide you homewards.

Sus. 'Tush ! I fear none :

To leave you is the greatest hurt I can suffer :

Besides, I expect your father and mine own,

To meet me back, or overtake me with you ;

They began to stir when I came after you :

I know they 'll not be long.

Frank. So ! I shall have more trouble.—[*The Dog
rubs against him.*]'—Thank you for that :¹

¹ *Thank you for that,*] i. e. for the incidental mention of their parents being stirring ; and thus showing him, that he has no time to lose in the execution of his murderous purpose.—GIFFORD.

Then, I'll ease all at once.—[*Aside.*]—'Tis done now;

What I ne'er thought on.—You shall not go back.

Sus. Why, shall I go along with thee? sweet music!

Frank. No, to a better place.

Sus. Any place I;

I'm there at home, where thou pleasest to have me.

Frank. At home! I'll leave you in your last lodging;

I must kill you.

Sus. Oh fine! you'd fright me from you.

Frank. You see I had no purpose; I'm unarm'd; 'Tis this minute's decree, and it must be;

Look, this will serve your turn. [*Draws a knife.*]

Sus. I'll not turn from it,

If you be earnest, sir; yet you may tell me, Wherefore you'll kill me.

Frank. Because you are a strumpet.

Sus. There's one deep wound already: a strumpet! 'Twas ever further from me than the thought Of this black hour; a strumpet?

Frank. Yes, I will prove it, And you shall confess it. You are No wife of mine; the word admits no second. I was before wedded to another; have her still. I do not lay the sin unto your charge, 'Tis all mine own: your marriage was my theft; For I espoused your dowry, and I have it: I did not purpose to have added murder, The Devil did not prompt me till this minute: You might have safe return'd; now you cannot. You have dogg'd your own death. [*Stabs her.*]

Sus. And I deserve it;

I'm glad my fate was so intelligent:

'Twas some good spirit's motion. Die? oh, 't was time!

How many years might I have slept in sin,
The sin of my most hatred, too, adultery!

Frank. Nay, sure 't was likely that the most was past ;

For I meant never to return to you
After this parting.

Sus. Why then I thank you more ;
You have done lovingly, leaving yourself
That you would thus bestow me on another.
Thou art my husband, Death, and I embrace thee
With all the love I have. Forget the stain
Of my unwitting sin ; and then I come
A crystal virgin to thee ; my soul's purity
Shall, with bold wings, ascend the door of Mercy ;
For Innocence is ever her companion.

Frank. Not yet mortal ? I would not linger you,
Or leave you a tongue to blab. [*Stabs her again.*]

Sus. Now Heaven reward you ne'er the worse for
me !

I did not think that Death had been so sweet,
Nor I so apt to love him. I could ne'er die better,
Had I staid forty years for preparation ;
For I'm in charity with all the world.
Let me for once be thine example, Heaven ;
Do to this man, as I him free forgive,
And may he better die, and better live ! [*Dies.*]

Frank. 'Tis done : and I am in ! once past our
height,

We scorn the deep'st abyss. This follows now,
To heal her wounds, by dressing of the weapon.¹
Arms, thighs, hands, any place ; we must not fail
[*Wounds himself.*]

Light scratches, giving such deep ones : the best I can
To bind myself to this tree. Now's the storm,
Which, if blown o'er, many fair days may follow.

[*Binds himself to a tree ; the Dog ties him
behind, and exit.*]

¹ *This follows now,*

To heal her wounds by dressing of the weapon.] The allusion to this silly superstition is vilely out of place, and shows Frank to be (what indeed the whole of his previous conduct confirms) a brutal, unfeeling villain.—GIFFORD.

So, so! I'm fast; I did not think I could
Have done so well behind me. How prosperous and
Effectual mischief sometimes is!—[*Aloud.*]—Help!
help!

Murder, murder, murder!

Enter CARTER and Old THORNEY.

Car. Ha! whom tolls the bell for?

Frank. Oh, oh!

Thor. Ah me!

The cause appears too soon; my child, my son,

Car. Susan, girl, child! not speak to thy father!
ha!

Frank. Oh lend me some assistance to o'ertake
This hapless woman.

Thor. Let's o'ertake the murderers.
Speak while thou canst, anon may be too late;
I fear thou hast death's mark upon thee too.

Frank. I know them both; yet such an oath is
pass'd,
As pulls damnation up if it be broke;
I dare not name 'em: think what forced men do.

Thor. Keep oath with murderers! that were a
conscience
To hold the Devil in.

Frank. Nay, sir, I can describe 'em,
Shall show them as familiar as their names;
The taller of the two at this time wears
His satin doublet white, but crimson lined;
Hose of black satin, cloak of scarlet—

Thor. Warbeck,
Warbeck!—do you list to this, sir?

Car. Yes, yes, I listen you; here's nothing to be
heard.

Frank. The other's cloak¹ branch'd velvet, black;
velvet lined his suit.

¹ *The other's cloak branch'd velvet,*] i. e. with tufts, or tassels, dependent from the shoulders; somewhat like the gowns worn at present by vergers, beadles, &c.—GIFFORD.

Thor. I have them already ; Somerton, Somerton !
 Binal revenge, all this. Come, sir, the first work
 Is to pursue the murderers, when we have
 Remov'd these mangled bodies hence.

Car. Sir, take that carcass there, and give me
 this.

I will not own her now ; she's none of mine.
 Bob me off with a dumb show ! no, I'll have life.
 This is my son, too, and while there's life in him.
 'Tis half mine ; take you half that silence for 't.—
 When I speak I look to be spoken to :
 Forgetful slut !

Thor. Alas ! what grief may do now !
 Look, sir, I'll take this load of sorrow with me.

[*Exit with SUSAN in his arms.*]

Car. Ay, do, and I'll have this. How do you, sir !

Frank. O, very ill, sir.

Car. Yes,

I think so ; but 't is well you can speak yet ;
 There's no music but in sound ; sound it must be.
 I have not wept these twenty years before,
 And that I guess was ere that girl was born ;
 Yet now methinks, if I but knew the way,
 My heart's so full, I could weep night and day.

[*Exit with FRANK.*]

SCENE IV.

Before Sir ARTHUR's House.

*Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, WARBECK, and
 SOMERTON.*

Sir Ar. Come, gentlemen, we must all help to
 grace
 The nimble-footed youth of Edmonton,
 That are so kind to call us up to-day
 With a high morris.

Som. I could rather sleep than see them.

Sir Ar. Not well, sir?

Som. 'Faith, not ever thus leaden; yet I know no cause for 't.

War. Now am I, beyond mine own condition, highly disposed to mirth.

Sir Ar. Well, you may have a morris to help both; To strike you in a dump, and make him merry.

Enter SAWGUT, the fiddler, with the morris-dancers, &c.

Saw. Come, will you set yourselves in morris-ray? the fore-bell, second-bell, tenor, and great-bell; Maid Marian for the same bell. But where's the weathercock now? the hobby-horse?

1 Cl. Is not Banks come yet? What a spite 't is!

Sir Ar. When set you forward, gentlemen?

1 Cl. We stay but for the hobby-horse, sir; all our footmen are ready.

Som. 'Tis marvel your horse should be behind your foot.

2 Cl. Yes, sir, he goes farther about; we can come in at the wicket, but the broad gate must be opened for him.

Enter CUDDY BANKS, with the hobby-horse, followed by Dog.

Sir Ar. Oh, we staid for you, sir.

Cud. Only my horse wanted a shoe, sir; but we shall make you amends ere we part.

Sir Ar. Ay? well said; make 'em drink ere they begin.

Enter Servants with beer.

Cud. A bowl, I prithee, and a liitle for my horse; he'll mount the better. Nay, give me, I must drink to him, he'll not pledge else.—[*Drinks.*]—Here, Hobby,—[*holds the bowl to the hobby-horse.*]—I pray you: no? not drink! You see, gentlemen, we can but bring our horse to the water; he may choose whether he'll drink or no. [*Drinks again.*]

Som. A good moral made plain by history.

1 Clown. Strike up, father Sawgut, strike up.

Saw. E'en when you will, children.—[*Cuddy mounts the hobby.*—Now—the best foot forward!—[*Endeavours to play; but the fiddle gives no sound.*—How now! not a word? I think, children, my instrument has caught cold on the sudden.

Cud. My ningle's knavery: black Tom's doing.

[*Aside.*

All. Why, what mean you, father Sawgut?

Cud. Why, what would you have him do? you hear his fiddle is speechless.

Saw. I'll lay mine ear to my instrument, that my poor fiddle is bewitched. I play'd *The Flowers in May* e'en now, as sweet as a violet; now 't will not go against the hair.

Cud. Let me see, father Sawgut;—[*takes the fiddle.*—say once you had a brave hobby-horse, that you were beholder^d to. I'll play and dance too. Ningle, away with it.¹—[*Gives it to the Dog, who plays the morris.*]

All. Ay, marry, sir!

THE DANCE.

Enter a Constable and Officers.

Con. Away with jollity! 't is too sad an hour. Sir Arthur Clarrington, your own assistance, In the king's name, I charge for apprehension Of these two murderers, Warbeck and Somerton.

Sir Ar. Ha! flat murderers?

Som. Ha, ha, ha! this has awaken'd my melancholy.

¹ Among the properties of our old stage was "a roobe for to goe invisabel." Whatever it was, it operated as a conventional hint to our easy ancestors not to see the person who wore it.—Whether the urenia who played Tom had any signal of this kind can hardly be told; but he frequently runs in and out, and bustles among the dramatic persons without being discovered by them. In the present case, however, he was probably concealed from all but Cuddy by the long trappings of the hobby-horse.—GIFFORD.

War. And struck my mirth down flat.—Murderers?

Con. The accusation 's flat against you, gentlemen. Sir, you may be satisfied with this. [*Shows his warrant.*]
I hope you'll quietly obey my power:

'T will make your cause the fairer.

Both. Oh, with all our hearts, sir.

Cud. There's my rival taken up for hangman's meat; Tom told me he was about a piece of villany. Mates and morris-men, you see here's no longer piping, no longer dancing; this news of murder has slain the morris. You that go the foot-way, fare ye well; I am for a gallop. Come, ningle.—[*Cantering off with the hobby, and Dog.*]

Saw. [*Strikes his fiddle, which sounds as before.*]
Ay? nay, an my fiddle be come to himself again, I care not. I think the Devil has been abroad among us to-day; I'll keep thee out of thy fit now, if I can.

[*Exit with the morris-dancers.*]

Sir Ar. These things are full of horror, full of pity. But if this time be constant to the proof,
The guilt of both these gentlemen I dare take
On mine own danger! yet, howsoever, sir,
Your power must be obey'd.

War. Oh, most willingly, sir,
'T is a most sweet affliction; I could not meet
A joy in the best shape with better will:
Come, fear not, sir; nor judge nor evidence
Can bind him o'er, who's freed by conscience.

Som. Mine stands so upright to the middle zone,
It takes no shadow to't, it goes alone. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Edmonton.—The Street.

Enter Old BANKS, and several Countrymen.

Banks. My horse this morning runs most piteously
of the glanders, whose nose yesternight was as clean

as any man's here now coming from the barber's; and this, I'll take my death upon't, is long of this jadish witch, mother Sawyer.

Enter W. HAMLUC, with thatch and a lighted link.

Ham. Burn the witch, the witch, the witch, the witch!

All. What has 't got there?

Ham. A handful of thatch, pluck'd off a hovel of hers; and they say when 't is burning, if she be a witch, she'll come running in.

Banks. Fire it, fire it; I'll stand between thee and home, for any danger. [*HAM. sets fire to the thatch.*]

Enter Mother SAWYER, running.

Saw. Diseases, plagues, the curse of an old woman Follow and fall upon you!

All. Are you come, you old trot?

1 Coun. This thatch is as good as a jury to prove she is a witch.

All. Out, witch! beat her, kick her, set fire on her.

Saw. Shall I be murdered by a bed of serpents! Help, help!

Enter Sir ARTHUR CLARINGTON, and a JUSTICE.

All. Hang her, beat her, kill her!

Just. How now! forbear this violence.

Saw. A crew of villains, a knot of bloody hangmen,

Set to torment me, I know not why.

Just. Alas, neighbour Banks, are you a ringleader in mischief? fy, to abuse an aged woman!

Banks. Woman! a she-hellcat, a witch! To prove her one, we no sooner set fire on the thatch of her house, but in she came running, as if the Devil had sent her in a barrel of gunpowder.

Just. Come, come; firing her thatch? ridiculous! Take heed, sirs, what you do; unless your proofs

Come better arm'd, instead of turning her
Into a witch you'll prove yourselves stark fools.

All. Fools?

Just. Arrant fools.

Banks. Pray, master Justice what-do-you-call-'em,
hear me but in one thing. This grumbling devil
owes me, I know, no good-will ever since I fell out
with her.

Saw. And brak'st my back with beating¹ me.

Banks. I'll break it worse.

Saw. Wilt thou?

Just. Go, go; pray vex her not; she is a subject,
And you must not be judges of the law,
To strike her as you please.

All. No, no, we'll find cudgel enough to strike her.

[*Exeunt BANKS and Countrymen.*]

Just. Here's none now, mother Sawyer, but this
gentleman,
Myself, and you; let us, to some mild questions,
Have your mild answers: tell us honestly,
And with a free confession (we'll do our best
To wean you from it), are you a witch, or no?

Saw. I am none.

Just. Be not so furious.

Saw. I am none.

None but base curs so bark at me; I am none.
Or would I were! if every poor old woman
Be trod on thus by slaves, reviled, kick'd, beaten,
As I am daily, she to be revenged
Had need turn witch.

¹ The consequences of this beating to poor Banks were of too ludicrous a nature to be entirely omitted, though a few alterations will be necessary to make them available even in a note.

Banks. So, sir, ever since, having a dun cow tied up in my back-yard, let me go thither, or but cast mine eye at her, and if I should be hang'd, I cannot choose, though it be ten times in an hour, but run to the cow, and, taking up her tail, kiss (saving your worship's reverence) my cow behind, that the whole town of Edmonton has been ready to split itself with laughing me to scorn.

Just. And this is long of her?

Banks. Who the devil else? for is any man such an ass to be such a baby, if he were not bewitch'd?

Sir Ar. And you, to be revenged,
Have sold your soul to the Devil.

Saw. Keep thine own from him.

Just. You are too saucy and too bitter.

Saw. Saucy ?

By what commission can he send my soul
On the Devil's errand more than I can his ?
Is he a landlord of my soul, to thrust it
When he list out of door ?

Just. Know whom you speak to.

Saw. A man; perhaps no man. Men in gay
clothes,

Whose backs are laden with titles and honours,
Are within far more crooked than I am ;
And if I be a witch, more witch-like.
I defy thee.

Sir Ar. Go, go ;

I can, if need be, bring a hundred voices,
E'en here in Edmonton, that shall loud proclaim
Thee for a secret and pernicious witch.

Saw. Ha, ha !

Just. Do you laugh ! why laugh you ?

Saw. At my name,

The brave name this knight gives me, witch.

Just. Is the name of witch so pleasing to thine
ear ?

Sir Ar. Pray, sir, give way ; and let her tongue
gallop on.

Saw. A witch ! who is not ?

Hold not that universal name in scorn then.
What are your painted things in princes' courts,
That, by enchantments, can whole lordships change
To trunks of rich attire ; turn ploughs and teams
To Flanders mares and coaches ; and huge trains
Of servitors, to a French butterfly ?
Are not these witches ?

Have you not city wives too, who can turn
Their husbands' wares, whole standing shops of
wares,

To sumptuous tables, gardens of stolen sin;
In one year wasting what scarce twenty win?
And what are these but witches?

Just. Yes, yes; but the law
Casts not an eye on these.

Saw. Why then on me,
Or any lean old beldam? Reverence once
Had wont to wait on age; now an old woman,
Ill-favour'd grown with years, if she be poor,
Must be call'd hag or witch. Such so abused
Are the coarse witches; t' other are the fine,
Spun for the Devil's own wearing.

Sir Ar. And so is thine.

Saw. She, on whose tongue a whirlwind sits to
blow

A man out of himself, from his soft pillow,
To lean his head on rocks and fighting waves,
Is not that scold a witch? The man of law
Whose honey'd hopes the credulous client draw
(As bees by tinkling basins) to swarm to him,
From his own hive, to work the wax in his;
He is no witch, not he!

Sir Ar. But these men-witches
Are not in trading with hell's merchandise,
Like such as you, that for a word, a look,
Denial of a coal of fire, kill men,
Children, and cattle.

Saw. Tell them, sir, that do so:
Am I accus'd for such a one?

Sir Ar. Yes, 't will be sworn.

Saw. Dare any swear I ever tempted maiden
With golden hooks flung at her chastity,
To come and lose her honour? and being lost,
To pay not a denier for 't? Some slaves have done it.¹
Men-witches can, without the fangs of law

¹ This is wormwood, and Sir Arthur feels it. Our authors have furnished their old woman with language far above the capacity of those poor creatures who were commonly accused of witchcraft, and strangely inconsistent with the mischievous frivolity of her conduct.—Gifford.

Drawing once one drop of blood, put counterfeit
pieces

Away for true gold.

Sir Ar. By one thing she speaks,
I know now she's a witch, and dare no longer
Hold conference with the fury.

Just. Let's then away.

Old woman, mend thy life, get home and pray.

[*Exeunt Sir ARTHUR and JUSTICE.*]

Saw. For his confusion.

Enter Dog.

My dear Tom-boy, welcome !
I'm torn in pieces by a pack of curs
Clapp'd all upon me, and for want of thee :
Comfort me.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow !

Saw. I am dried up
With cursing and with madness ; and have yet
No blood to moisten these sweet lips of thine.
Stand on thy hind-legs up—kiss me, my Tommy,
And rub away some wrinkles on my brow,
By making my old ribs to shrug for joy
Of thy fine tricks. What hast thou done ? let's
tickle.

Hast thou struck the horse lame as I bid thee ?

Dog. Yes ;
And nipp'd the sucking child.

Saw. Ho, ho, my dainty,
My little pearl ! no lady loves her hound,
Monkey, or paroquet, as I do thee.

Dog. The maid has been churning butter nine
hours, but it shall not come.

Saw. Let 'em eat cheese and choke.

Dog. I had rare sport
Among the clowns i' the morris.

Saw. I could dance
Out of my skin to hear thee. But, my curl-pate,
That jade, that foul tongued quean, Nan Ratcliffe,

Who for a little soap lick'd by my sow,
Struck, and almost had lamed it;—did not I charge
thee

To pinch that scold to th' heart?

Dog. Bow, wow, wow! look here else

Enter ANN RATCLIFFE mad.

Ann. See, see, see! the man i' the moon has built
a new windmill, and what running there is from all
quarters of the city to learn the art of grinding!

Saw. Ho, ho, ho! I thank thee, my sweet mongrel.

Ann. Hoyda! out on the Devil's false hopper! all
the golden meal runs into the rich knaves' purses,
and the poor have nothing but bran. Hey derry
down! are not you mother Sawyer?

Saw. No, I am a lawyer.

Ann. Art thou? I prithee let me scratch thy face;
for thy pen has flay'd off a great many men's skins.
You'll have brave doings in the vacation; for
knaves and fools are at variance in every village.
I'll sue mother Sawyer, and her own sow shall give
in evidence against her.

Saw. Touch her. [*To the Dog, who rubs against her.*

Ann. Oh! my ribs are made of a paned hose, and
they break.¹ There's a Lancashire hornpipe in my
throat; hark, how it tickles it with doodle, doodle,
doodle, doodle! welcome, sergeants! welcome, Devil!
hands, hands! hold hands, and dance around,
around, around. [*Dancing.*

*Re-enter Old BANKS, CUDDY, RATCLIFFE, and
Countrymen.*

Rat. She's here; alas! my poor wife is here.

Banks. Catch her fast, and have her into some
close chamber, do; for she's as many wives are,
stark mad.

¹ Oh! my ribs are made of a paned hose, and they break.] Paned
hose were composed of stripes (panels) of different coloured stuff stitched
together, and therefore liable to break, or be seam-rent.—GUYARD.

Old. The witch! mother Sawyer, the witch, the devil!

Rat. Oh, my dear wife! help, sir!

[She is carried off.]

Banks. You see your work, mother Bumby?

Saw. My work? should she and all you here run mad,

Is the work mine?

Old. No, on my conscience, she would not hurt a devil of two years old.

Re-enter Ratcliffe.

How now? what's become of her?

Rat. Nothing; she's become nothing, but the miserable trunk of a wretched woman. We were in her hands as reeds in a mighty tempest: spite of our strength, away she brake; and nothing in her mouth being heard, but "the devil, the witch, the witch, the devil!" she beat out her own brains, and so died.²

¹ You see your work, mother Bumby.] Farmer Banks is very familiar with the names of our old plays. *Mother Bombie* is the title of one of Lyly's comedies, of which she is the heroine; as is *Gammer Gurton* (as he calls the witch just below) of the farcical drama which takes its name from her and her needle.—GIRFORD.

² If high ecclesiastical authority may be believed, the wits of much higher persons than Nan Ratcliffe had been put in jeopardy by the practices of the Mother Sawyers of the day. In a sermon preached before Queen Elizabeth in 1558, by Bishop Jewel, her majesty was told, "It may please your grace to understand that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your grace's realm. Your subjects pine away even unto death—their colour fadeth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they never practise farther than upon the subject." That such language could have proceeded from such a man as Bishop Jewel will be incredible only to those who know not the terror which witchcraft had excited in England for whole centuries, or who are unacquainted with the numerous works on sorcery and witchcraft which came from the press during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, many of them drawn up by profound and elaborate scholars. To whichever of these two reigns the disgrace of *theorising* on this subject may most fairly be ascribed, the infamy of its *practical* consequences pre-eminently belongs to the Puritans and fanatics of the succeeding age. It was then that the notorious Hopkins, that monster of stupidity and blood, as the late editor of Ford justly terms him, was let loose upon the public, and the land deluged with the blood of harmless creatures, whose greatest crimes were their

Cud. It's any man's case, be he never so wise, to die when his brains go a wool-gathering.

Banks. Masters, be ruled by me; let's all to a justice. Hag, thou hast done this, and thou shalt answer it.

Saw. Banks, I defy thee.

Banks. Get a warrant first to examine her, then ship her to Newgate; here's enough, if all her other villanies were pardon'd, to burn her for a witch. You have a spirit, they say, comes to you in the likeness of a dog; we shall see your cur at one time or other: if we do, unless it be the Devil himself, he shall go howling to the jail in one chain, and thou in another.

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow!

All. Oh, the dog's here, the dog's here!

Banks. It was the voice of a dog.

Cud. The voice of a dog? so am I a dog: bow, wow, wow! It was I that bark'd so, father, to make coxcombs of these clowns.

Banks. However, we'll be coxcomb'd no longer: away, therefore, to the justice for a warrant; and then, Gammer Gurton, have at your needle of witchcraft.

Saw. And prick thine own eyes out. Go, peevish fools! [*Exeunt BANKS, RAT. and Countrymen.*]

Cud. Ningle, you had like to have spoil'd all with

age, their poverty, or their infirmity. Zachary Grey affirms, that he "had seen a list of those who suffered for witchcraft during the Presbyterian domination of the Long Parliament, amounting to more than three thousand names!" and from the manner in which the transactions of the day are recorded by Whitelocke, the parliamentary commissioner, where the burning of a dozen or a score of witches is mentioned as an ordinary occurrence, exciting less emotion apparently in the writer's mind than the destruction of so many weasels, the statement of Grey would seem to be little, if any thing, exaggerated.—Since this note was written, the subject has passed into the hands of a writer (Scott), of whom it is difficult to say whether power or fecundity is the most remarkable property of his pen. To that volume the reader is referred for any further knowledge which may be required for ascertaining the opinions of our ancestors on the subject of witchcraft and demonology, and of seeing how far those opinions were checked or encouraged by the writers for the stage.

your bow-ings. I was glad to put them off with one of my dog-tricks, on a sudden; I am bewitched, little cost-me-naught, to love thee,—out on 't,—that morris makes me spit in thy mouth,—I dare not stay; farewell, ningle; farewell witch! [*Exit.*

Dog. Bow, wow, wow, wow.

Saw. Mind him not, he's not worth thy worrying; Run at a fairer game; that foul-mouth'd knight, Scurvy Sir Arthur, fly at him, my Tommy, And pluck out 's throat.

Dog. No, there's a dog already biting,—his conscience.

Saw. That's a sure bloodhound. Come let's home and play;
Our black work ended, we'll make holyday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedroom in CARTER'S House.—FRANK in a slumber.

Enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Brother, brother! so sound asleep? that's well.

Frank. [*Waking.*] No, not I, sister; he that's wounded here,

As I am (all my other hurts are bitings
Of a poor flea), but he that here once bleeds,
Is maim'd incurably.

Kath. My good sweet brother
(For now my sister must grow up in you),
Though her loss strikes you through, and that I
feel

The blow as deep, I pray thee be not cruel
To kill me too, by seeing you cast away
In your own helpless sorrow. Good love, sit up;
And if you can give physic to yourself,
I shall be well.

Frank. I'll do my best.

Kath. I thank you :

What do you look about for ?

Frank. Nothing, nothing ;

But I was thinking, sister—

Kath. Dear heart, what ?

Frank. Who but a fool would thus be bound to a
bed,

Having this room to walk in ?

Kath. Why do you talk so ?

Would you were fast asleep.

Frank. No, no ; I am not idle.¹

But here 's my meaning ; being robb'd as I am,

Why should my soul, which married was to hers,

Live in divorce, and not fly after her ?

Why should not I walk hand in hand with Death,

To find my love out ?

Kath. That were well, indeed,

Your time being come ; when Death is sent to call
you,

No doubt you shall meet her.

Frank. Why should not I

Go without calling ?

Kath. Yes, brother, so you might ;

Were there no place to go to when you 're gone

But only this.

Frank. 'Troth, sister, thou say'st true ;

For when a man has been a hundred years

Hard travelling o'er the tottering bridge of age,

He 's not the thousandth part upon his way :

All life is but a wandering to find home ;

When we are gone, we 're there. Happy were man,

Could here his voyage end ; he should not then

Answer, how well or ill he steer'd his soul,

By heaven's or by hell's compass ; how he put in

(Losing bless'd goodness' shore) at such a sin ;

Nor how life's dear provision he has spent,

¹ No, no, I am not idle.] i. e. wandering. He judges from Katherine's speech that she suspects him, as indeed she does, of being light-headed.
—GLIFFORD.

THE WITCH OF EDMONTON.

[ACT IV.]

How far he in's navigation went
yond commission: this were a fine reign,
do ill, and not hear of it again;
et then were man more wretched than a beast;
or, sister, our dead pay is sure the best.

Kath. 'Tis so, the best or worst; and I wish
Heaven
To pay (and so I know it will) that traitor,
That devil Somerton (who stood in mine eye
Once as an angel) home to his deservings:
What villain but himself, once loving me,
With Warbeck's soul would pawn his own to hell,
To be revenged on my poor sister!

Frank. Slaves!

A pair of merciless slaves! speak no more of
them.

Kath. I think this talking hurts you.

Frank. Does me no good, I'm sure;
I pay for 't everywhere.

Kath. I have done then.
Eat if you cannot sleep; you have these two days
Not tasted any food:—Jane, is it ready?

Frank. What's ready? what's ready?

Kath. I have made ready a roasted chicken for
you;
[Enter Maid with the chicken.]

Sweet, wilt thou eat?

Frank. A pretty stomach on a sudden, yes.—
There's one i' the house can play upon a lute;
Good girl, let's hear him too.

Kath. You shall, dear brother.

Would I were a musician, you should hear
How I would feast your ear!—[Lute plays within.]—
[Exit Maid.]

stay, mend your pillow,
And raise you higher.

Frank. I am up too high,
Am I not, sister, now?

Kath. No, no; 't is well.
Fall to, fall to.—A knife! here's ne'er a knife.

Brother, I'll look out yours.

[Takes up his rest.]

Enter DOG, shrugging as it were for joy, and dances.

Frank. Sister, O sister,
I'm ill upon a sudden, and can eat nothing.

Kath. In very deed you shall; the want of food
Makes you so faint. Ha!—[*Sees the bloody knife.*]—
here's none in your pocket;

I will go fetch a knife. [*Exit hastily.*

Frank. Will you!—'t is well, all's well.

FRANK searches first one pocket then the other, finds the knife, and then lies down.—The spirit of SUSAN comes to the bed's side: he starts at it, and then turns to the other side, but the spirit is there—meanwhile enter WINNIFREDE as a Page, and stands sorrowfully at the foot of the bed.—FRANK, terrified, sits up, and the spirit vanishes.

Frank. What art thou?

Win. A lost creature.

Frank. So am I too.—Win?

Ah, my she-page!

Win. For your sake I put on
A shape that's false; yet do I wear a heart
True to you as your own.

Frank. 'Would mine and thine
Were fellows in one house!—kneel by me here.
On this side now! how durst thou come to mock me
On both sides of my bed?

Win. When?

Frank. But just now:

Outface me, stare upon me with strange postures;
Turn my soul wild by a face in which were drawn
A thousand ghosts leap'd newly from their graves
To pluck me into a winding-sheet!

Win. Believe it,
I came no nearer to you than yon place,
At your bed's feet; and of the house had leave,
Calling myself your horse-boy, in to come
And visit my sick master.

Frank. Then 't was my fancy ;
Some windmill in my brains for want of sleep.

Win. Would I might never sleep, so you could
rest !

But you have pluck'd a thunder on your head,
Whose noise cannot cease suddenly ; why should
you

Dance at the wedding of a second wife,
When scarce the music which you heard at mine
Had ta'en a farewell of you ? O, this was ill !
And they who thus can give both hands away,
In th' end shall want their best limbs.

Frank. Winnifrede,—
The chamber door 's fast ?

Win. Yes.

Frank. Sit thee then down ;
And when thou 'st heard me speak, melt into tears :
Yet I, to save those eyes of thine from weeping,
Being to write a story of us two,
Instead of ink, dipp'd my sad pen in blood.
When of thee I took leave, I went abroad
Only for pillage, as a freebooter,
What gold so'er I got, to make it thine.
To please a father, I have Heaven displeased,
Striving to cast two wedding-rings in one,
Through my bad workmanship I now have none ;
I have lost her and thee.

Win. I know she 's dead ;
But you have me still.

Frank. Nay, her this hand
Murdered ; and so I lose thee too.

Win. Oh me !

Frank. Be quiet ; for thou art my evidence,
Jury, and judge : sit quiet, and I 'll tell all.

*While they are conversing in a low tone, Old CARTER
and KATHERINE meet at the door of the room.*

Kath. I have run madding up and down to find
you,

Being laden with the heaviest news that ever
Poor daughter carried.

Car. Why? is the boy dead?

Kath. Dead, sir!

Oh, father, we are cozen'd; you are told
The murderer sings in prison, and he laughs here.
This villain kill'd my sister; see else, see,

*[Takes up his vest; and shows the knife to her
father, who secures it.]*

A bloody knife in 's pocket!

Car. Bless me, patience!

[Dog paws softly at FRANK, and exit.]

Frank. *[Seeing them.]* The knife! the knife! the
knife!

Kath. What knife?

Frank. To cut my chicken up, my chicken;—
Be you my carver, father.

Car. That I will.

Kath. How the Devil steels our brows after
doing ill!

Frank. My stomach and my sight are taken from
me;

All is not well within me.

Car. I believe thee, boy: I that have seen so many
moons clap their horns on other men's foreheads to
strike them sick; yet mine to 'scape, and be well! I
that am as sound as an honest man's conscience
when he's dying, I should cry out as thou dost, "All
is not well within me," felt I but the bag of thy im-
posthumes. Ah, poor villain! ah, my wounded
rascal! all my grief is, I have now small hope of
thee.

Frank. Do the surgeons say my wounds are dan-
gerous, then!

Car. Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but
one.¹

¹ Yes, yes, and there's no way with thee but one.] A proverbial ex-
pression for an inevitable event—death. Thus Mrs. Quickly of poor Sir
John—"After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and smile upon his
finger-ends, I knew there was but one way," &c.—GARRARD.

Frank. Would he were here to open them.

Car. I'll go to fetch him; I'll make a holyday to see thee as I wish. [*Exit.*]

Frank. A wondrous kind old man.

Win. Your sin's the blacker,
So to abuse his goodness.—[*Aside to FRANK.*]—Master, how do you? [*Aloud.*]

Frank. Pretty well now, boy; I have such odd qualms
Come cross my stomach:—I'll fall-to; boy, cut me—

Re-enter CARTER, followed by Servants, with the body of SUSAN in a coffin.

What's that?

Car. That? what? oh, now I see her; 'tis a young wench, my daughter, sirrah, sick to the death; and hearing thee to be an excellent rascal for letting blood, she looks out at a casement, and cries, "Help! help! stay that man! him I must have or none."

Frank. For pity's sake remove her; see, she stares

With one broad open eye still in my face!

Car. Thou puttest both hers out like a villain as thou art; yet, see! she is willing to lend thee one again, to find out the murderer, and that's thyself.

Frank. Old man, thou liest.

Car. So shalt thou—in the jail. Run for officers.

Kath. Oh, thou merciless slave!

She was (though yet above ground) in her grave
To me: but thou hast torn her up again—

Mine eyes, too much drown'd, now must feel more rain.

Car. Fetch officers. [*Exit KATH. with Servants.*]

Frank. For whom?

Car. For thee, sirrah! sirrah! Some knives have foolish posies upon them, but thine has a villanous one; look!—[*showing the bloody knife.*]—oh, it is

enamelled with the heart-blood of thy hated wife, my beloved daughter! What say'st thou to this evidence? is't not sharp? does't not strike home? thou canst not answer honestly, and without a trembling heart, to this one point, this terrible bloody point.

Win. I beseech you, sir,
Strike him no more; you see he's dead already.

Car. Oh, sir! you held his horses; you are as arrant a rogue as he: up go you too.

Frank. As you're a man, throw not upon that woman

Your loads of tyranny, for she is innocent.

Car. How? how? a woman!

Win. I am not as my disguise speaks me, sir, his page;

But his first, only wife, his lawful wife.

Car. How? how? more fire i' the bed-straw!¹

Win. The wrongs which singly fell upon your daughter,

On me are multiplied; she lost a life;

But I a husband and myself must lose,

If you call him to a bar for what he has done.

Car. He has done it then?

Win. Yes, 't is confess'd to me.

Frank. Dost thou betray me?

Win. Oh pardon me, dear heart! I am mad to lose thee,

And know not what I speak; but if thou didst,

I must arraign this father for two sins,

Adultery and murder.

Re-enter KATHERINE.

Kath. Sir, they are come.

Car. Arraign me for what thou wilt, all Middlesex knows me better for an honest man, than the middle

¹ *More fire i' the bed-straw!*] A proverbial expression for more concealed mischief!—GIFFORD.

of a marketplace knows thee for an honest woman. Rise, sirrah, and don your tacklings; rig yourself for the gallows, or I'll carry thee thither on my back: your trull shall to the jail with you; there be as fine Newgate birds as she, that can draw him in: out on 's wounds!

Frank. I have serv'd thee, and my wages now are paid;

Yet my worst punishment shall, I hope, be stayed.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Witch's Cottage.

Enter Mother SAWYER.

Saw. Still wrong'd by every slave! and not a dog
Bark in his dame's defence! I am call'd witch,
Yet am myself bewitch'd from doing harm.
Have I giv'n up myself to thy black lust
Thus to be scorn'd? Not see me in three days!
I'm lost without my Tomalin; prithee come:
Revenge to me is sweeter far than life:¹
Thou art my raven, on whose coal-black wings
Revenge comes flying to me. Oh my best love!
I am on fire, even in the midst of ice,
Raking my blood up, till my shrunk knees feel
Thy curl'd head leaning on them; come, then, my
darling;
If in the air thou hover'st, fall upon me
In some dark cloud; and as I oft have seen

¹ *Revenge to me is sweeter far than life.]*

At vindicta bonum vita jucundius.

I have already observed on the incongruous language put into the mouth of our village witch. Either of the poets could have written down to her vulgar estimation, but they appear to entertain some indistinct notion of raising her character. This soliloquy, which is a very fine one, might have been pronounced by a Sagana, or a Canidia.
—GIFFORD.

Dragons and serpents in the elements,
 Appear thou now so to me! Art thou i' the sea?
 Muster up all the monsters from the deep,
 And be the ugliest of them; so that my bulch¹
 Show but his swarth cheek to me, let earth cleave
 And break from hell, I care not!—could I run
 Like a swift powder-mine beneath the world,
 Up would I blow it all, to find out thee,
 Though I lay ruin'd in it. Not yet come!
 I must then fall to my old prayer:
Sanctificetur nomen tuum.
 Not yet come! the worrying of wolves, biting of mad
 dogs, and the—

Enter Dog, white.

Dog. How now! whom art thou cursing?

Saw. Thee!

Ha! no, 't is my black cur I am cursing,
 For not attending on me.

Dog. I am that cur.

Saw. Thou liest: hence! come not nigh me.

Dog. Bow, wow!

Saw. Why dost thou thus appear to me in white,
 As if thou wert the ghost of my dear love?

Dog. I am dogg'd, and list not to tell thee;—yet,
 —to torment thee,—my whiteness puts thee in mind
 of thy winding-sheet.

Saw. Am I near death?

Dog. Yes, if the dog of hell be near thee; when
 the Devil comes to thee as a lamb, have at thy throat!

Saw. Off, cur!

Dog. He has the back of a sheep, but the belly of
 an otter; devours by sea and land. “Why am I in
 white?” didst thou not pray to me?

Saw. Yes, thou dissembling hell-hound;
 Why now in white more than at other times?

¹ *So that my bulch.*]—Literally, a calf; sometimes used, as here, as an expression of kindness; but generally indicative of familiarity and contempt.—GAYFORD.

Dog. Be blasted with the news ! whiteness is day's footboy, a forerunner to light, which shows thy old rivell'd face : villanies are stripp'd naked ; the witch must be beaten out of her cockpit.

Saw. Must she ? she shall not ; thou'rt a lying spirit :

Why to mine eyes art thou a flag of truce ?
I am at peace with none ; 't is the black colour
Or none, which I fight under : I do not like
Thy puritan paleness ; glowing furnaces
Are far more hot than they which flame outright.
If thou my old dog art, go and bite such
As I shall set thee on.

Dog. I will not.

Saw. I'll sell myself to twenty thousand fiends,
To have thee torn in pieces then.

Dog. Thou canst not ; thou art so ripe to fall into hell, that no more of my kennel will so much as bark at him that hangs thee.

Saw. I shall run mad.

Dog. Do so, thy time is come to curse, and rave.
and die ; the glass of thy sins is full, and it must run out at gallows.

Saw. It cannot, ugly cur, I'll confess nothing ;
And not confessing, who dare come and swear
I have bewitch'd them ? I'll not confess one
mouthful.

Dog. Choose, and be hang'd or burn'd.

Saw. Spite of the Devil and thee,
I'll muzzle up my tongue from telling tales.

Dog. Spite of thee and the Devil, thou'lt be condemn'd.

Saw. Yes ! when ?

Dog. And ere the executioner catch thee full in's claws, thou'lt confess all.

Saw. Out, dog !

Dog. Out, witch ! thy trial is at hand :
Our prey being had, the Devil does laughing stand.
[Goes aside.]

Enter Old BANKS, RATCLIFFE, and Countrymen.

Banks. She's here; attach her. Witch, you must go with us. [*They seize her.*]

Saw. Whither? to hell?

Banks. No, no, no, old crone; your mittimus shall be made thither, but your own jailers shall receive you. Away with her!

Saw. My Tommy! my sweet Tom-boy; oh, thou dog!

Dost thou now fly to thy kennel and forsake me!
Plagues and consumptions— [*She is carried off.*]

Dog. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Let not the world witches or devils condemn;
They follow us, and then we follow them.

[*Exit Dog.*]

SCENE II.

London.—The neighbourhood of Tyburn.

Enter JUSTICE, Sir ARTHUR, SOMERTON, WARBECK, CARTER, and KATHERINE.

Just. Sir Arthur, though the bench hath mildly censured your errors, yet you have indeed been the instrument that wrought all their misfortunes; I would wish you paid down your fine speedily and willingly.

Sir Ar. I shall need no urging to it.

Car. If you should, 't were a shame to you; for, if I should speak my conscience, you are worthier to be hang'd of the two, all things considered: and now make what you can of it; but I am glad these gentlemen are freed.

War. We knew our innocence.

Som. And therefore fear'd it not.

Kath. But I am glad that I have you safe.

[*A noise within.*]

Just. How now? what noise is that?

Car. Young Frank is going the wrong way.—
Alas, poor youth! now I begin to pity him.

Enter Old THORNEY and WINNIFREDE, weeping.

Thor. Here let our sorrows wait him; to press
nearer

The place of his sad death, some apprehensions
May tempt our grief too much, at height already;—
Daughter, be comforted.

Win. Comfort and I
Are too far separated to be join'd
But in eternity; I share too much
Of him that's going thither.

Thor. Daughter, grieve not
For what necessity forceth;
Rather resolve to conquer it with patience.
Alas, she faints!

Win. My griefs are strong upon me;
My weakness scarce can bear them.

[*A great cry within.*—Away with her! Hang her,
witch!

*Enter to execution Mother SAWYER; Officers with hal-
berts, followed by a crowd of country people.*

Car. The witch, that instrument of mischief!
Did not she witch the devil into my son-in-law, when
he kill'd my poor daughter? Do you hear, mother
Sawyer?

Saw. What would you have?
Cannot a poor old woman have your leave
To die without vexation?

Car. Did not you bewitch Frank, to kill his wife?
He could never have done't without the devil.

Saw. Who doubts it? but is every devil mine?
Would I had one now whom I might command
To tear you all in pieces! Tom would have done't,
Before he left me.

Car. Thou didst bewitch Ann Ratcliffe to kill
herself.

Saw. Churl, thou liest; I never did her hurt: would you were all as near your ends as I am, that gave evidence against me for it!

Coun. I'll be sworn, master Carter, she bewitch'd Gammer Washbowl's sow to cast her pigs a day before she would have farrowed: yet they were sent up to London, and sold for as good Westminster dog-pigs, at Bartholomew fair, as ever ale-wife longed for.

Saw. These dogs will mad me; I was well resolv'd To die in my repentance. Though 't is true I would live longer if I might, yet since I cannot, pray torment me not; my conscience Is settled as it shall be: all take heed How they believe the Devil; at last he'll cheat you.

Car. Thou'dst best confess all truly.

Saw. Yet again?

Have I scarce breath enough to say my prayers,
And would you force me to spend that in bawling?
Bear witness, I repent all former evil;
There is no damned conjurer like the Devil.

All. Away with her, away! [She is led off.]

Enter FRANK to execution, Officers, &c.

Thor. Here's the sad object which I yet must meet
With hope of comfort, if a repentant end
Make him more happy than misfortune would
Suffer him here to be.

Frank. Good sirs, turn from me;
You will revive affliction almost kill'd
With my continual sorrow.

Thor. Oh, Frank, Frank;
Would I had sunk in mine own wants, or died
But one bare minute ere thy fault was acted!

Frank. To look upon your sorrows executes me
Before my execution.

Win. Let me pray you, sir—

Frank. Thou much-wrong'd woman, I must sigh
for thee,
As he that's only loath to leave the world,

For that he leaves thee in it unprovided,
Unfriended ; and for me to beg a pity
From any man to thee when I am gone,
Is more than I can hope ; nor, to say truth,
Have I deserv'd it : but there is a payment
Belongs to goodness from the great Exchequer
Above ; it will not fail thee, Winnifrede ;
Be that thy comfort.

Thor. Let it be thine too,
Untimely lost young man !

Frank. He is not lost,
Who bears his peace within him : had I spun
My web of life out at full length, and dream'd
Away my many years in lusts, in surfeits,
Murthers of reputations, gallant sins
Commended or approved ; then, though I had
Died easily, as great and rich men do,
Upon my own bed, not compell'd by justice,
You might have mourn'd for me indeed ; my miseries
Had been as everlasting as remediless :
But now the law hath not arraign'd, condemn'd
With greater rigour my unhappy fact,
Than I myself have every little sin
My memory can reckon from my childhood :
A court hath been kept here, where I am found
Guilty ; the difference is, my impartial judge
Is much more gracious than my faults are monstrous.

Thor. Here 's comfort in this penitence.

Win. It speaks

How truly you are reconciled, and quickens
My dying comfort, that was near expiring
With my last breath : now this repentance makes
thee

As white as innocence ; and my first sin with thee,
Since which I knew none like it, by my sorrow
Is clearly cancell'd. Might our souls together
Climb to the height of their eternity,
And there enjoy what earth denied us, happiness !

But since I must survive, and be the monument
Of thy loved memory, I will preserve it
With a religious care, and pay thy ashes
A widow's duty, calling that end best
Which, though it stain the name, makes the soul blest.

Frank. Give me thy hand, poor woman; do not
weep:

Farewell! thou dost forgive me?

Win. 'Tis my part
To use that language.

Frank. Oh! that my example
Might teach the world hereafter what a curse
Hangs on their heads, who rather choose to marry
A goodly portion than a dower of virtues!—
Are you there, gentlemen? there is not one
Among you whom I have not wrong'd; you most;—
[To CARTER.

I robb'd you of a daughter;—but she is
In heaven; and I must suffer for it willingly.

Car. Ay, ay, she's in heaven, and I am glad to
see thee so well prepared to follow her. I forgive
thee with all my heart; if thou hadst not had ill
counsel, thou wouldst not have done as thou didst;
the more shame for them!

Som. Spare your excuse to me, I do conceive
What you would speak! I would you could as
easily

Make satisfaction to the law, as to
My wrongs: I am sorry for you.

War. And so am I,
And heartily forgive you.

Kath. I will pray for you,
For her sake, who, I'm sure, did love you dearly.

Sir Ar. Let us part friendly too; I am asham'd
Of my part in thy wrongs.

Frank. You are all merciful,
And send me to my grave in peace. Sir Arthur,
Heaven send you a new heart!—lastly, to you, sir;
And though I have deserv'd not to be call'd

Your son, yet give me leave, upon my knees,
To beg a blessing. [Kneels.]

Thor. Take it: let me wet
Thy cheeks with the last tears my griefs have left me.
O Frank, Frank, Frank!

Frank. Let me beseech you, gentlemen,
To comfort my old father, keep him with you;
Love this distressed widow; and as often
As you remember what a graceless man
I was, remember likewise that these are
Both free, both worthy of a better fate,
Than such a son or husband as I have been.
All help me with your prayers. On, on; 't is just
That law should purge the guilt of blood and lust.
[He is led off by the Officers.]

Car. Go thy ways; I did not think to have shed
one tear for thee, but thou hast made me water my
plants spite of my heart. Master Thorney, cheer up,
man; while I can stand by you, you shall not want
help to keep you from falling: we have lost our chil-
dren both on 's the wrong way, but we cannot help
it; better or worse, 't is now as 't is.

Thor. I thank you, sir; you are more kind than I
Have cause to hope or look for.

Car. Master Somerton, is Kate yours or no?

Som. We are agreed.

Kath. And but my faith is pass'd, I should fear to
be married, husbands are so cruelly unkind. Excuse
me that I am troubled.

Som. Thou shalt have no cause.

Just. Take comfort, mistress Winnifrede. Sir
Arthur,

For his abuse to you and to your husband,
Is by the bench enjoyn'd to pay you down
A thousand marks.

Sir Ar. Which I will soon¹ discharge.

¹ The character of Sir Arthur Clarington is sustained, as Mr. Gifford observes, with care and ability. Terrified, but not reclaimed from his profligacy, by the law, he is every where equally odious; and ends the same mean, heartless, avaricious wretch he showed himself at first.

Win. Sir, 't is too great a sum to be employ'd
Upon my funeral.

Car. Come, come; if luck had serv'd, Sir Arthur,
and every man had his due, somebody might have
tottered ere this, without paying fines; like it as you
list. Come to me, Winnifrede, shalt be welcome.
Make much of her, Kate, I charge you; I do not
think but she's a good wench, and hath had wrong
as well as we. So let's every man home to Edmon-
ton with heavy hearts, yet as merry as we can,
though not as we would.

Just. Join friends in sorrow, make of all the
best :

Harms past may be lamented, not redress'd. [*Exeunt.*

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.] The underplot of this drama arises out of the licentious amours of a profligate courtier, named Ferentes, and will not bear detail; even the guilt of much higher parties must be disclosed with a very sparing hand. Caraffa, Duke of Pavia, had accidentally, while hunting, beheld the daughter of a private gentleman of Milan, by name Bianca. Her exquisite beauty made an instant impression on his heart; and from seeing to wedding the fair Milanese seems to have been with the weak-minded Caraffa the work of a very short period. "He saw her, lov'd her, woo'd her, won her, match'd her." Unhappily a sense of the young dutchess's charms was not confined to the heart of her lord: they made a traitor of the duke's bosom friend Fernando; and his suit to the beautiful Bianca, though apparently scorned and rejected at first, is presently requited by the acknowledgment of a passion, if possible, more warm and vivid than his own. The guilty attachment is not long in reaching the ears of him whose feelings were most concerned in a knowledge of it. Fiormonda, the widowed sister of Caraffa, had for some time loved Fernando with all an Italian woman's fondness; and the coldness with which her bold advances were received exciting her suspicions, the jealous eye of love soon detected the cause of Fernando's indifference; and through her creature Roderico d'Avolos, the feelings of the injured husband are wound up into a phrensy of resentment, which terminates in the most fatal consequences to the leading personages of the drama.

From what sources these materials of our author were derived will be pretty evident from the nature of them. A plot, which turns almost exclusively on the development of the most violent of our passions, a strong feeling and steady adherence to which seems, in the original writer's mind, to have comprehended every virtue and to have cancelled every defect, must have been the growth of some Spanish or Italian novel or play, and, from the scene of action, most probably the latter. Careless as our earlier dramatists too frequently were as to the moral tendencies of their performances, some suspicion seems to have infused itself into Ford's mind, that the scenes in his "Love's

Sacrifice" tended "to make the worse appear the better cause," and a little correction appears, accordingly, to have been intended in the vacillations of purpose and imbecilities of language which the Duke of Pavia occasionally displays, and still more in those instantaneous results which take place in his dutchess, when her mind has once thrown aside the first of female ornaments, that spotless modesty, for the want of which no splendour of situation, no variety of attainment or accomplishment can at all atone. The broad insinuations, the audacious avowal, and the taunting provocation which Bianca displays, when accident alone prevents the consummation of her intended guilt, can only be exceeded by the strain of "Pict-hatch" eloquence in which her feelings are clothed, and from which, as Mr. Gifford observes, it might have been thought that the veriest waistcoater of Ford's day would have recoiled in horror. Startling as such exhibitions must necessarily be, even in our chastised details, they form the only excuse which we can find for allowing the following scenes to find a place in this collection ; while the best apology for such offences in the dramatists of that age themselves must be found in the recollection, that both they and their audiences had but recently escaped the yoke of that papal church, which has too often found in the vices of the human race rather a source of profit and power, than proofs of a depravity in our nature, which must be shamed into better feelings by remonstrance, or forced into them by actual punishment.

TO

MY TRUEST FRIEND, MY WORTHIEST KINSMAN,

JOHN FORD OF GRAYE'S INNE, Esq.

THE title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication;¹ which, being in most writers a custom, in many a compliment, I question not but your clear knowledge of my intents will, in me, read as the earnest of affection. My ambition herein aims at a fair flight, borne up on the double wings of gratitude for a received, and acknowledgment for a continued love. It is not so frequent to number many kinsmen, and among them some friends, as to presume on some friends, and among them little friendship. But in every fulness of these particulars, I do not more partake through you, my cousin, the delight than enjoy the benefit of them. This inscription to your name is only a faithful deliverance to memory, of the truth of my respects to virtue, and to the equal in honour with virtue, desert. The contempt thrown on studies of this kind, by such as dote on their own singularity,² hath almost so outfaced invention, and proscribed

¹ *The title of this little work, my good cousin, is in sense but the argument of a dedication,*] i. e. LOVE'S SACRIFICE. The affection between the cousins appears to be mutual; for, on the appearance of Perkin Warbeck, this gentleman returned the compliment with an introductory copy of verses, which are neither the best nor the worst called forth by that drama.—GIFFORD.

² Here is an allusion to Prynne, who is also noticed by Shirley, in the complimentary verses prefixed to this play. That restless "paper-worm," as Needham calls him, had the year before produced his *Histrionastix*, or *Actors' Tragedy*, to the sore annoyance of the stage; and was at this time before the Star-chamber for the scurrilous and libellous language in that "voluminous" sarrago of puritanic rancour.

There is a quaintness in the style of this little piece; but the frank and grateful tone of affection which it displays is truly pleasing. It is not his dramatic powers that Ford is solicitous to assert; but his respect to virtue and desert, and his boldness to avow and praise them in a dear relation.—GIFFORD.

judgment, that it is more safe, more wise, to be suspectedly silent, than modestly confident of opinion, herein. Let me be bold to tell the severity of censurers, how willingly I neglect their practice, so long as I digress from no becoming thankfulness. Accept, then, my cousin, this witness to posterity of my constancy to your merits; for no ties of blood, no engagements of friendship, shall more justly live a precedent, than the sincerity of both in the heart of

JOHN FORD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIPPO CARAFFA, *Duke of Pavy.*

FERNANDO, *favourite to the duke.*

ROSEILLI, *a young nobleman.*

RODERICO D'AVOLOS, *secretary to the duke.*

BIANCA, *the dutchess.*

FIORMONDA, *the duke's sister.*

COLONA, *daughter to PETRUCHIO, a counsellor of state.*

Attendants, Courtiers, Officers, &c.

SCENE, Pavy (Pavia).

SELECTIONS
FROM
LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter ROSELLI and FERNANDO.

Ros. You are, my lord Fernando, late return'd
From travels; pray instruct me:—since the voice
Of most supreme authority commands
My absence, I determine to bestow
Some time in learning languages abroad;
Perhaps the change of air may change in me
Remembrance of my wrongs at home: good sir,
Inform me; say I meant to live in Spain,
What benefit of knowledge might I treasure?

Fern. 'Troth, sir, I'll freely speak as I have found.
In Spain you lose experience; 't is a climate
Too hot to nourish arts;¹ the nation proud,
And in their pride unsociable; the court
More pliable to glorify itself

¹ Fernando's character of the Spanish nation is somewhat tinctured with severity; yet not unjust in the main. James had, with much political foresight, and some success, strove to cultivate the friendship of Spain; but the culpable capriciousness of Charles, aggravated by the ruffian insolence of Buckingham, abruptly checked his endeavours, and by rendering the Spanish party unpopular, as well as unfashionable at court, occasioned a fatal reaction in politics, which in no long process of time threw that country and its resources into the arms of France, to be constantly directed against us. Ford seems to be indebted to Howell for a part of his description.—GIFFORD.

Than do a stranger grace : if you intend
To traffic like a merchant, 't were a place
Might better much your trade ; but as for me.
I soon took surfeit on it.

Ros. What for France?

Fern. France I more praise and love.¹ You are,
my lord,
Yourself for horsemanship much famed ; and there,
You shall have many proofs to show your skill.
The French are passing courtly, ripe of wit,
Kind, but extreme dissemblers ; you shall have
A Frenchman ducking lower than your knee,
At th' instant mocking even your very shoe-ties.
To give the country due, it is on earth
A paradise ; and if you can neglect
Your own appropriaments, but praising that
In others, wherein you excel yourself,
You shall be much beloved there.

Ros. Yet, methought,
I heard you and the dutchess, two nights since,
Discoursing of an island thereabouts,
Call'd—let me think—'t was—

Fern. England?

Ros. That : pray, sir—
You have been there, methought I heard you praise it.

Fern. I'll tell you what I found there ; men as neat,
As courtly as the French, but in condition²
Quite opposite. Put case that you, my lord,
Could be more rare on horseback than you are,
If there (as there are many) one excell'd
You in your art as much as you do others,

¹ *France I more praise and love,* &c.] The excellence of the French in horsemanship is noticed by most of our old writers. It seems, indeed, that about this period the English were surpassed by most nations in this noble art ; nor was it till James I. wisely encouraged horse-races, that we thought of improving the old heavy, short-winded breed of horses, by the introduction of Barbary and other stallions, and that the consequent improvement in managing them took place which long since rendered us the most skilful and daring riders of Europe.—GIFFORD.

² i. e. in disposition.—GIFFORD.

Yet will the English think their own is nothing
Compared with you a stranger; in their habits
They are not more fantastic than uncertain;
In short, their fair abundance, manhood, beauty,
No nation can disparage but itself.

Ros. My lord, you have much eased me; I resolve.

Fern. And whither are you bent?

Ros. My lord, for travel;
To speed for England.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The DUKE, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, and D'AVOLOS.

Duke. Come, my Bianca, revel in mine arms;
While I, wrapt in my admiration, view
Lilies and roses growing in thy cheeks.
Fernando! oh, thou half myself! no joy
Could make my pleasures full without thy presence:
I am a monarch of felicity,¹
Proud in a pair of jewels, rich and beautiful;
A perfect friend, a wife above compare.

Fern. Sir, if a man so low in rank may hope,
By loyal duty and devoted zeal,
To hold a correspondence in friendship
With one so mighty as the Duke of Pavy,
My uttermost ambition is to climb
To those deserts may give the style of servant.

Duke. Of partner in my dukedom, in my heart,
As freely as the privilege of blood
Hath made them mine;—Philippo and Fernando
Shall be without distinction. Look, Bianca,
On this good man; in all respects to him
Be as to me; only the name of husband,
And reverent observance of our bed,
Shall differ us in persons, else in soul
We are all one.

¹ i. e. I command happiness.

Bian. I shall, in best of love,
Regard the bosom-partner of my lord.

Duke. Sister!

Fior. My lord and brother.

Duke. You are too silent,
Quicken your sad remembrance:¹ though the loss
Of your dead husband be of more account
Than slight neglect, yet 't is a sin against
The state of princes, to exceed a mean
In mourning for the dead.

Fior. Should form, my lord,
Prevail above affection? no, it cannot.
You have yourself here a right noble dutchess,
Virtuous at least; and should your grace now pay,
Which Heaven forbid! the debt you owe to nature,
I dare presume she'd not so soon forget
A prince that thus advanced her.—Madam, could
-you?

D'Av. Bitter and shrewd.

[*Aside.*

Bian. Sister, I should too much bewray my
weakness,
To give a resolution² on a passion
I never felt nor fear'd.

Fern. If credit may be given to a face,
My lord, I'll undertake on her behalf;
Her words are trusty heralds to her mind.

Fior. [*Aside to D'Av.*] Exceeding good; the man
will "undertake!"
Observe it, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Lady, I do;
'T is a smooth praise.

Duke. Friend, in thy judgment I approve thy love,
And love thee better for thy judging mine.
Though my gray-headed senate, in the laws

¹ *Quicken your sad remembrance,*] i. e. *enliven your melancholy recollections by the admission of pleasanter thoughts.*—GIFFORD.

² i. e. *to speak decisively on a passion*

I never felt nor fear'd,] i. e. *ingratitude. It is well answered:—*
"but she'll keep her word!"—GIFFORD.

Of strict opinion and severe dispute,
Would tie the limits of our free affects¹
(Like superstitious Jews, to match with none
But in a tribe of princes like ourselves),
Gross nurtur'd slaves, who force their wretched
souls
To crouch to profit; nay, for trash and wealth,
Dote on some crooked or misshapen form;
Hugging wise nature's lame deformity,
Begetting creatures ugly as themselves:—
But why should princes do so, that command
The storehouse of the earth's hid minerals?—
No, my Bianca, thou art to me as dear
As if thy portion had been Europe's riches;
Since in thine eyes lies more than these are worth.
Set on: they shall be strangers to my heart,
That envy thee thy fortunes.—Come, Fernando,
My but divided self; what we have done
We are only debtor to Heaven for.—On! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

FERNANDO *alone and musing*; to him FIORMONDA.

Fior. My lord Fernando, what, so hard at study!
You are a kind companion to yourself,
That love to be alone so.

Fern. Madam, no;
I rather chose this leisure to admire
The glories of this little world, the court,
Where, like so many stars, on several thrones,
Beauty and greatness shine in proper orbs;
Sweet matter for my meditation.

Fior. So, so, sir! your own proof,
By travel and prompt observation,
Instructs you how to place the use of speech.—
But since you are at leisure, pray let's sit:

¹ i. e. affections.

We'll pass the time a little in discourse :
What have you seen abroad ?

Fern. No wonders, lady,
Like these I see at home.

Fior. At home ! as how ?

Fern. Your pardon, if my tongue, the voice of
truth,
Report but what is warranted by sight.

Fior. What sight ?

Fern. Look in your glass, and you shall see
A miracle.

Fior. What miracle ?

Fern. Your beauty,
So far above all beauties else abroad,
As you are, in your own, superlative.

Fior. Fy, fy ! your wit hath too much edge.

Fern. Would that,
Or any thing, that I could challenge mine,
Were but of value to express how much
I serve, in love, the sister of my prince !

Fior. 'Tis for your prince's sake then, not for mine ?

Fern. For you in him, and much for him in you :
I must acknowledge, madam, I observe,
In your affects,¹ a thing to me most strange,
Which makes me so much honour you the more.

Fior. Pray tell it.

Fern. Gladly, lady :
I see how opposite to youth and custom,
You set before you, in the tablature
Of your remembrance, the becoming griefs
Of a most loyal lady, for the loss
Of so renown'd a prince as was your lord.

Fior. Now, good my lord, no more of him.

Fern. Of him !
I know it is a needless task in me
To set him forth in his deserved praise,
You better can record it ; for you find

¹ Affections.

How much more he exceeded other men
 In most heroic virtues of account,
 So much more was your loss in losing him.
 Of him ! his praise should be a field too large,
 Too spacious, for so mean an orator
 As I to range in.

Fior. Sir, enough : 't is true
 He well deserv'd your labour ; on his death-bed
 This ring he gave me, bade me never part
 With this, but to the man I lov'd as dearly
 As I lov'd him ; yet since you know which way
 To blaze his worth so rightly, in return
 To your deserts, wear this for him and me.

[Offers him the ring.]

Fern. Madam ?

Fior. 'T is yours.

Fern. Methought you said, he charged you
 Not to impart it but to him you loved
 As dearly as you loved him.

Fior. True, I said so.

Fern. Oh, then, far be it my unhallow'd hand,
 With any rude intrusion, should unveil
 A testament enacted by the dead.

Fior. Why, man, that testament is disannull'd,
 And cancell'd quite by us that live. Look here,
 My blood is not yet freez'd ; for better instance,
 Be judge yourself ; experience is no danger—
 Cold are my sighs ; but feel, my lips are warm.

[Kisses him.]

Fern. What means the virtuous marquess ?¹

Fior. To new-kiss

The oath to thee, which while he lived was his :
 Hast thou yet power to love ?

Fern. To love !

¹ *Virtuous marquess.*] The title of marquis is the newest in this country : and it was not till after some time that *marquioness* was introduced, to distinguish the lady from her lord. She was in Ford's time usually "my lady marquis or marquess." The Italian *marchese* and *marchesa* are hardly different in sound ; and in old French *marquis* and *marchise* were probably little more so.

Fior. To meet
Sweetness of language in discourse as sweet!

Fern. Madam, 't were dulness, past the ignorance
Of common blockheads, not to understand
Whereto this favour tends; and 't is a fortune
So much above my fate, that I could wish
No greater happiness on earth; but know,
Long since, I vow'd to live a single life.

Fior. What was 't you said?

Fern. I said, I made a vow—

Enter BIANCA and D'AVOLOS.

Blessed deliverance!

Fior. Prevented! mischief on this interruption!
[Aside]

ACT II. SCENE I.

FERNANDO and BIANCA.

Fern. Madam.

Bian. To me, my lord!

Fern. Please but to hear
The story of a castaway in love;
And, oh! let not the passage of a jest
Make slight a sadder subject, who hath placed
All happiness in your diviner eyes.

Bian. My lord, the time—

Fern. The time! yet hear me speak,
For I must speak, or burst: I have a soul
So anchor'd down with cares in seas of wo,
That passion, and the vows I owe to you,
Have changed me to a lean anatomy.
Sweet princess of my life—

Bian. Forbear, or I shall—

Fern. Yet, as you honour virtue, do not freeze
My hopes to more discomfort, than, as yet,
My fears suggest; no beauty so adorns
The composition of a well-built mind,
As pity: hear me out.

Bian. No more ! I spare
 To tell you what you are, and must confess,
 Do almost hate my judgment, that it once
 Thought goodness dwelt in you. Remember, now,
 It is the third time since your treacherous tongue
 Hath pleaded treason to my ear and fame ;
 Yet, for the friendship 'twixt my lord and you,
 I have not voiced your follies : if you dare
 To speak a fourth time, you shall rue your lust ;
 'T is all no better :—learn, and love yourself. [*Exit.*

Fern. Gone ! oh, my sorrows ! how am I undone !
 Not speak again ? no, no, in her chaste breast
 Virtue and resolution have discharged
 All female weakness ; I have sued and sued,
 Knelt, wept, and begg'd ; but tears, and vows, and
 words

Move her no more than summer-winds a rock.
 I must resolve to check this rage of blood,
 And will ; she is all icy to my fires,
 Yet even that ice inflames in me desires. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Palace.—The Dutchess's Apartment.

Enter COLONA with lights, BIANCA, FIORMONDA, FERNANDO, and D'AVOLOS ; COLONA places the lights on a table, and sets down a chessboard.

Bian. 'T is yet but early night, too soon to sleep ;
 Sister, shall 's have a mate at chess ?

Fior. A mate !

No, madam, you are grown too hard for me ;
 My lord Fernando is a fitter match.

Bian. He 's a well-practis'd gamester—well, care
 not

How cunning soe'er he be.—To pass an hour
 I'll try your skill, my lord : reach here the chess-
 board.

Fern. I shall bewray too much of my ignorance
In striving with your highness ; 't is a game
I lose at still, by oversight.

Bian. Well, well,
I fear you not. [FERNANDO and the Dutchess play.

Fior. Madam, I must entreat excuse ; I feel
The temper of my body not in case
To judge the strife.

Bian. Lights for our sister, sirs !
Good rest t' ye ; I'll but end my game, and follow.

Fior. [*Aside to D'Av.*] Let 'em have time enough ;
and, as thou canst,
Be near to hear their courtship, D'Avolos.

D'Av. Madam, I shall observe them with all cunning secrecy.

Bian. Colona, attend our sister to her chamber.

Col. I shall, madam.

[*Exit FIOR. followed by COL. and D'Av.*

Bian. Play.

Fern. I must not lose the advantage of the
game ;

Madam, your queen is lost.

Bian. My clergy help me ;¹
My queen ! and nothing for it but a pawn ?
Why then the game 's lost too : but play.

Fern. What, madam ?

[FERNANDO often looks about.

Bian. You must needs play well, you are so studious,—

Fy upon 't ! you study past patience :—
What do you dream on ? here 's demurring
Would weary out a statue !—Good now, play.

Fern. Forgive me ; let my knees for ever stick

[*Kneels.*

Nail'd to the ground, as earthy as my fears,
Ere I arise, to part away so curs'd

¹ *My clergy help me,*] i. e. my bishops,—but those who understand the game do not need these modicums of information, and upon all others they are thrown away.—GIFORD.

In my unbounded anguish, as the rage
Of flames, beyond all utterance of words,
Devour me, lighten'd by your sacred eyes.

Bian. What means the man?

Fern. To lay before your feet
In lowest vassalage, the bleeding heart
That sighs the tender of a suit disdain'd.
Great lady, pity me, my youth, my wounds;
And do not think that I have cull'd this time
From motion's swiftest measure, to unclasp
The book of lust: if purity of love
Have residence in virtue's breast, lo here,
Bent lower in my heart than on my knee,
I beg compassion to a love, as chaste
As softness of desire can intimate.

Re-enter D'AVOLOS behind.

D'Av. At it already! admirable haste.

Bian. Am I again betray'd? bad man.

Fern. Keep in,

Bright angel, that severer breath to cool
That heat of cruelty, which sways the temple
Of your too stony breast: you cannot urge
One reason to rebuke my trembling plea,
Which I have not, with many nights' expense,
Examined; but oh, madam, still I find
No physic strong to cure a tortured mind,
But freedom from the torture it sustains.

D'Av. Still on your knees?

Here's ceremony with a vengeance!

Bian. Rise up, we charge you, rise:—[*he rises.*]—
look on our face.

What see you there that may persuade a hope
Of lawless love? or couldst thou dare to speak
Again, when we forbade? no, wretched thing,
Take this for answer: if thou henceforth ope
Thy leprous mouth to tempt our ear again,
We shall not only certify our lord
Of thy disease in friendship, but revenge

Thy boldness with the forfeit of thy life.
Think on 't.

D'Av. Now, now, now the game 's a-foot!

Fern. Stay, go not hence in choler, blessed woman!

You have school'd me; lend me hearing; though
the float

Of infinite desires swell to a tide

Too high so soon to ebb, yet by this hand,

[*Kisses her hand.*]

This glorious, gracious hand of yours—

D'Av. Ay, marry, the match is made: and hands
clapp'd on it!

Fern. I swear,

Henceforth I never will as much in word,

In letter, or in syllable, presume

To make a repetition of my griefs.

Good night t'ye! if, when I am dead, you rip

This coffin of my heart, there shall you read

With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,

Bianca's name carv'd out in bloody lines.

For ever, lady, now good night!

Bian. Good night!

Rest in your goodness: lights there.

Enter Attendants with lights.

Sir, good night.

[*Exeunt sundry ways.*]

SCENE III.

BIANCA and FERNANDO.

Bian. With shame and passion now I must confess,

Since first mine eyes beheld you, in my heart

You have been only king; if there can be

A violence in love, then I have felt

That tyranny: be record to my soul,

The justice which I for this folly fear!

Fernando, in short words, howe'er my tongue
Did often chide thy love, each word thou spak'st
Was music to my ear : was never poor,
Poor wretched woman lived that loved like me,
So truly, so unfeignedly.

Fern. Oh, madam !

Bian. Now hear me out.

When first Caraffa, Pavy's duke, my lord,
Saw me, he loved me ; and without respect
Of dower, took me to his bed and bosom ;
Advanced me to the titles I possess,
Not mov'd by counsel, or removed by greatness ;
Which to requite, betwixt my soul and heaven,
I vow'd a vow to live a constant wife :
I have done so : nor was there in the world
A man created could have broke that truth
For all the glories of the earth, but thou ;
But thou, Fernando !—Do I love thee now ?

Fern. Beyond imagination.

Bian. True, I do,

Beyond imagination ! if no pledge
Of love can instance what I speak is true,
But loss of my best joys, here, Fernando,
Be satisfied and ruin me.

Fern. What do you mean ?

Bian. If thou dost spoil me of this robe of shame,
By my best comforts, here I vow again,
To thee, to heaven, to the world, to time,
Ere yet the morning shall new-christen day,
I'll kill myself !

Fern. Come, come ; how many women, pray,
Were ever heard or read of, granted love,
And did as you protest you will ?

Bian. Fernando,

Jest not at my calamity.—I kneel— [Kneels.
By these dishevell'd hairs, these wretched tears,
By all that's good, if what I speak my heart
Vows not eternally, then think, my lord,
Was never man sued to me I denied ;

Think me a common and most cunning harlot,
And let my sins be written on my grave,
My name rest in reproof!—[*Rises.*]—Do as you list.

Fern. I must believe you,—yet I hope, anon,
When you are parted from me, you will laugh
At my simplicity; say, wilt thou not?

Bian. No, by the faith I owe my bridal vows!
But ever hold thee much, much dearer far,
Than all my joys on earth, by this chaste kiss.

[*Kisses him.*]

Fern. You have prevail'd; and Heaven forbid
that I

Should by a wanton appetite profane
This sacred temple! 't is enough for me
You 'll please to call me servant.

Bian. Nay, be thine:
Command my power, my bosom; and I 'll write
This love within the tables of my heart.

Fern. Enough; I 'll master passion, and triumph
In being conquered; adding to it this,
In you my love, as it begun, shall end.

Bian. The latter I new-vow—but day comes on!
What now we leave unfinish'd of content,
Each hour shall perfect up: sweet, let us part.

Fern. This kiss,—best life, good rest! [*Kisses her.*]

Bian. All mine to thee!
Remember this, and think I speak thy words:
“When I am dead, rip up my heart, and read
With constant eyes, what now my tongue defines,
Fernando's name carv'd out in bloody lines.”
Once more good rest, sweet!

Fern. Your most faithful servant.

[*The scene closes.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Palace.**Enter DUKE and D'AVOLOS.*

Duke. Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss
Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests,
And coinage of your politician's brain,
Shall jig me off; I'll know 't, I vow I will.
Did not I note your dark abrupted ends
Of words half-spoke? your "wells, if all were
known?"

Your short, "I like not that?" your girds and "buts?"
Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues
More matter than your subtlety shall hide!
Tell me, what is 't? by honour's self, I'll know.

D'Av. What would you know, my lord? I confess
I owe my life and service to you, as to my prince; the
one you have, the other you may take from me at
your pleasure. Should I devise matter to feed your
distrust, or suggest likelihoods without appearance?
what would you have me say? I know nothing.

Duke. Thou liest, dissembler; on thy brow I read
Distracted horrors figured in thy looks.
On thy allegiance, D'Avolos, as e'er
Thou hop'st to live in grace with us, unfold
What by the party-halting of thy speech
Thy knowledge can discover. By the faith
We bear to sacred justice, we protest,
Be it or good or evil, thy reward
Shall be our special thanks, and love unterm'd:¹
Speak, on thy duty; we, thy prince, command.

D'Av. Oh my disaster! my lord, I am so charmed
By those powerful repetitions of love and duty, that
I cannot conceal what I know of your dishonour.

¹ *And love unterm'd,*] i. e. inexpressible; or rather, perhaps, interminable.—GIFFORD.

Duke. "Dishonour!" then my soul is cleft with fear:

I half-presage my misery; say on,
Speak it at once, for I am great with grief.

D'Av. I trust your highness will pardon me; yet
I will not deliver a syllable which shall be less innocent than truth itself.

Duke. By all our wish of joys, we pardon thee.

D'Av. Get from me, cowardly servility! my service is noble, and my loyalty an armour of brass: in short, my lord, and plain discovery,—

Duke. Out with the word!

D'Av. Fernando is your rival, has stolen your dutchess's heart, murther'd friendship.

Duke. My heart is split.

D'Av. Take courage, be a prince in resolution: I knew it would nettle you in the fire of your composition, and was loath to have given the first report of this more than ridiculous blemish to all patience or moderation; but oh, my lord, what would not a subject do to approve his loyalty to his sovereign?

Duke. The icy current of my frozen blood
Is kindled up in agonies as hot
As flames of burning sulphur. Oh my fate!
Dishonour'd! had my dukedom's whole inheritance
Been rent, mine honours levell'd in the dust,
So she, that wicked woman, might have slept
Chaste in my bosom, 't had been all a sport.—
And he, that villain, viper to my heart,
That he should be the man! death above utterance!—

Take heed you prove this true.

D'Av. My lord.

Duke. If not,
I'll tear thee joint by joint.—Phew! methinks
It should not be:—Bianca! why, I took her
From lower than a bondage;—hell of hells!
See that you make it good.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter DUKE, FIORMONDA, and D'AVOLOS.

Fior. Art thou Caraffa? is there in thy veins
One drop of blood that issued from the loins
Of Pavy's ancient dukes? or dost thou sit
On great Lorenzo's seat, our glorious father,
And canst not blush to be so far beneath
The spirit of heroic ancestors?
Canst thou engross a slavish shame, which men,
Far, far below the region of thy state,
Not more abhor, than study to revenge?
Thou an Italian! I could burst with rage,
To think I have a brother so befool'd,
In giving patience to a harlot's lust.

Duke. Forbear; the ashy paleness of my cheek
Is scarleted in ruddy flakes of wrath;
And like some bearded meteor shall suck up,
With swiftest terror, all those dusky mists
That overcloud compassion in our breast.
You have rous'd a sleeping lion, whom no art,
No fawning smoothness shall reclaim; but blood.
And, sister, thou, thou Roderico, thou,
From whom I take the surfeit of my bane,
Henceforth no more so eagerly pursue,
To whet my dulness: you shall see Caraffa
Equal his birth, and matchless in revenge.

Fior. Why, now I hear you speak in majesty.

D'Av. And it becomes my lord most princely.

Duke. Does it? come hither, sister; thou art near
In nature, and as near to me in love.
I love thee, yes, by yon bright firmament,
I love thee dearly: but observe me well;
If any private grudge, or female spleen,
Malice or envy, or such woman's frailty,

Have spurr'd thee on to set my soul on fire,
Without apparent certainty,—I vow,
And vow again, by all our princely blood,
Hadst thou a double soul, or were the lives
Of fathers, mothers, children, or the hearts
Of all our tribes in thine, I would unrip
That womb of bloody mischief with these nails,
Where such a cursed plot as this was hatch'd.
But, D'Avolos, for thee—no more; to work
A yet more strong impression in my brain,
You must produce an instance to mine eye,
Both present and apparent—nay, you shall—or—

Fior. Or what? you will be mad? be rather wise;
Think on Ferentes first, and think by whom
The harmless youth was slaughter'd; had he liv'd,
He would have told you tales: Fernando fear'd it;
And to prevent him, under show, forsooth,
Of rare device, most trimly cut him off.
Have you yet eyes, duke?

Duke. Shrewdly urged,—'t is piercing.

Fior. For looking on a sight shall split your soul.
You shall not care; I'll undertake myself
To do 't some two days hence; for need, to-night—
But that you are in court.

D'Av. Right. Would you desire, my lord, to see
them exchange kisses? Give but a little way by a
feigned absence, and you shall find 'em at it.

Duke. D'ye play upon me? as I am your prince,
There's some shall roar for this! Why, what was I
Both to be thought or made so vile a thing?
Stay—madam marquess:—ho, Roderico, you, sir,
Bear witness, that if ever I neglect
One day, one hour, one minute, to wear out
With toil of plot, or practice of conceit,
My busy scull, till I have found a death
More horrid than the bull of Phalaris,
Or all the fabling poets' dreaming whips;
If ever I take rest, or force a smile
Which is not borrowed from a royal vengeance,

Before I know which way to satisfy
Fury and wrong,—nay, kneel down—[*They kneel.*]—
let me die

More wretched than despair, reproach, contempt.

Laughter, and poverty itself can make me !

Let's rise on all sides, friends ;—[*They rise.*]—now
all 's agreed :

If the moon serve,¹ some that are safe shall bleed.

[*Exeunt DUKE and D'AVOLOS.*]

Enter FERNANDO.

Fior. My lord Fernando.

Fern. Madam.

Fior. Do you note

My brother's odd distractions ? You were wont

To bosom in his counsels ; I am sure

You know the ground of it.

Fern. Not I, in troth.

Fior. Is't possible ! What would you say, my
lord,

If he, out of some melancholy spleen,

Edged on by some thank-picking parasite,

Should now prove jealous ? I mistrust it shrewdly.

Fern. What, madam ! jealous ?

Fior. Yes ; for but observe ;

A prince, whose eye is chooser to his heart,

Is seldom steady in the lists of love,

Unless the party he affects do match

His rank in equal portion, or in friends :

I never yet, out of report, or else

By warranted description, have observ'd

The nature of fantastic jealousy,

If not in him ; yet, on my conscience now,

He has no cause.

¹ *If the moon serve, some that are safe shall bleed.*] In Ford's time, and indeed long before and after it, the days of the moon held to be propitious to bleeding were distinguished by particular marks ; and such was the absurd reliance on this ignorant medley of quackery and superstition, that few families would have ventured on the operation on one of the *dies nefasti*.—GIRROD.

Fern. Cause, madam ! by this light,
I 'll pledge my soul against a useless rush.

Fior. I never thought her less ; yet trust me, sir,
No merit can be greater than your praise :
Whereat I strangely wonder, how a man
Vow'd, as you told me, to a single life,
Should so much deify the saints, from whom
You have disclaim'd devotion.

Fern. Madam, 't is true ;
From them I have, but from their virtues never.

Fior. You are too wise, Fernando. To be plain,
You are in love ; nay, shrink not, man, you are ;
Bianca is your aim : why do you blush ?
She is, I know she is.

Fern. My aim ?

Fior. Yes, yours ;
I hope I talk no news. Fernando, know
Thou runn'st to thy confusion, if, in time,
Thou dost not wisely shun that Circe's charm.
Unkindest man ! I have too long conceal'd
My hidden flames, when still in silent signs
I courted thee for love, without respect
To youth or state ; and yet thou art unkind ;
Fernando, leave that sorceress, if not
For love of me, for pity of thyself.

Fern. [*Walks aside.*] Injurious woman, I defy thy
lust.

'T is not your subtle sifting that shall creep
Into the secrets of a heart unsoil'd.—
You are my prince's sister, else your malice
Had rail'd itself to death ; but as for me,
Be record, all my fate ! I do detest
Your fury or affection—judge the rest. [*Exit.*]

Fior. What, gone ! well, go thy ways ; I see the more
I humble my firm love, the more he shuns
Both it and me. So plain ! then 't is too late
To hope ; change, peevish passion, to contempt :
Whatever rages in my blood I feel,
Fool, he shall know I was not born to kneel. [*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE 1.

The Palace.—The Dutchess's Bedchamber.

BIANCA, FERNANDO (*FIORMONDA watching them from above*). *While they are talking, the DUKE and D'AVOLOS, with their swords drawn, appear at the door.*

Col. [*within.*] Help, help! madam, you are betray'd, madam; help, help!

D'Av. Is there confidence in credit, now, sir? belief in your own eyes? do you see? do you see, sir? can you behold it without lightning?

Col. [*within.*] Help, madam, help!

Fern. What noise is that? I heard one cry.

Duke. [*comes forward.*] Ha! did you? Know you who I am?

Fern. Yes; thou art Pavy's duke,
Dress'd like a hangman: see, I am unarm'd,
Yet do not fear thee; though the coward doubt
Of what I could have done, hath made thee steal
The advantage of this time, yet, duke, I dare
Thy worst, for murder sits upon thy cheeks:
To't man.

Duke. I am too angry in my rage,
To scourge thee unprovided; take him hence:
Away with him. [*The guard seize FERN.*]

Fern. Unhand me!

D'Av. You must go, sir.

Fern. Duke, do not shame thy manhood to lay
hands
On that most innocent lady.¹

¹ Our author seems to have very loose notions of female honour. He certainly goes much beyond his age, which was far enough from squeamish on this point, in terming Bianca *innocent*. She is, in fact, a gross and profligate adulteress, and her ridiculous reservations, while they mark her lubricity, only enhance her shame.—GAYDON.

Duke. Yet again !
 Confine him to his chamber.

[*Exeunt D'Av. and the guard with FERN.*]

Duke. Woman, stand forth before me ;—wretched creature,
 What canst thou hope for ?

Bian. Death ; I wish no less.
 You told me you had dream'd ; and, gentle duke,
 Unless you be mistook, you are now awaked.

Duke. Strumpet, I am ; and in my hand hold up
 The edge that must uncut thy twist of life :
 Dost thou not shake ?

Bian. For what ? to see a weak,
 Faint, trembling arm advance a leaden blade ?
 Alas, good man ! put up, put up ; thine eyes
 Are likelier much to weep, than arms to strike ;
 What would you do now, pray ?

Duke. What ?—
 Yet come, and if thou think'st thou canst deserve
 One mite of mercy, ere the boundless spleen
 Of just consuming wrath o'erswell my reason,
 Tell me, bad woman, tell me what could move
 Thy heart to crave variety of youth.

Bian. I'll tell you, if you needs would be resolv'd ;
 I held Fernando much the better man.

Duke. Shameless, intolerable harlot !

Bian. What ails you ?
 Can you imagine, sir, the name of duke
 Could make a crooked leg, a scrambling foot,¹
 A tolerable face, a wearish hand,
 A bloodless lip, or such an untrimm'd beard
 As yours, fit for a lady's pleasure ? no :
 I wonder you could think 't were possible,
 When I had once but look'd on your Fernando,
 I ever could love you again ; fy, fy !

¹ A scrambling foot,] i. e. a sprawling, shuffling foot : wearish is used by our old writers for wizened, withered, decayed, &c.—GUYFORD.

Now, by my life, I thought ~~that~~ long ago
You'd known it; and been glad you had a friend
Your wife did think so well of.

Duke. O my stars!

Here's impudence above all history.

Why, thou detested reprobate in virtue,
Dar'st thou, without blush, before mine eyes,
Speak such immodest language?

Bian. Dare? yes, faith,

You see I dare! I know what you would say now;
You would fain tell me how exceeding much
I am beholden to you, that vouchsafed
Me, from a simple gentlewoman's place,
The honour of your bed: 't is true you did;
But why? 't was but because you thought I had
A spark of beauty more than you had seen.
To answer this, my reason is the like;
The self-same appetite which led you on
To marry me, led me to love your friend:
O, he's a gallant man! if ever yet
Mine eyes beheld a miracle, composed
Of flesh and blood, Fernando has my voice.
I must confess, my lord, that, for a prince,
Handsome enough you are,—
But to compare yourself with him! trust me,
You are too much in fault.

Duke. Excellent, excellent! the pangs of death
Are music to this.—

Forgive me, my good genius, I had thought
I match'd a woman, but I find she is
A devil, worse than the worst in hell.

Nay, nay, since we are in, e'en come, say on;
I mark you to a syllable.

Bian. Look, what I said, 't is true; for, know it now:
I must confess I miss'd no means, no time,
To win him to my bosom; but so much,
So holily, with such religion,
He kept the laws of friendship, that my suit
Was held but in comparison a jest;

Nor did I oſter urge the violence
 Of my affection, but as oft he urged
 The ſacred vows of faith 'twixt friend and friend:
 Yet be aſſured, my lord, if ever language
 Of cunning, ſervile flatteries, entreaties,
 Of what in me is, could procure his love,
 I would not bluſh to ſpeak it.

Duke. Such another
 As thou art, miſerable creature, would
 Sink the whole ſex of women: yet confeſs
 What witchcraft uſed the wretch to charm the
 heart¹

Of the once ſpotleſs temple of thy mind?
 For without witchcraft it could ne'er be done.

Bian. Phew!—an you be in theſe tunes, ſir, I'll
 leave you;

You know the beſt, and worſt, and all.

Duke. Nay, then,
 Thou tempt'ſt me to thy ruin. Come, black angel,
 Fair devil, in thy prayers reckon up
 The ſum in groſs of all thy veined² follies;
 There, among other, weep in tears of blood,
 For one above the reſt, adultery!
 Adultery, Bianca! ſuch a guilt,
 As, were the ſluices of thine eyes let up,
 Tears cannot waſh it off: 't is not the tide
 Of trivial wantonneſs from youth to youth,
 But thy abuſing of thy lawful bed,
 Thy huſband's bed; his, in whoſe breaſt thou
 ſleep'ſt,

His, that did prize thee more than all the traſh
 Which hoarding worldlings make an idol of.
 Now turn thine eyes into thy hovering ſoul,

¹ *To charm the heart.*] This reading has been made out of the old copy, which has "the *art*." I can think of no word nearer the traces of the original; and yet to "charm the *heart* of the temple of the mind," is an expreſſion which will be as little admired as comprehended.—*Gifford.* Perhaps we ſhould read *ark*.

² i. e. ingrained, as we ſay: follies that run in the blood.

And do not hope for life; ~~when~~ angels sing
A requiem at my hearse, but ~~the~~ ^{thy} expense
With my revenge on thee, 't were all in vain!
Prepare to die!

Bian. [*opens her bosom.*] I do; and to the point
Of thy sharp sword, with open breast, I'll run
Half-way thus naked; do not shrink, Caraffa,
This daunts not me: ~~but~~ in the latter act
Of thy revenge, 't is ~~the~~ the suit I ask—
At my last gasp—to spare thy noble friend;
For life to me, without him, were a death.

Duke. Not this, I'll none of this; 't is not so
fit.—

Why should I kill her? she may live and change,
Or— [*Throws down his sword.*]

Fior. [*above.*] Dost thou halt? faint coward, dost
thou wish

To blemish all thy glorious ancestors?
Is this thy courage?

Duke. Ha! say you so too?
Give me thy hand, Bianca.

Bian. Here.

Duke. Farewell;
Thus go in everlasting sleep to dwell;
[*Draws his dagger, and stabs her.*]

Here's blood for lust, and sacrifice for wrong.

Bian. 'T is bravely done; thou hast struck home
at once:

Live to repent too late. Commend my love
To thy true friend, my love to him that owes¹ it;
My tragedy to thee;² my heart to—to—Fernando.
O—oh! [*Dies.*]

Duke. Sister, she's dead.

Fior. Then, while thy rage is warm,
Pursue the causer of her trespasses.

¹ I. e. owns, possesses it.

² My tragedy to thee.] Bianca alludes either to her husband or to
Fiormonda, who from the gallery had urged on her murder with such
violence.—GIFFORD.

Duke. Good:
I'll slack no time while I am hot in blood.
[Takes up his sword and exits.
Fior. Here's royal vengeance! this becomes the
state
Of his disgrace, and my unbounded hate. [Exit.

SCENE 1

An Apartment in the Palace.

FERNANDO: *to him the Duke, a sword in one hand and a bloody dagger in the other.*

Duke. Stand, and behold thy executioner,
Thou glorious traitor! I will keep no form
Of ceremonious law to try thy guilt:
Look here, 't is written on my poniard's point,
The bloody evidence of thy untruth,
Wherein thy conscience, and the wrathful rod
Of Heaven's scourge for lust, at once give up
The verdict of thy crying villanies.
I see thou art arm'd; prepare, I crave no odds
Greater than is the justice of my cause;
Fight, or I'll kill thee.

Fern. Duke, I fear thee not :
But first I charge thee, as thou art a prince,
Tell me, how hast thou used thy dutchess ?

Duke. How?
To add affliction to thy trembling ghost,
Look on my dagger's crimson die, and judge..

Fern. Not dead?

Duke. Not dead! yes, by my honour's truth: why
 Fool,
 Dost think I'll hug my injuries? no, traitor!
 I'll mix your souls together in your deaths,
 As you did both your bodies in her life.—
 Haste at thee!

Fern. Stay; I yield my weapon up.

He drops his sword.

Here, here's my bosom; as thou art a duke,
Dost honour goodness, if the chaste Bianca
Be murther'd, murther me.

Duke. Faint-hearted coward,
Art thou so poor in spirit! rise and fight;
Or by the glories of my house and name,
I'll kill thee basely.

Fern. Do but hear ~~me~~ first:
Unfortunate Caraffa, thou hast butcher'd
As innocent a wife, as free from lust,
As any terms of art can deify.

Duke. Pish, this is stale dissimulation;
I'll hear no more.

Fern. If ever I unshrined
The altar of her purity, or tasted
More of her love, than what, without control
Or blame, a brother from a sister might,
Rack me to atomies. I must confess
I have too much abused thee; did exceed
In lawless courtship; 'tis too true, I did:
But by the honour which I owe to goodness,
For any actual folly, I am free.

Duke. 'Tis false: as much, in death, for thee she
spake.

Fern. By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O duke!
Couldst thou rear up another world like this,
Another like to that, and more, or more,
Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth
Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss
Of such a spotless wife. Glorious Bianca,
Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom,
Earth was unworthy of thee.

Duke. Fernando, dar'st thou swear upon my sword
To justify thy words?

Fern. I dare; look here. [Kisses the sword.
'Tis not the fear of death doth prompt my tongue,
For I would wish to die; and thou shalt know,
Poor miserable duke, since she is dead,
I'll hold all life a hell.

Duke. Bianca chaste!

Fern. As virtue's self is good.

Duke. Chaste, chaste, and kill'd by me! to her
I offer up this remnant of my—

[*Offers to stab himself, and is stayed by FERN.*

Fern. Hold!

Be gentler to thyself.

Duke. Whither now

Shall I run from the day, where never man,
Nor eye, nor eye of heaven may see a dog
So hateful as I am? Bianca chaste!
Had not the fury of some hellish rage
Blinded all reason's sight, I must have seen
Her clearness in her confidence to die.
Your leave—

[*Kneels, holds up his hands, and, after speaking
to himself a little, rises.*

'Tis done; come, friend, now for her love,
Her love that praised thee in the pangs of death,
I'll hold thee dear; lords, do not care for me,
I am too wise to die yet.—Oh, Bianca!

SCENE III.

*A solemn strain of soft Music. The Scene opens, and
discovers a church, with a tomb in the back-
ground.*

*Enter Attendants with torches, after them two Friars;
then the DUKE in mourning manner; after him FIOR-
MONDA, ROSELLI, and a Guard.—D'AVOLOS fol-
lowing. When the procession approaches the tomb,
they all kneel. The DUKE goes to the tomb, and lays
his hand on it. The Music ceases.*

Duke. Peace and sweet rest sleep here! Let not
the touch

Of this my impious hand profane the shrine
Of fairest purity, which hovers yet

About these blessed bones inhearsed within.
 If in the bosom of this sacred tomb,
 Bianca, thy disturbed ghost doth range,
 Behold, I offer up the sacrifice
 Of bleeding tears, shed from a faithful spring;
 Pouring oblations of a mourning heart
 To thee, offended spirit! I confess
 I am Caraffa, he, that wretched man,
 That butcher, who, in my enraged spleen,
 Slaughter'd the life of innocence and beauty.
 Now come I to pay tribute to those wounds
 Which I digg'd up, and reconcile the wrongs
 My fury wrought and my contrition mourns.
 So chaste, so dear a wife was never man
 But I enjoyed: yet in the bloom and pride
 Of all her years, untimely took her life.—
 Enough; ~~set~~ ^{seal} the tomb, that I may take
 My last farewell, and bury griefs with her.

[The tomb is opened, out of which rises FERNANDO in his windingsheet, and, as CARAFFA is going in, puts him back.]

Fern. Forbear! what art thou that dost rudely
 press

Into the confines of forsaken graves?
 Hath death no privilege? Com'st thou, Caraffa,
 To practise yet a rape upon the dead?
 Inhuman tyrant!—
 Whats'ever thou intendedst, know this place
 Is pointed out for my inheritance;
 Here lies the monument of all my hopes.
 Had eager lust entrunk'd my conquer'd soul,
 I had not buried living joys in death;
 Go, revel in thy palace, and be proud
 To boast thy famous murders; let thy smooth,
 Low-fawning parasites renown thy act;
 Thou com'st not here.

Duke. Fernando, man of darkness,
 Never till now, before these dreadful sights,
 Did I abhor thy friendship; thou hast robb'd

My resolution of a glorious name.

Come out, or by the thunder of my rage,
Thou diest a death more fearful than the scourge
Of death can whip thee with.

Fern. Of death? poor duke!

Why that's the aim I shoot at; 't is not threats
(Maugre thy power, or the spite of hell)
Shall rend that honour: let life-hugging slaves,
Whose hands, imbrued in butcheries like thine,
Shake terror to their souls, be loath to die!
See, I am cloth'd in robes that fit the grave;
I pity thy defiance.

Duke. Guard—lay hands,
And drag him out.

Fern. Yes, let 'em, here's my shield;
Here's health to victory!—

[He drinks off a phial of poison.]

Now do thy worst.

Farewell, duke, once¹ I have outstripp'd thy plots;
Not all the cunning antidotes of art

Can warrant me twelve minutes of my life:

It works, it works already, bravely! bravely!—

Now, now I feel it tear each several joint.

O royal poison! trusty friend! split, split

Both heart and gall asunder, excellent bane!—

Roseilli, love my memory.—Well search'd out,

Swift, nimble venom! torture every vein.—

I come, Bianca—cruel torment, feast,

Feast on, do!—duke, farewell. Thus I—hot
flames!—

Conclude my love,—and seal it in my bosom!—oh!

[Dies.]

Friar. Most desperate end!

Duke. None stir;

Who steps a foot steps to his utter ruin.

And art thou gone, Fernando? art thou gone?

Thou wert a friend unmatched; rest in thy fame.

¹ i. e. once for all, finally, effectually.

Sister, when I have finish'd my last days,
 Lodge me, my wife, and this unequall'd friend,
 All in one monument. Now to my vows.
 Never henceforth let any passionate tongue
 Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,
 But let each letter in that tragic sound
 Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear :
 Children unborn and widows whose lean cheeks
 Are furrow'd up by age, shall weep whole nights
 Repeating but the story of our fates ;
 While in the period, closing up their tale,
 They must conclude, how for Bianca's love,
 Caraffa, in revenge of wrongs to her,
 Thus on her altar sacrificed his life. [*Stabs himself.*]

Friar. Oh, hold the duke's hand !

Fior. Save my brother, save him !

Duke. Do, ~~do~~ ; I was too willing to strike home
 To be prevented. Fools, why could you dream
 I would outlive my outrage ? sprightly flood,
 Run out in rivers ! Oh, that these thick streams
 Could gather head, and make a standing pool,
 That jealous husbands here might bathe in blood !
 So, I grow sweetly empty ; all the pipes
 Of life unvessel life ;—now, heavens, wipe out
 The writing of my sin ! Bianca, thus
 I creep to thee—to thee—to thee, Bi—an—ca. [*Dies.*]

“The catastrophe of this drama,” as Mr. Gifford observes, with a severity which extracts less cautious than our own would have sufficiently justified, “does not shame its progress. The dutchess dying in *odour of chastity*, after confessing and triumphing in her lascivious passion ; the poor duke, in defiance of it, affirming that “no man was ever blest with so good and loving a wife,” and falling upon his sword, that he may the sooner share her tomb, together with “his unequalled friend,” who so zealously had laboured to dishonour him ; with other anomalies of a similar kind, render this one of the least attractive of Ford's pieces : it is not, however, without its beauties ; many scenes are charmingly written for the greater part, and few of our author's works contain more striking examples of his characteristic merits and defects.”

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.



THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.] The leading characters in this play are well conceived, and judiciously sustained; but their merits grow out of a plot so revolting in its nature, that only one specimen of the dialogue in the principal story can with propriety be exhibited to the reader.

The second or underplot of Julio and Flavia, like most of our author's *intermedes*, contributes nothing to the advancement of the main story: it is not, however, without merit, and will tell its own tale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIO DE VARANA, *lord of Camerino.*

ROMANOLLO, *brother to FLAVIA.*

CAMILLO, } *attendants on JULIO.*
VESPUCCI, }

FABRICIO, *a merchant, FLAVIA's first husband.*

CASTAMELA, *sister to LIVIO.*

FLAVIA, *wife to JULIO.*

SCENE, *Sienna.*

SELECTIONS

FROM

THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of Livio.

Enter ROMANELLO and CASTAMELA.

Rom. TELL me you cannot love me.

Cast. You impórtune

Too strict a resolution: as a gentleman,
Of commendable parts, and fair deserts,
In every sweet condition that becomes
A hopeful expectation, I do honour
Th' example of your youth; but, sir, our fortunes,
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,
Move you to construe gently my forbearance,
In argument of fit consideration.

Rom. Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues,
Even from our childish years, into a dowry
Of richer estimation, than thy portion,
Doubled a hundred times, can equal: now
I clearly find, thy current of affection
Labours to fall into the gulf of riot,
Not the free ocean of a soft content.
You'd marry pomp and plenty: 't is the idol,
I must confess, that creatures of the time
Bend their devotions to; but I have fashion'd
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

Cast. Enjoy

Your own prosperity; I am resolv'd
Never, by any charge with me, to force
A poverty upon you.
I'll not be your undoing.

Rom. Sure some dotage
Of living stately, richly, lends a cunning
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness
Changed to ambition! oh, you are most miserable
In your desires! the female curse has caught you.

Cast. Fy! fy! how ill this suits.

Rom. A devil of pride
Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star,
While you grasp molehills.

Cast. Worse and worse, I vow.

Rom. But that some remnant of an honest sense
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury
Of ease and titles.

Cast. Romanello, know
You have forgot the nobleness of truth,
And fix'd on scandal now.

Rom. A dog, a parrot,
A monkey, a caroch, a garded lackey,
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up,
Are pretty toys to please my mistress Wanton!

Cast. This is uncivil;
I am not, sir, your charge.

Rom. My grief you are;
For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

Cast. So is my chief opinion of your foolishness,
When such distractions tempt you; you would prove
A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant,
As you profess, to bait my best respects
Of duty to your welfare; 't is a madness
I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom,
You have no right in me; let this suffice;
I wish your joys much comfort.

ACT II. SCENE I.

*An Apartment in JULIO's House.**Enter FLAVIA, supported by CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.**Flav.* Not yet returned ?*Cam.* Madam !*Flav.* The lord our husband,
We mean. Unkind ! four hours are almost past
(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass),
Since we broke company ; was never, gentlemen,
Poor princess us'd so !*Ves.* With your gracious favour,
Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity
To attend on state employments.*Cam.* For such duties
Are all their toil and labour ; but their pleasures
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers
All sense of other travail.*Flav.* Trimly spoken.
When we were common, mortal, and a subject,
As other creatures of Heaven's making are
(The more the pity), bless us ! how we waited
For the huge play-day, when the pageant flutter'd
About the city ;¹ for we then were certain,
The madam-courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,
And call us by our names, and eat our viands ;¹ *On the huge play-day, when the pageant flutter'd**About the city.* The huge play-day (for Ford's *Sienna* is only another name for London) was probably the lord-mayor's day, when the company to which he belonged exhibited, in honour of his installation, those rude but splendid pageantries and processions which, however they may now excite a smile, were then viewed with equal wonder and delight, and not altogether, perhaps, without profit, which is more than can be said of the tattered remnants of them that are annually dragged abroad to shame us. They were not, however, confined to one festival ; but "fluttered about the city" on every joyous occasion. There is truth as well as humour in Flavia's pleasant description of the condescension of the "madam-courtiers" on these huge play-days. The satire is not yet quite obsolete.—GIFFORD.

Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end
 Of our own tables, telling us how welcome
 They'd make us when we came to court: full little
 Dream'd I, at that time, of the wind that blew me
 Up to the weathercock of the honours now
 Are thrust upon me; but we'll bear the burthen,
 Were't twice as much as 't is. The next great
 feast,

We'll grace the city-wives, poor souls! and see
 How they'll behave themselves before our presence;
 You too shall wait on us.

Ves. With best observance,
 And glory in our service.

Cam. We are creatures
 Made proud in your commands.

Flav. Believe't you are so;
 And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,
 Than you in your obedience.

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Noblest lady—

Ves. Rudeness!
 Keep off, or I shall—saucy groom, learn manners

Flav. Let him stay;
 The fellow I have seen, and now remember
 His name, Fabricio.

Fab. Your poor creature, lady;
 Out of your gentleness, please you to consider
 The brief of this petition, which contains
 All hope of my last fortunes.¹

Flav. Give it from him.

Cam. Here, madam.—[*Takes the paper from FAB.*
and delivers it to FLAV. who walks aside with it.]

—Mark, Vespucci, how the wittol
 Stares on his sometime wife!

¹ *All hope of my last fortunes.*] Meaning probably (for the language is constrained) "my final hope, my last resource." The object of this request appears to be more money to enable him to expatriate himself.
 —GIRFORD.

Ves. "She had seen the fellow!" didst oobserve?

Cam. Most punctually:

Could call him by his name too! why 't is possible,
She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

Ves. That were most strange: oh, 't is a precious
trinket!

Was ever puppet so slipp'd up?

Cam. The tale

Of Venus' cat, man, changed into a woman,
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

Ves. He stands

Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.¹

Cam. No more.

Flav. Friend, we have read, and weigh'd the sum
Of what your scrivener (which, in effect,
Is meant your counsel learned) has drawn for ye:
'T is a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents
Somewhat unseasonable; for, let us tell ye,
You have been a spender, a vain spender; wasted
Your stock of credit and of wares unthriftily.
You are a faulty man; and should we urge
Our lord as often for supplies, as shame
Or wants drive you to ask, it might be construed
An impudence, which we defy; an impudence,
Base in base women, but in noble sinful.
Are you not ashamed yet of yourself?

Fab. Great lady,
Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

Cam. So, so!

This jeer twangs roundly, does it not, Vespucci?

[*Aside to Ves.*

Ves. Why, here 's a lady worshipful!

Flav. Pray, gentlemen,
Retire a while; this fellow shall resolve
Some doubts that stick about me.

¹ *He stands*

Just like Acteon in the painted cloth,] i. e. in the act of gazing at Diana, in a posture of mingled awe and surprise. There is some humour in the expression.—GIRROU.

you please. [*Exeunt Vrs. and Cam.*]
 thee, Fabricio,—oh, the change is

some small leisure, I must justify
 Worthy of the name of man.
 My holy vows, which we, by bonds of faith,
 Recorded in the register of truth,
 Were kept by me unbroken; no assaults
 Of gifts, of courtship, from the great and wanton,
 No threats, nor sense of poverty, to which
 Thy riots had betray'd me—would betray
 My warrantable thoughts; pure folly.
 Why wouldst thou force me—wretched?

Fab. The scorn
 Of rumour is reward enough to brand
 My lewder actions; 't was thought, impossible,
 A beauty fresh as was you with, could brook
 The last of my decays.

Flav. Did I complain?
 My sleeps between thine arms were e'en as sound,
 My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,
 As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.
 Among some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,
 Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy
 Of those whom in their bosom they possess
 Without control, begets a self-unworthiness;
 For which through fear, or, what is worse, desire
 Of paltry gain, they practise art, and labour
 To pander their own wives; those wives, whose
 innocence,
 Stranger to language, spoke obedience only;
 And such a wife was Flavia to Fabricio.

Fab. My loss is irrecoverable.

Flav. Call not
 Thy wickedness thy loss; without my knowledge
 Thou sold'st me, and in open court protestedst
 A precontract unto another, falsely,
 To justify a separation. Wherein
 Could I offend, to be believed

In best sense an adulteress ? so conceived
 In all opinions, that I am shook off,
 Ev'n from mine own blood, which, although I boast
 Not noble, yet 't was not mean ; for Romanello,
 Mine only brother, shuns me, and abhors
 To own me for his sister.

Fab. 'T is confess'd,
 I am the shame of mankind.

Flav. I live happy
 In this great lord's love, now ; but could his cunning
 Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never
 Been sunder'd by the temptation of his purchase.
 In troth, Fabricio, I am little proud of
 My unsought honours, and so far from triumph,
 That I am not more fool to such as honour me,
 Than to myself, who hate this antic carriage.¹

Fab. You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd,
 Than grossly to be talk'd with.

Flav. [*Gives him money.*] Keep those ducats,
 I shall provide you better :—'t were a bravery,
 Could you forget the place wherein you 've render'd
 Your name for ever hateful.

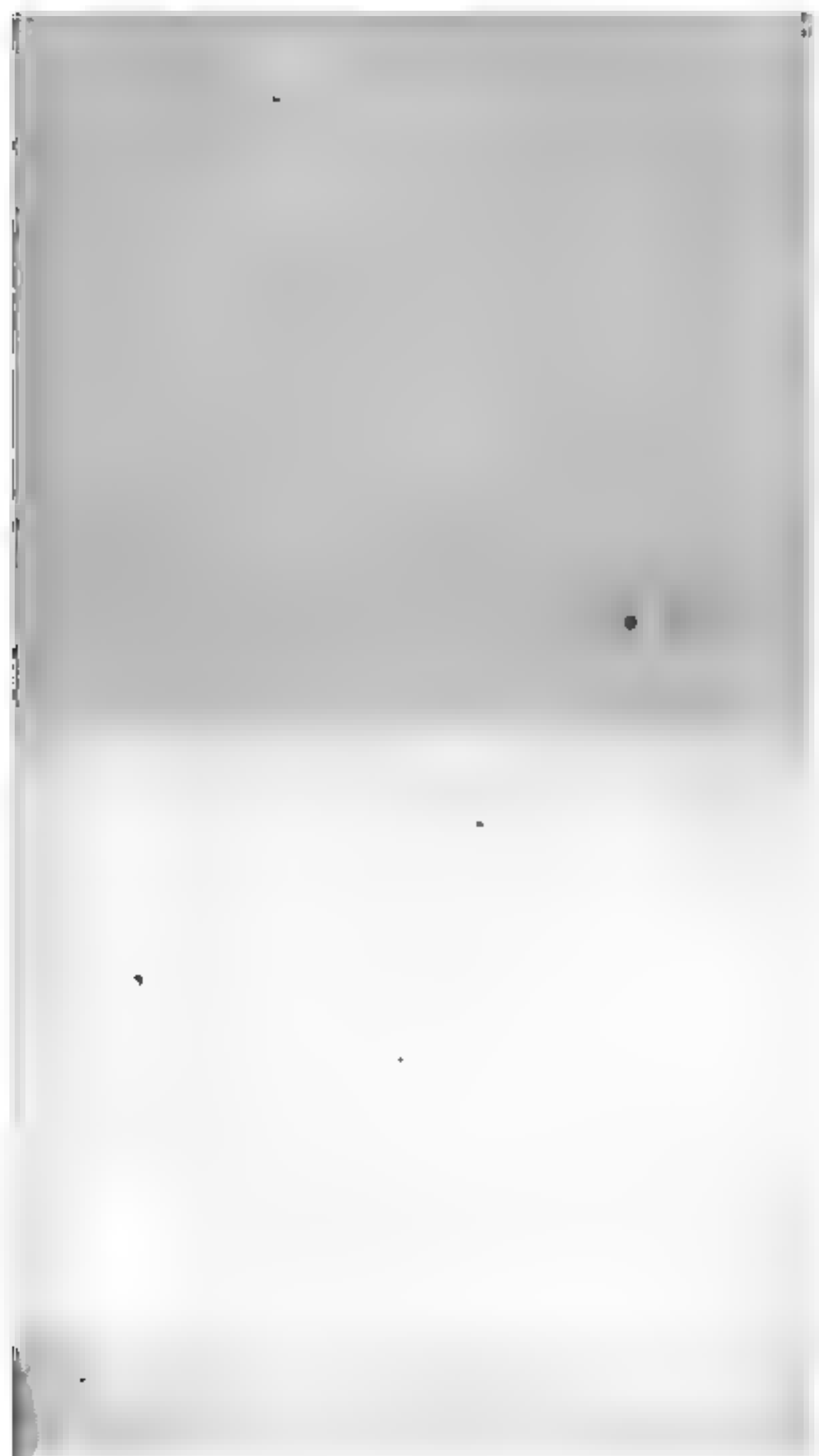
Fab. I will do 't,
 Do 't, excellentest goodness, and conclude
 My days in silent sadness.

Flav. You may prosper
 In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.
 Besides, you are a scholar bred, however
 You interrupted study with commerce.
 I'll think of your supplies ; meantime, pray, storm
 not

At my behaviour to you ; I have forgot
 Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first dis-
 tance. [*He draws back.*]

Camillo ! who is near ? Vespucci !

¹ ————— [*this antic carriage.*] This childish and ridiculous affectation of levity ; which she assumed, partly to humour the count, but chiefly, as she afterward says, to defeat the "lascivious villanies" of her attendants, Camillo and Vespucci.—GIRFORD.



THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.] The leading characters in this play are well conceived, and judiciously sustained; but their merits grow out of a plot so revolting in its nature, that only one specimen of the dialogue in the principal story can with propriety be exhibited to the reader.

The second or underplot of Julio and Flavia, like most of our author's *intermedes*, contributes nothing to the advancement of the main story: it is not, however, without merit, and will tell its own tale.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIO DE VARANA, *lord of Camerino.*

ROMANELLO, *brother to FLAVIA.*

CAMILLO,
VESPUCCI, } *attendants on JULIO.*

FABRICIO, *a merchant, FLAVIA's first husband.*

CASTAMELA, *sister to LIVIO.*

FLAVIA, *wife to JULIO.*

SCENE, *Sienna.*

SELECTIONS
FROM
THE FANCIES, CHASTE AND NOBLE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in the House of LIVIO.

Enter ROMANELLO and CASTAMELA.

Rom. TELL me you cannot love me.

Cast. You importune

Too strict a resolution: as a gentleman,
Of commendable parts, and fair deserts,
In every sweet condition that becomes
A hopeful expectation, I do honour
Th' example of your youth; but, sir, our fortunes,
Concluded on both sides in narrow bands,
Move you to construe gently my forbearance,
In argument of fit consideration.

Rom. Why, Castamela, I have shaped thy virtues,
Even from our childish years, into a dowry
Of richer estimation, than thy portion,
Doubled a hundred times, can equal: now
I clearly find, thy current of affection
Labours to fall into the gulf of riot,
Not the free ocean of a soft content.
You'd marry pomp and plenty: 't is the idol,
I must confess, that creatures of the time
Bend their devotions to; but I have fashion'd
Thoughts much more excellent of you.

Cast. Enjoy

Your own prosperity ; I am resolv'd
Never, by any charge with me, to force
A poverty upon you.

I'll not be your undoing.

Rom. Sure some dotage

Of living stately, richly, lends a cunning
To eloquence. How is this piece of goodness
Changed to ambition ! oh, you are most miserable
In your desires ! the female curse has caught you.

Cast. Fy ! fy ! how ill this suits.

Rom. A devil of pride

Ranges in airy thoughts to catch a star,
While you grasp molehills.

Cast. Worse and worse, I vow.

Rom. But that some remnant of an honest sense
Ebbs a full tide of blood to shame, all women
Would prostitute all honour to the luxury
Of ease and titles.

Cast. Romanello, know

You have forgot the nobleness of truth,
And fix'd on scandal now.

Rom. A dog, a parrot,

A monkey, a caroch, a garded lackey,
A waiting-woman with her lips seal'd up,
Are pretty toys to please my mistress Wanton !

Cast. This is uncivil ;

I am not, sir, your charge.

Rom. My grief you are ;

For all my services are lost and ruin'd.

Cast. So is my chief opinion of your worthiness,
When such distractions tempt you ; you would prove
A cruel lord, who dare, being yet a servant,
As you profess, to bait my best respects
Of duty to your welfare ; 't is a madness
I have not oft observed. Possess your freedom,
You have no right in me ; let this suffice ;
I wish your joys much comfort.

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in JULIO'S House.

Enter FLAVIA, supported by CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.

Flav. Not yet returned?

Cam. Madam!

Flav. The lord our husband,
We mean. Unkind! four hours are almost past
(But twelve short minutes wanting by the glass),
Since we broke company; was never, gentlemen,
Poor princess us'd so!

Ves. With your gracious favour,
Peers, great in rank and place, ought of necessity
To attend on state employments.

Cam. For such duties
Are all their toil and labour; but their pleasures
Flow in the beauties they enjoy, which conquers
All sense of other travail.

Flav. Trimly spoken.
When we were common, mortal, and a subject,
As other creatures of Heaven's making are
(The more the pity), bless us! how we waited
For the huge play-day, when the pageant flutter'd
About the city;¹ for we then were certain,
The madam-courtiers would vouchsafe to visit us,
And call us by our names, and eat our viands;

¹ *On the huge play-day, when the pageant flutter'd*

About the city.) The huge play-day (for Ford's *Sienna* is only another name for London) was probably the lord-mayor's day, when the company to which he belonged exhibited, in honour of his installation, those rude but splendid pageantries and processions which, however they may now excite a smile, were then viewed with equal wonder and delight, and not altogether, perhaps, without profit, which is more than can be said of the tattered remnants of them that are annually dragged abroad to shame us. They were not, however, confined to one festival; but "fluttered about the city" on every joyous occasion. There is truth as well as humour in Flavia's pleasant description of the condescension of the "madam-courtiers" on these huge play-days. The satire is not yet quite obsolete.—GIFFORD.

Nay, give us leave to sit at the upper end
 Of our own tables, telling us how welcome
 They 'd make us when we came to court: full little
 Dream'd I, at that time, of the wind that blew me
 Up to the weathercock of the honours now
 Are thrust upon me; but we'll bear the burthen,
 Were't twice as much as 't is. The next great
 feast,

We'll grace the city-wives, poor souls! and see
 How they'll behave themselves before our presence;
 You too shall wait on us.

Ves. With best observance,
 And glory in our service.

Cam. We are creatures
 Made proud in your commands.

Flav. Believe't you are so;
 And you shall find us readier in your pleasures,
 Than you in your obedience.

Enter FABRICIO.

Fab. Noblest lady—

Ves. Rudeness!

Keep off, or I shall—saucy groom, learn manners

Flav. Let him stay;
 The fellow I have seen, and now remember
 His name, Fabricio.

Fab. Your poor creature, lady;
 Out of your gentleness, please you to consider
 The brief of this petition, which contains
 All hope of my last fortunes.¹

Flav. Give it from him.

Cam. Here, madam.—[*Takes the paper from FAB.*
and delivers it to FLAV. who walks aside with it.]

—Mark, Vespucci, how the wittol
 Stares on his sometime wife!

¹ *All hope of my last fortunes.*] Meaning probably (for the language is constrained) “my final hope, my last resource.” The object of this request appears to be more money to enable him to expatriate himself.
 —GIRFORD.

Ves. "She had seen the fellow!" didst oobserve?

Cam. Most punctually:

Could call him by his name too! why 't is possible,
She has not yet forgot he was her husband.

Ves. That were most strange: oh, 't is a precious
trinket!

Was ever puppet so slipp'd up?

Cam. The tale

Of Venus' cat, man, changed into a woman,
Was emblem but to this. She turns.

Ves. He stands

Just like Acteon in the painted cloth.¹

Cam. No more.

Flav. Friend, we have read, and weigh'd the sum
Of what your scrivener (which, in effect,
Is meant your counsel learned) has drawn for ye:
'T is a fair hand, in sooth, but the contents
Somewhat unseasonable; for, let us tell ye,
You have been a spender, a vain spender; wasted
Your stock of credit and of wares unthriftily.
You are a faulty man; and should we urge
Our lord as often for supplies, as shame
Or wants drive you to ask, it might be construed
An impudence, which we defy; an impudence,
Base in base women, but in noble sinful.
Are you not ashamed yet of yourself?

Fab. Great lady,

Of my misfortunes I'm ashamed.

Cam. So, so!

This jeer twangs roundly, does it not, Vespucci?

[*Aside to Ves.*

Ves. Why, here's a lady worshipful!

Flav. Pray, gentlemen,

Retire a while; this fellow shall resolve
Some doubts that stick about me.

¹ *He stands*

Just like Acteon in the painted cloth,] i. e. in the act of gazing at Diana, in a posture of mingled awe and surprise. There is some humour in the expression.—Girroan.

Both. As you please. [*Exeunt VES. and CAM.*]

Flav. To thee, Fabricio,—oh, the change is cruel—

Since I find some small leisure, I must justify
Thou art unworthy of the name of man.
Those holy vows, which we, by bonds of faith,
Recorded in the register of truth,
Were kept by me unbroken; no assaults
Of gifts, of courtship, from the great and wanton,
No threats, nor sense of poverty, to which
Thy riots had betray'd me, could betray
My warrantable thoughts to impure folly.
Why wouldst thou force me miserable?

Fab. The scorn
Of rumour is reward enough, to brand:
My lewder actions; 't was, I thought, impossible,
A beauty fresh as was your youth, could brook
The last of my decays.

Flav. Did I complain?
My sleeps between thine arms were e'en as sound,
My dreams as harmless, my contents as free,
As when the best of plenty crown'd our bride-bed.
Among some of a mean, but quiet, fortune,
Distrust of what they call their own, or jealousy
Of those whom in their bosom they possess
Without control, begets a self-unworthiness;
For which through fear, or, what is worse, desire
Of paltry gain, they practise art, and labour
To pander their own wives; those wives, whose
innocence,
Stranger to language, spoke obedience only;
And such a wife was Flavia to Fabricio.

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In best sense an adulteress ? so conceived
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 Ev'n from mine own blood, which, although I boast
 Not noble, yet 't was not mean ; for Romanello,
 Mine only brother, shuns me, and abhors
 To own me for his sister.

Fab. 'T is confess'd,
 I am the shame of mankind.

Flav. I live happy
 In this great lord's love, now ; but could his cunning
 Have train'd me to dishonour, we had never
 Been sunder'd by the temptation of his purchase.
 In troth, Fabricio, I am little proud of
 My unsought honours, and so far from triumph,
 That I am not more fool to such as honour me,
 Than to myself, who hate this antic carriage.¹

Fab. You are an angel rather to be worshipp'd,
 Than grossly to be talk'd with.

Flav. [*Gives him money.*] Keep those ducats,
 I shall provide you better :—'t were a bravery,
 Could you forget the place wherein you've render'd
 Your name for ever hateful.

Fab. I will do 't,
 Do 't, excellentest goodness, and conclude
 My days in silent sadness.

Flav. You may prosper
 In Spain, in France, or elsewhere, as in Italy.
 Besides, you are a scholar bred, however
 You interrupted study with commerce.
 I'll think of your supplies ; meantime, pray, storm
 not

At my behaviour to you ; I have forgot
 Acquaintance with mine own—keep your first dis-
 tance. [*He draws back.*]

Camillo ! who is near ? Vespucci !

¹ ———— [*this antic carriage.*] This childish and ridiculous affectation of levity ; which she assumed, partly to humour the count, but chiefly, as she afterward says, to defeat the "lascivious villanies" of her attendants, Camillo and Vespucci.—GIRFORD.

Enter JULIO, CAMILLO, and VESPUCCI.

Jul. What!

Our lady's last familiar?

Flav. Oh, I am sick, sick, sick—

I faint at heart—kiss me, nay, prithee, quickly,

[*To JUL.*

Or I shall swoon. You've staid a sweet while
from me.

And this companion too—beshrew him!

Jul. Dearest,

Thou art my health, my blessing:—turn the bankrupt
Out of my doors!—sirrah, I'll have thee whipp'd,
If thou com'st here again.

Cam. Hence, hence, you vermin!

[*Exit FAB.*

Jul. How is 't, my best of joys?

Flav. Prettily mended,

Now we have our own lord here; I shall never
Endure to spare you long out of my sight.

See, what the thing presented. [*Gives him the paper.*

Jul. A petition,

Belike, for some new charity?

Flav. We must not

Be troubled with his needs; a wanting creature
Is monstrous, is as ominous—fy upon 't!

Despatch the silly mushroom once for all,
And send him with some pittance out o' the country,
Where we may hear no more of him.

Jul. Thy will

Shall stand a law, my matchless pleasure;

No life is sweet without thee: in my heart

Reign empress, and be styled thy Julio's sovereign,
My only, precious dear.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in JULIO's House.

Enter VESPUCCI and CAMILLO.

Ves. Come, thou art caught, Camillo.

Cam. Away, away,
That were a jest indeed; I caught?

Ves. The lady
Does scatter glances, wheels her round, and smiles;
Steals an occasion to ask how the minutes
Each hour have run in progress; then thou kissest
All thy four fingers, crouchest and sigh'st faintly,
“Dear beauty, if my watch keep fair decorum,
Three-quarters have near past the figure X;”
Or as the time of day goes—

Cam. So, Vespucci!
This will not do, I read it on thy forehead,
The grain of thy complexion is quite alter'd;
Once 't was a comely brown, 't is now of late
A perfect green and yellow; sure prognosticates
Of th' overflux o' the gall, and melancholy,
Symptoms of love and jealousy.

Ves. She loves thee;
Dotes on thee; in my hearing told her lord
Camillo was the Pyramus and Thisbe
Of courtship, and of compliment:—ah, ah!
She nick'd it there!—I envy not thy fortunes;
For, to say truth, thou'rt handsome, and deserv'st
her,
Were she as great again as she is.

Cam. I handsome?
Alas, alas, a creature of Heaven's making,
'There's all! But, sirrah, prithee, let's be sociable;
I do confess, I think the goody-madam
May possibly be compass'd.

Ves. A pretty toy 't is.

Cam. Let us consider—
She's but a merchant's leavings.

Ves. Hatch'd i' the country,
And fledged i' the city. Thus, then ;
When I am absent, use the gentlest memory
Of my endowments, my unblemish'd services
To ladies' favours ; with what faith and secrecy
I live in her commands, whose special courtesies
Oblige me to particular engagements :
I'll do as much for thee.

Cam. With this addition,
Camillo, best of fairs, a man so bashful,
So simply harmless, and withal so constant,
Yet resolute in all true rights of honour ;
That to deliver him in perfect character,
Were to detract from such a solid virtue
As reigns not in another soul ; he is—

Ves. The thing a mistress ought to wish her
servant.
Are we agreed ?

Cam. Most readily. On t' other side,
Unto the lord her husband, talk as coarsely
Of one another as we can.

Ves. I like it ;
So shall we sift her love, and his opinion.

Enter JULIO, FLAVIA, and FABRICIO.

Jul. Be thankful, fellow, to a noble mistress ;
Two hundred ducats are no trifling sum,
Nor common alms.

Flav. You must not loiter lazily.
And speak about the town,¹ my friend, in taverns,
In gaming-houses ; nor sneak after dinner
To public shows, to interludes, in riot,
To some lewd painted baggage, trick'd up gaudily,
Like one of us—oh, fy upon them giblets !

¹ And speak about the town, &c.] "Gaming-houses" were not much noted in Ford's days for the resort of "idle praters." I suspect that the poet's word was *lurk*.—Gifford.

I have been told they ride in coaches, flaunt it
In braveries, so rich, that 't is scarce possible
To distinguish one of these vile naughty packs
From true and arrant ladies ; they 'll inveigle
Your substance and your body :—think on that,—
I say, your body ; look to 't.—

Is 't not sound counsel ?

[Turns to Jul.

Jul. 'T is more ; 't is heavenly.

Ves. What hope, Camillo, now, if this tune hold ?

Cam. Hope fair enough, Vespucci, now as ever ;
Why any woman in her husband's presence
Can say no less.

Ves. 'T is true, and she hath leave here.

Fab. Madam, your care and charity at once
Have so new-moulded my resolves, that henceforth
Where'er my mention falls into report,
It shall requite this bounty ; I am travelling
To a new world.

Jul. I like your undertakings.

Flav. New world ! where 's that I pray ? good, if
you light on

A parrot or a monkey that has qualities
Of a new fashion, think on me.

Fab. Yes, lady,

I—I shall think on you ; and my devotions,
Tender'd where they are due in single meekness,
With purer flames will mount, with free increase
Of plenty, honours, full contents, full blessings,
Truth and affection 'twixt your lord and you.
So with my humblest, best leave, I turn from you ;
Never, as now I am, to appear before you.
All joys dwell here, and lasting !

[Exit.

Flav. Prithee, sweetest,

Hark in your ear,—beshrew 't, the brim of your hat
Struck in mine eye—dissemble honest tears,
The griefs my heart does labour in—[Aside.]—it
smarts

Unmeasurably.

Jul. A chance, a chance ; 't will off,

Suddenly off—forbear ; this handkerchief
But makes it worse.

Cam. Wink, madam, with that eye,
The pain will quickly pass.

Ves. Immediately ;
I know it by experience.

Flav. Yes, I find it.

Jul. Spare us a little, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt CAM. and VES.*]

Speak freely ;
What wert thou saying, dearest ?

Flav. Do you love me ?
Answer in sober sadness ; I'm your wife now.
I know my place and power.

Jul. What's this riddle ?
Thou hast thyself replied to thine own question,
In being married to me ; a sure argument
Of more than protestation.

Flav. Such it should be
Were you as other husbands : it is granted,
A woman of my state may like good clothes,
Choice diet, many servants, change of merri-
ments.

All these I do enjoy ; and wherefore not ?
Great ladies should command their own delights :
And yet, for all this, I am used but homely,—
But I'm serv'd even well enough.

Jul. My Flavia,
I understand not what thou wouldst.

Flav. Pray pardon me ;
I do confess I'm foolish, very foolish ;
Trust me, indeed I am ; for I could cry
Mine eyes out, being in the weeping humour :
You know I have a brother.

Jul. Romanello,
An unkind brother.

Flav. Right, right : since you bosom'd
My latter youth, he never would vouchsafe
As much as to come near me. Oh, it mads me,

Being but two, that we should live at distance,
As if I were a castaway ;—and you,
For your part, take no care on 't, nor attempt
To draw him hither.

Jul. Say the man be peevish,
Must I petition him ?

Flav. Yea, marry, must you,
Or else you love not me : not see my brother !
Yes I will see him ; so I will, will see him ;—
You hear 't—oh my good lord, dear, gentle, pri-
thee,—

You sha' n't be angry ;—'las, I know, poor gentleman,
He bears a troubled mind ; but let us meet
And talk a little ; we perhaps may chide
At first, shed some few tears, and then be quiet ;
There 's all.

Jul. Write to him and invite him hither,
Or go to him thyself. Come, no more sadness ;
I 'll do what thou canst wish.

Flav. And, in requital,
Believe I shall say something that may settle
A constancy of peace, for which you 'll thank me.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in ROMANELLO'S House.

*Enter FLAVIA, followed by CAMILLO and VESPUCCI, who
stand apart.*

Flav. Brother, I come—

Rom. Unlook'd for ;—I but sojourn
Myself ; I keep nor ~~house~~, nor entertainments,
French cooks composed,¹ Italian collations :—
Rich Persian surfeits, with a train of services,

¹ —————entertainments,

French cooks composed,] i. e. perhaps which French cooks composed.
—GUTHRIE.

Befitting exquisite ladies, such as you are,
Perfume not our low roofs;—the way lies open;
That, there.—[*Points to the door.*—Good-day, great
madam!

Flav. Why d'ye slight me?
For what one act of mine, even from my childhood,
Which may deliver my deserts inferior,
Or to our births or family, is nature
Become, in your contempt of me, a monster?

Ves. What's this, Camillo?

Cam. Not the strain in ordinary.

Rom. I'm out of tune to chop discourse—how-
ever,

You are a woman.

Flav. Pensive and unfortunate,
Wanting a brother's bosom to disburthen
More griefs than female weakness can keep league
with.

Let worst of malice, voiced in loud report,
Spit what it dares invent against my actions;
And it shall never find a power to blemish
My mention, other than beseems a patient:
I not repine at lowness; and the fortunes
Which I attend on now, are, as I value them,
No new creation to a looser liberty;
Your strangeness only may beget a change
In wild opinion.

Cam. Here's another tang
Of sense, Vespucci.

Ves. Listen, and observe.

Rom. Are not you, pray you—nay, we'll be con-
tented,

In presence of your ushers, once to prattle
Some idle minutes—are you not enthroned
The lady-regent, by whose special influence
Julio, the count of Camerine, is order'd?

Flav. His wife, 't is known I am; and in that title
Obedient to a service; else of greatness
The quiet of my wish was ne'er ambitious.

Rom. He loves you ?

Flav. As worthily as dearly.

Rom. And 't is believ'd how practice quickly
fashion'd

A port of humorous anticness in carriage,
Discourse, demeanour, gestures.

Cam. Put home roundly.

Ves. A ward for that blow ?

Flav. Safety of mine honour
Instructed such deceit.

Rom. Your honour ?

Flav. Witness

This brace of sprightly gallants, whose confederacy
Presumed to plot a siege.

Cam. Ves. We, madam !

Rom. On, on ;
Some leisure serves us now.

Flav. Still as lord Julio
Pursued his contract with the man,—oh, pardon,
If I forget to name him !—by whose poverty
Of honest truth I was renounced in marriage ;
These two, intrusted for a secret courtship,
By tokens, letters, message, in their turns,
Proffer'd their own devotions, as they term'd them,
Almost unto an impudence ; regardless
Of him, on whose supportance they relied.

Rom. Dare not for both your lives to interrupt
her.

Flav. Baited thus to vexation, I assumed
A dulness of simplicity ; till afterward
Lost to my city-freedom, and now enter'd
Into this present state of my condition
(Concluding henceforth absolute security
From their lascivious villanies), I continued
My former custom of ridiculous lightness,
As they did their pursuit ; t' acquaint my lord
were

To have ruin'd their best certainty of living :
But that might yield suspicion in my nature ;

And women may be virtuous, without mischief
To such as tempt them.

Rom. You are much to blame, sirs,
Should all be truth is utter'd.

Flav. For that justice
I did command them hither; for a privacy
In conference 'twixt Flavia and her brother,
Needed no secretaries such as these are.
Now, Romanello, thou art every refuge
I fly for right to; if I be thy sister,
And not a bastard, answer their confession,
Or threaten vengeance with perpetual silence.

Cam. My follies are acknowledged; you're a lady
Who have outdone example: when I trespass
In aught but duty and respects of service,
My hopes of joys forsake me.

Ves. To like penance
I join a constant votary.

Rom. Peace, then,
Is ratified.—My sister, thou hast waken'd
Entranc'd affection from its sleep to knowledge
Of once more who thou art; no jealous phrensy
Shall hazard a distrust: reign in thy sweetness,
Thou only worthy woman; these two converts
Record our hearty union. [*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

JULIO, FLAVIA, ROMANELLO, and VESPUCCI.

Ves. Lord Julio, madam, Romanello, read
A novelty; 't is written from Bononia.
Fabricio, once a merchant in this city,
Is enter'd into orders, and received
Among the capuchins a fellow; news
Which ought not any ways to be unpleasant:
Certain, I can assure it.

Jul. He at last has
Bestow'd himself upon a glorious service.

Rom. Most happy man!—I now forgive the injuries

Thy former life exposed thee to.

Sister, you cannot taste this course but bravely,
But thankfully.

Flav. He's now dead to the world,
And lives to heaven; a saint's reward reward him!—

THE END.

